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1950

The Paintings of Ralph Davison Miller

yet, people are always wanting spots painted. They want A rock—THE rock, A tree—THE tree, and they refuse to be happy till they get it. Why can't they be with pictures as with people? When we speak of Man, we don't mean any particular man. In literature, a story of broad human interest depicts a type, not an individual. Why can't they let us painters be equally broad?—but, no, they insist upon the spot, so we, on the principle of self-preservation, paint it—part of the time."

In spite of this practical limitation, felt by almost all real artists at one time or another, Miller still infuses a symbolic suggestiveness into most of his landscapes.

The emotional side of natural things—the sinister moods of tempests and distorted trees, the faëric element underlying all natural beauty—find subtle expression for themselves, until some critics have declared him the most imaginative of American landscapists, with exception of Maxfield Parrish.

"All outdoors is good for is impression, after one has mastered the laws of line and colour," he says emphatically. "And all I mean by impression is a certain sense of light and shade, of mass, of detail—or lack of detail—dealt with in the mass. I paint for the wall, not the outdoors. No picture is hung in all the fierceness of outdoor light; therefore, why paint for it? Every studio picture is an evolution. With an outdoor picture, you begin at the front and go backward; everything is there from the start; the last word is said. With a studio painting, you start at the back and come forward. And this requires all the mentality, imagination and technique you can command."

Miller's work is modern and dramatic—very bold, alive, with bright colours and strong contrasts, a depth of thought and a depth of emotion transferred to canvas in the same vivid way that the musician of the Wagnerian school embodies thought and emotion in sound. He paints landscape well because he not only sees but thinks deeply, with a tinge of sombreness in his thought, reminiscent of a Dutch grandfather, and because he has a capacity for both emotion and persistency of emotion, for which he may thank his Irish-Scotch inheritance. He never diffuses his light, and the interest with it, but concentrates it with strong dramatic effect. This dramatic sense is distinctly Gallic. Thus do we

account psychologically for the elements which combine to bring brilliant results.

The accompanying illustration, *In Sonoma*—which is the Indian for "Valley of the Moon"—is a type of Miller's older work exemplifying these points. It is in the wood country of Northern California—the country of William Keith—and glows with a rich warmth where the light centres, while a sombre sadness lurks in the shadow and expresses the very mood of the trees. Golden browns illuminate the middle ground, with an intense concentration of sunlight on the dead tree trunk. The shadow is brown-green, and the distant mountain range a strong blue, which has its echo in the gray base of the golden upper cloud.

As a type of the picture Miller loves most to paint, and to which he hopes to give himself unstintedly some day, *Treasure Island* is perhaps the best. Unfortunately it reproduces inadequately. This especial canvas came about in an interesting way. The artist's young high-school daughter, reading *Treasure Island* in connection with her English work, remarked to her father: "Dad, you ought to be able to get a lot of pictures out of this book."

Miller took up the story, which he had not read for years, and at once became imbued with its strong dramatic atmosphere. The result was this picture, which takes hold upon the imagination of the observer before he knows what it represents. Some have taken it for Miranda's Isle in *The Tempest*.

It shows brown and green crags and trees emerging from waters of electric blue—a sea with iridescence in its ripples and fanciful sorts of sea fauna imaginable, though not visible, below the surface. It deepens almost to black in the pools, which hint at tragedy. The wonder of it, however, is the cloud, which, from dazzling white at the point of high light, melts through green of a singularly live and delicate quality into lavender and sombre blues. There is suggestiveness in the black-brown trees silhouetted against the dazzling sky. The island is unmistakably one of mystery and dramatic happenings.

There is a reminiscence of Boecklin in this type of Miller's work, and one can not but wish that more of his effort might go into the production of such unusual, poetic and dramatic effects.

Miller's range is wide, however. Loving symbolism as he does, with almost poster-like impres-

The Paintings of Ralph Davison Miller

sions of glooming trees outlined against warm, turbulent sunset clouds, his subjects yet vary from placid English-looking pastorals—oak and poplar trees against soft pillow-like clouds in the tenderest of blue skies—to a Moqui pueblo, with white searing sunlight pouring uninterrupted from a sky of fierce turquoise—the strongest of illuminations alternated with intense shadow; or, again, to autumn cañons, with russet sycamores and wild buckwheat in the foreground and veils of lilac mist lying on the farther hillsides; and to the sea, in both its wild and its poetic moods.

Miller has lived in Southern California for twenty years, yet, unlike most of his associates, he does not enjoy painting the southern eucalyptus and sycamore. Their lines are too straggling to meet his ideas of symmetry. Neither does the massy live oak commend itself to his plans of composition. He chooses, rather, the northern poplars and English oaks, or the cypresses of Monterey.

A fine example of his treatment of the last is *Sunset on the Cypresses, Monterey*. The rugged, stanch personality of the trees which have clung to the rocky coast through years of storm and stress appeal to one with an almost human interest. The trunks, bent like the burdened bodies of pagan worshippers, show a warm reddish yellow, the upper branches a rich green, highlighted with the peculiar yellow which comes from the greenish-yellow sky.

A totally different note is struck in *Desert Cactus*, painted in Arizona. Here the sky is of turquoise with yellowish cloud, the hills purple, coming forward into the light red butte. The ground is a warm tan, against which the Indian in his scarlet serape makes an effective spot.

The other desert scene, *In a Hopi Village*—the love-story of a Hopi Indian girl—is an effect with real moonlight, not diluted day. The white-washed wall is not less white than the desert stars themselves.

Mr. Miller is an artist by foreordination and personal experiment, not instruction. A man of fifty-five now, he has had no schooling of any kind since he was sixteen; but he has been an omnivorous reader, and is to-day an incisive critic of literature as well as of art.

"I learned from books what was in life," he says, "but I learned of life itself by what the other fellow showed me—which was often rather crude. But I would rather be crude and pos-

sessed of power than polished and a nonentity."

This bit of adapted Calvinism has proved itself in the artist's own professional life, for his earliest attempt at composition, whatever youthful absurdities marred it, revealed the sense for the dramatic and imaginative which, schooled and educated, characterises his representative work to-day. The subject of this first painting, executed at the age of eighteen, was splendidly ambitious—nothing less than the abduction of Proserpina, and the enthusiasm with which it was painted was equalled only by its magnificent disregard for mythological detail. Pluto was depicted as a sublimated Saxon king, wearing a crown and a blond Van Dyke, driving four black horses—Proserpina flung negligently over one shoulder the while—and red imps with forks and weird dragons darting from the huge crack in the earth which gave passage to the underworld.

When the picture met with laughter instead of the awed admiration he anticipated, the young artist kicked a hole in the canvas. But the effort taught him more than any other picture he has ever painted, for it induced him to reorganise his artistic conceptions, thus achieving at the beginning one of the great principles of success—an ability to recognise his own limitations.

At the age of twenty, Miller began to paint insistently and persistently—also independently, because, living in the Middle West, he was unable to find anyone who could tell him just what he wanted to know. His chief loss from this lack of instruction was a mere knowledge of processes. He was longer in achieving the results he desired than would otherwise have been the case. He devoted his early efforts to still life and animal life—tame and placid cows, particularly—his pictures, from the first, selling almost too well for his own artistic good. He confesses that his ambition at this time was to tear the laurels from the brow of Van Marcke.

After the first few years, however, he cherished no illusions of fame, but became an utterly devoted student of his chosen art, preferring to lose good commercial time in subduing an obstinate picture with a poor composition at start than to give it over for easier work on a good composition.

For the last twelve years Mr. Miller has given himself to pure landscape. His real choice would be figure painting, but he is well aware that absolute technical knowledge is indispensable in

Louis Raemaekers

LOUIS RAEMAEKERS
BY F. VAN EMDEN

LOUIS RAEMAEKERS' arrival in this country has been widely heralded; his connection with the Hearst papers has produced somewhat of a mild sensation. He has been proclaimed the best living cartoonist and his work has become well-known through his newspaper and periodical activities and the exhibitions of his work in New York and other cities.

But little is known about the personality and the general career of this valiant Hollander, although it is of the utmost interest in connection with his work. May this short sketch lead to a more perfect understanding of his development in the last six or eight years.

He was born in the little Holland border town of Roermond, province of Limburg, forty odd years ago. Therefore he had plenty of opportunity early in life to get thoroughly acquainted with the German spirit which, however, did not prevent him from making individual Germans his friends.

The fighting instinct was born in him, also an intuitive view on politics, which was greatly developed through his surroundings. His father, though himself a good Catholic, published for forty years an anti-clerical paper, which meant a steady uphill fight. The Raemaekers boys naturally heard local, provincial and clerical politics discussed all their lives, and it must date back to those days that Louis acquired the knack of being able to visualise the vital spot in each issue. That is why his work is so poignant, so that to-day to view a series of his cartoons is to follow the thread of facts running through the maze of war history still in a state of perplexity whilst in the making.

As a mere boy he worked for a while in his father's shop, learning the printer's trade from the bottom up, after having been rejected for the Cadet Corps on account of eye trouble.

His ambition was to become a painter and, after the necessary family conferences, he was allowed to study, which meant in thorough Dutch fashion that he would have to go through all preparatory courses of drawing, mathematics, architecture, etc., before he could ever think of touching a brush.

Young Raemaekers gladly set himself to the task and in the record time of one year and three

months finished the very exacting course at the Drawing Academy in Amsterdam. This course includes mechanical drawing, architectural work, etc., and normally takes three years. He is grateful to-day that his wise and prudent father insisted that his son's artistic education should have a practical and solid foundation.

Graduating, he went from there, a mere youth, to Tilburg, Holland, teaching mechanical drawing, especially steam engines, to night classes of locomotive engineers and others. It was while in Tilburg that he found himself to be well fitted for portrait work, and many of the notables of the little town had their portraits done by him in those days. After three years, with all his earnings saved, he went to Belgium, where he treated himself to a few years of studying painting at the ateliers of the best known masters of that time.

Through his Amsterdam achievement he had left a reputation of cleverness behind in his own country and had the rare good fortune to be recalled to become the head of the drawing department at the state agricultural college at Wageningen, Holland. This department in the course of time he entirely revolutionised.

Being successful at an early age, highly respected and having married, it would seem most natural for him to have settled down in an honorable position, with modest pay, to a comfortable and rather uneventful life, and been known only to a few. Artistically he made great strides during those days, almost entirely devoting himself to landscapes in oil and some portrait-work for his own recreation. His landscapes show how the beautiful surroundings of Wageningen fascinated him.

It is only eight years ago that he started to draw an occasional cartoon for the Amsterdam *Handelsblad*. His interest in local, national or international politics had always remained very keen. It was at the time of the Agadir incident and for his sharply taking sides against the German policy that he was rebuked by his paper. He transferred his activities to the more liberal and progressive *Telegraaf*, which was only too eager to publish his work. Soon, from his initial cartoon a week, he was asked to produce all he could, and this work interested him so much that six years ago, following his innermost calling, he took the grave step of giving up his position to become a political cartoonist.

Then the war came and brought fame to Louis

Louis Raemaekers

Raemaekers, who sailed unafraid into the defense of Belgium. In his trilogy, *The Children, The Mothers and The Widows of Belgium*, he shows us in a manner never to be forgotten the dreadful fate of a downtrodden people. Out of the full enthusiasm of his pity flames forth hatred, a deep hatred of the perpetrators of such crimes, hatred of a government policy which incites them. That he does not hate an individual German and is even eager to show that many an individual, though swept along by the maelstrom, has demonstrated by personal acts of charity and kindness to be akin to all other human beings, is proven by his cartoon of the German soldier stroking the head of the dying Scotch lad. The German does not speak in order not to destroy the lad's delusion.

The Government of neutral Holland was often shocked at his Belgian cartoons; above all, when he portrayed the Kaiser, the *Telegraaf* received many a warning from higher up. The people, however, acclaimed him because he dared to express their own forcibly stifled sentiments. Holland at that time was feeding thousands of Belgian refugees and listening to their tales of woe. Soon his cartoons in post-card form were sold everywhere for Belgian relief.

Next the London *Daily Chronicle* invited him to work for them, and he gladly transferred his activities to England, where he could give his pencil free swing and where he could do more actual good for the cause he sponsored in stirring up the British public. Paris invited him next and loudly acclaimed him. He went to the battle-front to see with his own eyes conditions there.

To the youth of later generations, to whom this world conflagration will only be history, a history to be drummed into their heads by means of dates and numbers, "so many million men killed in a few years," these cartoons will bring realisation of the utter ruthlessness and wantonness of this great war. It may inspire them to resolve to do their bit to prevent a repetition. The man who has been proclaimed the greatest war cartoonist and most inspired recruiting officer is a veritable apostle of peace. His truly religious picture, *The Sacrifice*, is one of his noblest works. Those to whom sacrifice comes hardest, the wives, and above all the mothers, will be fortified and consoled by it.

It is needless to dwell on the artistic side of his work. His drawing is virile and masterful. There is no superfluous line to detract from the figure of

interest. He is precise and uncannily clever at portraiture. His blacks and whites are finely balanced; when he uses colours they are most simple and elementary.

He is a prolific worker. His thorough early training facilitates the expression of his genius. Thus he is repaid for his intensive application in his youth. He is never baffled by technical difficulties. Free and easy, without labour, he can go right ahead and transfer his innermost visions to the paper.

Raemaekers frankly owns up that as to composition and treatment of matter he owes a great debt to Steinlen. When living for years in a small town with little outside stimulation to his artistic taste, he "lived," to use his own words, on Steinlen's cartoons in the French periodicals. *Les beaux esprits se rencontrent*. Raemaekers, being feasted in Paris, was introduced to Steinlen, and from his heart said: "I am so glad of our meeting, for through your work you have been my master." Whereupon Steinlen answered: "If this is true, you are my greatest victory."

Unknown eight or even six years ago, Raemaekers to-day is one of those who are helping to make history. High honours have been conferred on him. Those in command in the allied countries consult him; he is received everywhere and is even, horrible to a retiring Hollander, being lionised.

But he himself is proudest of the following incident: A Dutch noblewoman nursing in France, riled at the distrust of the French towards her countrymen (and on account of Holland's commercial activities the distrust is not entirely unfounded), silenced her adversaries by proudly replying, "But has not my country produced Raemaekers?"

LECTURES ON ART

ENQUIRIES reach these offices from time to time as to who may be recommended to give a short talk or lecture upon the fine arts. Excepting a few recognised art lecturers whose engagements are managed by some agency, we know of very few free-lance lecturers who may be called upon. It might be beneficial to such if they would write to the Editor of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, giving all necessary particulars, stating their particular subjects, experience, fees and if possible enclosing a photograph.



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THE SPRING SONG
BY LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

Convention of the American Federation of Arts

CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN
FEDERATION OF ARTS
BY LEILA MECHLIN

THE American Federation of Arts, of which Mr. Robert W. de Forest is president, held its ninth annual convention in Detroit, Michigan, on the 23d and 24th of May.

Contrary to the expectations of not a few, the convention was exceedingly well attended, not less than 200 being present at any of the sessions and approximately 500 being present at one session, that held on the afternoon of the first day in the auditorium of the Detroit Art Museum. Furthermore, the delegates came in many instances from far quarters of the United States, some from the Pacific Coast, others from the far South, others from the extreme East. Artists, craftsmen, museum directors, officers of art associations, college professors and art-lovers made up this assemblage, representing a wide diversity of interests but a unanimity of purpose—to uphold the standards of art and to keep interest in art alive despite the war under the conviction that it is a factor in that civilisation for which the war is being waged.

The Arts and Crafts Society Building, which includes in its scheme not only exhibition rooms, but a charming little theatre, was the headquarters, and three of the four sessions were held therein. No ordinary auditorium or hotel ball-room could have provided the atmosphere and setting which were provided here.

In the exhibition rooms of the Arts and Crafts Society was set forth an extraordinarily well-selected and arranged display of works by American craftsmen and artists: jewellery, pottery, needlework, woodcarving, small bronzes, beautiful in design and almost faultless in execution, demonstrating the fact that work in this field of a high order is being produced in our own country and in our own day.

The little theatre, with its balcony, its gaily painted chairs and its fine stage appointments, not only lent cheeriness to the sessions held therein but emphasised through its mere existence the correlation of the arts. It was all so sane and sincere, yet so picturesque and so good—art stripped of none of its inherent potential beauty, yet coupled with good workmanship and definite purpose.

Even the informal dinner with which the convention closed on the evening of the 24th, while

of the most simple character was made memorable by the use of art, a matter of lights, the decorative enplacement of flowers and the skilful application of colour. The speakers' table was placed on the stage and from the floor of the auditorium, utilised as a stage setting, golden screens serving as background, multi-coloured tulips as decorations with strips of emerald-green damask crossing the white cloth of the table and giving emphasis as a colour note.

Great credit indeed is due the local committee of arrangements, headed by Mr. George G. Booth, who was ably assisted by Miss Helen Plumb; the secretary and presiding genius of the Arts and Crafts Society, and her co-workers Miss Alexandrine and Miss Catherine McEwen, both clever artists and craftswomen; Miss Mary Chase Perry of the Pewabic Pottery; Mr. William B. Stratton, the well-known local architect, and others.

The papers that were presented at the convention were all of a constructive character. Chief emphasis was placed on industrial art as one of the great needs of this country at this time.

Prof. Richard F. Bach of Columbia University presented a most admirable paper on "Mobilising the Art Industries," setting forth the present situation with regard to American manufactures and urging the importance of establishing without delay more and better schools and museums of industrial art, and of educating not only the public generally but salesmen and buyers in particular in the industrial arts. He said we must not only as a nation "*wake up*," and "*speed up*," but also "*build up*."

Prof. Walter Sargent of the University of Chicago and Miss Emma M. Church of the Church School of Art spoke on the subject of training designers. Professor Sargent said that as far as we can estimate from available statistics we shall need after the war about 50,000 more industrial designers in this country than are now available or in training. Miss Church showed some interesting textiles designed by students in her school.

Miss Florence N. Levy of the American Art Alliance gave a significant account of the work of the Alliance in securing positions for industrial art workers.

A paper was read by Professor Binns on the possibility of personal enterprise in the production of pottery; in other words, advocating the establishment of small manufactories in various parts of the country.

Convention of the American Federation of Arts

Resolutions were passed urging the inclusion of industrial art courses in all schemes for vocational training, requesting the publication of papers on this subject by the Federal Bureau of Education, and setting forth the importance of the passage of the Design Registration Bill for the protection of designers, now before Congress.

At the opening session of the convention Mr. William B. Stratton gave an illustrated talk on the subject of the housing of industrial workers. And Mrs. Herbert Adams read a most excellent paper on "War Monuments," reviewing the errors of the past and setting forth ideals for the future, a paper full of thought and thought-provoking substance.

Resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Federation urging that provision be made in the bills at that time before Congress authorising the bestowal of Medals of Honor, Distinguished Service Crosses, medals, etc., for gallantry in the United States military service, that the designs of these medals, etc., be approved by the Federal Commission of Fine Arts before being accepted in order that they be intrinsically worthy.

Resolutions were also adopted urging that a replica of the statue of Lincoln by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, which was originally offered as a gift to Great Britain through the American Peace Centenary Committee, accepted by Great Britain, and given a site near Westminster Abbey in London, should be sent in accordance with the original intention instead of the substitute statue of Lincoln by George Gray Barnard, which, according to documentary evidence presented, has not been approved by the majority of the Peace Centenary Committee.

In connection with this resolution, a resolution was adopted urging upon Congress the passage of a bill which would prohibit such gifts of international character being made in the future by private organisations in the United States without the approval of the proper official authorities.

These resolutions were presented by Mr. Howard Russell Butler, vice-president of the National Academy of Design, representing a duly authorised committee of that organisation. Mr. Butler explained in his presentation speech that no criticism was intended of the statue by Mr. Barnard, that to the contrary Mr. Barnard's standing as a sculptor was fully recognised. He also stated that the money necessary for the

making of the replica of the Saint-Gaudens statue was immediately available.

A spirit of earnestness and seriousness and even optimism pervaded the entire convention and gave, had it been needed, credence to the report of the secretary, Miss Leila Mechlin, that despite the all-absorbing interest in war there has come to the people during the last year a clearer knowledge not only of the use to which art may be put in such times as these but of its real value and significance.

The Federation during the past twelve months has had in circulation no less than nineteen exhibitions of oil paintings, water-colours, prints, etc., which have been shown in ninety-six places throughout the United States. Its illustrated lectures on art have been given in forty-nine places.

It has furnished upon request specially prepared illustrated lectures on American and French art for use by the Y. M. C. A. in the camps of the American and French armies.

It has served as a general bureau of information in Washington; published monthly the *American Magazine of Art* and during the year Volume XIV of the *American Art Annual*.

It is looking in the future to the extension of its work, the establishment of branch offices in other parts of the country and to increasing the number of its exhibitions, its lectures, its publications, etc., all under the conviction that art is essentially an Americanising force, that it has a distinct mission and message—and that more than ever before it shows that the things of the spirit for which beauty stands are eternal.

THE AMERICAN ARTISTS' WAR EMERGENCY FUND

A UNIQUE collection of drawings in a neat portfolio 10 x 12 has been put out for sale at five dollars for the benefit of the above fund. This is one of the many war activities started by the National Arts Club of New York with the object of aiding American artist-soldiers, or their dependents, who through causes connected with the war may need assistance.

These auto-lithographs are both beautiful and rare, representing the work of many of our distinguished artists. Although philanthropic in intention, the buyer is getting a very handsome equivalent for his investment.

The Painter's Peril

THE PAINTER'S PERIL BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

THERE is no menace which more completely shadows the artist's existence than the auctioneer's hammer which, like the sword of Damocles, constantly sways before his startled vision. In the ever-recurring readjustments of life, pictures will always appear from time to time upon the auction lists, the prices obtained acting as a guide to the many who in judging pictures prop their opinions upon the prices which are duly heralded in the next day's papers. But such figures are indications only in conjunction with other needful knowledge, and are in no wise a criterion by which to judge an artist's abilities and standing. None the less, many artistic reputations are made or destroyed by just such artificial appraisals. No wonder the artists shrink from the ordeal! And yet with this startling experience or exposure dangling before his eyes, the painter, far from keeping the danger as remote as possible, actually goes out of his way to invite misfortune by donating his work to some charity without the simple precaution of setting a reserve price. Thus the scene is prepared for the slaughter of the innocents. This revolting spectacle took place early in June on the occasion of a public sale in the Anderson Galleries of pictures generously given for the purpose of aiding those blinded in battle. A better cause never called for aid, and Governor Whitman spoke fervently to the audience in the vain hope of stimulating a feeling of generosity.

Where a collection of pictures is broken up by death, indifference, reverses, or change of residence, an auction takes place and the artists who may be represented in the collection creep miserably about the corridors awaiting the verdict or with trembling hands read the results over the morning coffee. Why does the artist wittingly summon disaster by making no stipulations when it is in his power? As long as the public can pick up an attractive picture for the price of a small ham, charity auctions will continue to be a disgrace to all participants.

In this particular case, five dollars was the prevailing bid, and seldom did it soar to ten, in spite of unceasing and strenuous exertions on the part of the auctioneer. Art-lovers will not soon forget the fiasco, only equalled by a recent sale of British water-colourists where pictures by such men as

Sims, Orpen and Cameron went for a song, an experience which will never be repeated by that body of men. A fashionable audience sat like crows at a feast gobbling up good canvases for sums far below the framing bill. These people who assisted so ably in the bartering of the artist's blood for a mess of nickels recked little of the sightless victims of the Armageddon, but were mainly concerned in helping themselves with both hands, and if they had a spark of conscience they must have felt contemptible indeed as they handed in their meagre cheques in return for the booty. To the victor the spoils. They certainly were the victors but, ye Gods! at what a price.

As picture after picture was withdrawn without a bid or sold at the five-dollar start, one could imagine oneself with the needy at a Tenth Avenue furniture knock-out far removed from the Anderson Galleries and their substantial patrons.

It is to be hoped indeed that this grim orgy will have rung the knell on the unreserved sale of paintings. A few artists, who have a proper respect for their abilities as well as a due regard for their fellow-craftsmen, were careful to put an upset price upon their offerings, with the result that dead silence and withdrawal operated automatically. The person who smokes a five-cent cigar does not extend his hand for one costing a dollar unless it should happen to be a gift.

In the murk of the tragedy a fitful gleam broke through the proceedings when the big canvas by Ridgeway Knight was auctioned for \$25,100, but this no doubt was a bit of stage-play with the laudable object of promoting enthusiasm. If so, the object was to some extent attained, for the next bid of five dollars soared rapidly to fifteen before the reluctant drop of the hammer. It is not suggested that the \$25,100 sale was not a bona-fide affair; we mean only to express suspicion that the big sale was arranged beforehand.

The lessons to be learned from this disaster are many and obvious. Let no artist again suppose that even if the object of the charity be a laudable one, the audience will be prompted by any generous motives. Let him give freely but with the proper reserve so that he will not be providing a banquet for the crows. One wonders why, in that prosperous assembly, not one soul could be found large enough to buy in the paintings and return them to the artists themselves, thus combining generosity with charity!

The Estimation of Art

THE ESTIMATION OF ART BY RAYMOND WYER

THIS article is inspired by the desire to discuss more or less analytically the questions and problems arising in the minds of those interested in modern, more particularly our national art; a subject pregnant with importance to museums, societies and collectors whose art objects are destined some day to find permanent shelter in a public institute—a subject of equal interest as well to all liegemen of art to whose opinions the public defers. I hope to enlist the sympathies of those who admit the influence of art on thought and who do not see in art objects solely things of beauty appealing to the æsthetic sense, and who concede in spirit and technique the best thought of its age, that the conditions of no two periods can be similar, and that no two periods therefore can produce identical art. As a thesis, then, the arts in the broad sense of the term affect not only the new generation of artists but the whole range of human thought.

Buying old masters involves less responsibility than acquiring examples of contemporary art. If an old picture be unrepresentative or fictitious the truth will speedily attest the fact and the mistake may be rectified; in the case of modern art, mistakes are not so readily apparent, usually owing to one of two reasons: either a commercial influence or a wealthy collector who has amassed examples of some painter and seeks every means of enticing museums to endorse his judgment, or it may be the business acumen of the artist himself. In either case a discriminating responsibility attaches to those empowered to pass judgment.

A certain prestige may attach to a painter's productions for causes unrelated to art, his name becoming a household word without enquiries as to his original claim to distinction. A connoisseurship which has done much in expertising old masters is the result of sensitiveness to quality and a knowledge of established principles. Such connoisseurship has not extended *pari passu* to modern collections, a lack of policy that may be detected on all sides.

A famous example of haphazard methods in collecting modern work is the Walker Gallery, Liverpool, England.

No infallible rules can determine the life or lasting reputation of a picture, but collectors and

museums should have some basis to go upon, some knowledge of the essential qualities of living art. To acquire that knowledge the seeker must revert to past art, considering what has lived and what has not, always remembering that the past must be reviewed through the present and not reversely, as is the common practise. We need prophetic power; we must be constructive and anticipatory; and this power demands that we pursue the different phases of thought, conditions and moral forces.

This subconscious grasp of universal conditions is disciplined by a knowledge and appreciation of technical evolution in its relation to current life. Technique evolves, art does not. The emotions caused by a trip from Boston to Philadelphia are the same whether it be performed by express train or stage-coach. Only the technique varies. Without entering upon the question of superiority of methods, suffice it to say that the imagination of to-day needs the speedier equipment.

It is easier to say what will *not* survive in art. Some one remarked that Ranger was a great artist because his work might share the company of the Barbizons without disparagement, whereas Childe Hassam's would not. Such an argument is vain. As well compare Shakespeare and Ibsen, or pair off Debussy and Palestrina; these are different men—discussing different periods and personalities. Art can not be standardised, which is its prevailing charm. The moment that we are able to standardise art it will cease to be such.

There has been no essential difference in the character and mental spirit of any period. Fundamentally, human nature has been the same. Apparent differences are not due to any particular divergences of human nature but to the opportunities afforded by science and invention to give expression to these fundamentals. Science and invention are responsible in a way for our methods of living and conduct of life, for our clothes, our marriage laws; all this in its mechanical aspect is but the technique of life. We are often apt to think that people of bygone centuries differed in their type of features and ideas. This is not true. The clothes of the period may give this impression but they are the result of definite conditions related to the thought of the time which reacts one on the other, resulting in certain conventions, laws, superstitions, which more or less decide how human emotions and aspirations should express themselves, and by accepting these condi-

The Estimation of Art

tions it would create a temporary and superficial reflection; for instance, when women were expected to be prim they were prim in comportment but not fundamentally.

It is expected that the war will cleanse the world of considerable ultra-modernism, but there are other kinds of art which it is hoped may be mercifully removed from our midst. Endless canvases of fatuous sheep browsing on fatuous hillside, tame interiors with the inevitable maiden acting as wall-paper, sans refinement, sans strength, sans originality, sans everything. Many artists tickle their canvases with small brushes, recording impressions as small as their brushes. The young ladies ranged against the wall appear to be victims of German gas which has left nothing but their clothes. Not only have body and soul been robbed of action but walls and furniture, the table at which the lady disposes herself, or that favourite device, the mirror, lack the excuse of being there and are bereft of distinction. If the war educates the public to spurn such wares, it will not have been in vain. Recall the strength and refinement of a Vermeer, a de Hooch, or any seventeenth-century Dutch painter, or a Chardin whose distinguished technique and artistic percipience would be outraged by the comparison. Or, again, glance at the nineteenth-century church interiors of Johannes Bosboom. The type of picture here condemned has not the objectivity of past art nor the virile subjectiveness which present-day conditions should surely command.

How will such examples affect the next generation of artists? Refinement in a painting need not preclude strength. An individual may have good breeding and therefore be pleasant to live with, and his only significance might dwell in the fact that he was not unpleasant to live with. Exaggerated value often attaches to such people due to our regard for pleasant surroundings and companionship that do not make for much thought. In consequence only the lightest conversation is welcomed at social gatherings. And so, in everything, virility is at stake. Refinement in art must before all else be virile and owe its qualities to that very virtue.

There are sculptors to-day, whose work will baffle posterity. The art critics of two or three hundred years hence, or less, will be asking what was there in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries of American life that gave birth to works of

Egyptian or Assyrian character. The time has gone by for elegant trifles; our age is too vital. There are too many problems to be solved, and the best thinkers of to-day are seeking means to solve them, and all art that has any claim to vitality is that which is a symbol of the predominant thought of its age. There are also painters who have the technique and methods of the Venetian school of the sixteenth century. Posterity will know they were not done in the sixteenth century because the costume is of to-day, but for no other reason. In using this method which is obsolete, they are incapable of imbuing it with the life characteristic of the work of the Venetians. So we have compositions of figures uncontemporary in technique, with no life; women and children who can not breathe; not even the classic restraint of the Greeks is there; and it is all done for the sake of a certain luminosity of colour and quality of texture. Mediums of expression, technique and material undergo changes with the spirit of the period, but what is there in this day of stupendous effort that produces nothing more vigorous than a few inches of agreeable surface. What will the critics of years hence pronounce upon twentieth-century old master and semi-old master output? In other words, what position will a picture occupy historically and æsthetically in, say, two hundred years that was an old master when painted.

No word is more carelessly applied to paintings than the expression "beautiful," and with greater opportunity for misinterpretation. The charm of the model, a sentimental perspective, or some quality of harmony may provoke the term. Such a trick as Gabriel Max used in his head of Christ—the closed eyes which slowly open—has been followed up by the eyes that move with you and stop when you stop. Is that beautiful? If so, it is beauty without significance, and may not be denied to the German painter Knaus.

To say that Meissonier, Bougereau, Alma-Tadema and the pre-Raphaelites are academic and reactionary is a platitude to-day. Such art no longer has any subtlety in relation to the public. It is not sufficient to base one's regard for progressiveness alone on the condemnation of the classicist David, or the Carracci, or any other bygone exponents of eclecticism. The present-day reactionary forces and other pernicious influences are much too near for their character to be easily discerned. The writer

The Estimation of Art

admits that he may be met with the argument that art has invariably sprung from an art condition at the lowest ebb. But so have the best periods morally been reactions from the most degraded periods. So, while this is correct, it will be reprehensible not to discourage any seemingly unhealthy tendencies.

It is important to develop a national spirit in the free and applied arts. And it is well to remember that the possession of national spirit is not determined by the object painted. Depicting the Grand Cañon does not necessarily foreshadow American art; a French landscape painted by an American artist could well be American art. And for this reason I believe the best training for an American student ought to be obtained in this country; he should be encouraged to go abroad, to live and move among the people, to paint in the fields but avoid the ateliers. I do not hesitate to say that the tendencies in art here are healthier and more promising of greater achievements than in any European country.

It is the American spirit in the work of Winslow Homer which causes Europe to see in him a figure of world importance, and it is the lack of this universal spirit which causes Inness and Wyant to make little appeal beyond these shores. Without going into enthusiasm about the approach of a renaissance, there is much promise of art movements of great importance in this country. Where this is most likely to develop it is difficult to say. The traditions of New England are an advantage that the Middle West and the West do not possess, they having already produced important men in the departments of art and literature. I believe there is no more promising soil. It has the tradition but it would be well to close up our windows tightly against draughts from the older countries. Still it might give impetus to the movement to let in a breeze from the West occasionally. We have all that tradition can give us; we want with this breeze the confidence of the West which in its own unadulterated condition forecasts many difficulties.

Whenever we—artists or laymen—restrict our outlook, whenever we deliberately blind ourselves to the comprehensiveness of our age and its possibilities, or deny the existence of forces or human emotions because we are not in sympathy with them, or because they do not appear to affect us directly, then we are that much of a failure in our creative work if we are artists, and

in prognostications if we are critics or judges. We must take cognisance of the responsible and irresponsible forces of nature (I use these two words in their widest and narrowest applications), and the result of not doing so means more than individual failure—it works towards decadence and degeneration. The whole history of art and mankind proves this contention. Whether or not we are in sympathy with certain issues and "isms," however impractical they are, however bizarre or absurd cubist and futurist may be, the fact remains that they are signs of certain conditions—development, decadency, unrest, a seeking after something, whatever we like to call it—and that it will affect all contemporary thought and is doing so even in the most conservative minds.

No artist has escaped the influence of these extraordinary manifestations except those who continue painting just pleasant pictures.

I would say that restraint in the use of living forces is the law of art and life, not selection. Given a public ready to accept enfeebled or irrelevant art, these painters would continue regardless of environment or conditions. At its best it is a type of picture suitable for the house—and in saying this I feel that I am unintelligently generous.

These criticisms may appear to be platitudes or far removed from the subject of art. The latter I deny. In regard to the former, I would say that I do not claim any unusual knowledge of conditions not possessed by any person who keeps himself informed of the world's doings. If I do lay claim to anything in this particular respect, it is more that I have trained myself for years to be as impersonal as possible in the consideration of the problems of life, of which art is a part, whether judged in an abstract way or in the study of a particular example. My own comfort or personal likes and dislikes, of which I have many, have not been allowed to intrude themselves into my consideration of these subjects. Yet I venture to say that no one feels more the passing of familiar and time-honoured conditions, and no one finds it more difficult than myself to appreciate fully and keep sympathetic pace with the vicissitudes in the journey of time. But only the best kind of happiness is obtained this way, for it is the only attitude that tends toward the realisation of a better condition morally, socially and intellectually.

A New Phase of the War Cartoonist's Art

they know not whither, neglected, tortured, starved. The vision of this woeful legion sweeps on endlessly, and as it passes there arises an appalling unison of sobs and moans, broken by shrieks that tell of the bayonet's thrust or of those more awful tortures inflicted by the crucifiers of innocence. We know by incontrovertible testimony that these things are. And yet, mercifully, we know, too, that despite all the pain and grief that may be laden upon the heart of childhood, its buoyancy, its blessed forgetfulness, its merriment, must inevitably flash out again and again.

It is just this flash that illumines Poulbot's drawings. He has disregarded the dreadful horrors the war has made so customary to the children of France and Belgium, and has infused into his work a degree of light-heartedness and fun that gives it enduring charm. Does not the civilised world owe him a debt of gratitude for this? It must be confessed that, for those who look back of surface manifestations, there is a sinister suggestion in these drawings, as there must be in every effective comment on the war, for the background of tragedy may only be veiled, not hidden. But that is purely an inferential quality and one, moreover, that is devoid of the slightest morbidity. The fact that it is present, indeed, really makes the humour the braver, the more trenchant.

Poulbot's work, like all good art, is significant of many things other than that for which it actually stands. It is extremely sophisticated and at the same time naive, and the truthfulness and accuracy with which it portrays juvenile type and its characteristics give it immediate appeal.

Only a man possessing abundant sympathetic knowledge of childhood, who has a clear conception of its instincts—and a Frenchman at that—could handle these subjects the way Poulbot does. Every one of his works discloses this understanding, this insight, and for that reason they take on new interest from a psychological standpoint.

The characterisations in all of the drawings are masterfully portrayed, and they are all the more effective because of the simplicity, the directness of the process. The same childish types appear frequently under different circumstances and in different surroundings, yet nevertheless they have plenteous variety. In no more

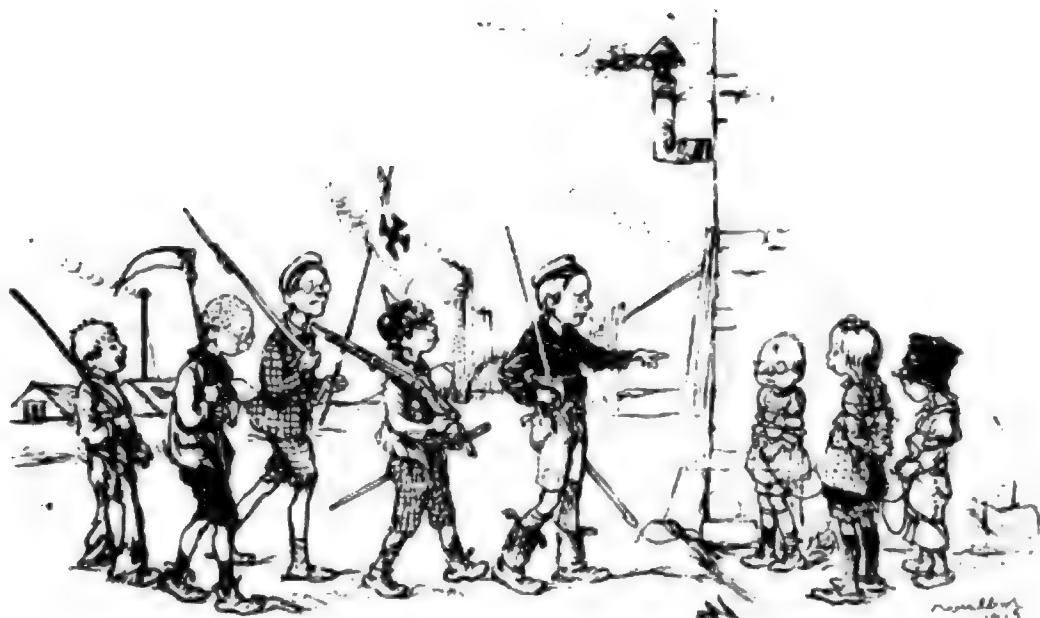
conclusive manner does the artist demonstrate his comprehensive powers than in emphasising the imitative faculty that is so strongly developed in all children. In practically every one of these cartoons, the youngsters are seen devoting themselves to games that reflect the fearful business that has been waged about them for so long. Here, a group of tots are posing as invaders or are about to engage in battle. There, a dozen or so are assuming the rôles of surgeons and nurses of the Red Cross or are pretending to dispose of the fate of prisoners.

It is difficult to determine in some of the drawings which is the more impressive factor, humour or pathos. Take, for instance, the one with the caption "*Il aura bouffé du Boche.*" The idea itself is delightfully funny, but note the expression of the two tiny girls, the pitiful devastation of the landscape! And who could gaze at poor little "Fritz" in the scene depicting the preparations for battle ("*Nous allons livrer la Bataille, etc.*") without a throb of pity? This vein of pathos, though, is by no means an invariable concomitant. Sheer comedy is frequently encountered, two notable examples being the cartoon showing the Boche regiment that has surrendered to two urchins manning a formidable stove-pipe mounted to look like a cannon, and that masterpiece of sly humour which any one else would have made essentially vulgar, "*Sale Belgique! Ach! . . . Voilà encore qu'il pleut.*" A German sentinel stands inside his box cursing the rains of Flanders and extending his hand to see if the rain has ceased. Apparently it has, but the deception is maintained by an urchin who has climbed onto the roof and is spitting into the open hand with every show of delight and efficiency.

Returning again to the serious import of these works, it is possible to invest them with inspiring symbolic attributes.

Is not the indomitable spirit that vitalises them, the persistent optimism, the sublime determination to make the best of conditions—is it not this spirit that apotheosises France, puts her uppermost in our love and veneration, which makes her national morale blaze like a steady, unquenchable beacon for our own beloved country and for her other Allies?

While Poulbot's fame was firmly fixed in France before the war by his interpretations of the gamin life of Paris, naturally his reputation has been



- vous les "petits otages", vous allez marcher devant notre artille.



- Il aura bouffé du bœuf....

All four drawings were secured for THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO through the courtesy of Lieut. R. A. Shaw, of the Canadian Army, and the prints were made by F. F. Frittita, an artist-photographer of Baltimore.

A New Phase of the War Cartoonist's Art



greatly increased by his more recent work, though surprisingly little so far has been written about him in this country. The accompanying illustrations were reproduced from originals in the possession of the Canadian Government, being a part of the remarkable collection of relics, etc., assembled by Col. A. G. Doughty, Deputy Minister of Ottawa and Controller of Canadian War Trophies, for the Dominion's proposed War Trophy Museum.

This collection was first shown in the United States at the Liberty Loan exhibition "Over There" in Baltimore, the nobly beautiful decorations for which were devised by William Gordon Beecher, architect, and Edward Berge, sculptor.

BUREAU OF ADVICE ON PAINTINGS

Mr. Raymond Wyer, who is a recognised authority, will give special attention to letters addressed to this magazine under the above heading.

XXII

GOTHIC ART

It would not be extending due courtesy to the Metropolitan Museum if we were to reproduce in illustration or even describe the beautiful statue which they have just acquired from the Demotte Galleries and which will be illustrated and authoritatively explained in their October *Bulletin*. We merely wish to record our satisfaction that the Museum has bought a highly important example of Gothic art such as is seen but rarely on this side, and at a time when the country is injudiciously warned against buying art.

The two other examples from the same Galleries illustrated on pages xxv-vi, are of unusual significance. The Saint George is carved in stone, fifteenth-century school of Bourgogne, and comes from the chapel of Arnay le Duc. It is forty-three inches high. The Virgin and Child, fifty-one inches, is of the first half of the fourteenth century, school of L' Ile de France, from the collection of M. Piqueret, who was Vicar of the Church of Vernouillet, near Paris. The Virgin has that bewildering smile that thirteenth-century statuary so much more often depicts.

The Challenge

THE CHALLENGE BY GEORGE F. EVANS

I HAVE read in the daily paper of an artist killed in the war. I pick up an art magazine and read that the summer camps for painting will go on as usual. I ask, "What good are these camps now?"

I read in the paper of an Italian poet who has led a charge in battle. I turn to the bulletin of a college and see that next year the course on versification will be given as before. I ask, "What good are such courses now?"

What is the place of Art nowadays, we may well ask. Is Art to go its old way; or is it to forsake its way and take part in the world's business? What good are the arts now?

These are impatient times. We demand immediate results. We want everything done up in haste, and we challenge things that do not seem to be directly aiding the Government.

But let us be sure that we do not totally misunderstand the answer that is returned to our challenge. Perhaps the one whom we challenge shows mediate rather than immediate results for his work. The dancer who can cheer the soldiers in a Paris hospital is doing something valuable. Let us go about in these days not merely saying, "What are you making?" but saying rather, "What are you cultivating?" We can't all make ships; some of us can make better gardens. We can't all make gardens; some are better cultivators of men's spirits. What we need to be sure of is that our work is leading to something worth the time it is taking us in this impatient hour. All hours of life might well be impatient hours. It takes a season like the present to show us the value of time spent.

The value of Art lies in its cultivating an appreciation of higher than ordinary values. If painting and poetry do this, let them go on. There was never a time when we needed more an understanding of higher values. The art camps may go on this summer along with the army camps. I suppose there are some artists who would not make good fighting men, just as there are fighting men who would not make good artists. Art can help in the day's work as surely as can Religion. But let each artist be very sure that he can help men better by his art than in other ways. Woe to him if he pursues a cheap art and pays for it with the life of a friend.

XXIV

A CORRECTED SLOGAN

PEOPLE and events move so swiftly in this kaleidoscopic whirligig called life that there is only time found for action, very little for thought; but as action can only follow thought, it stands to reason that a few people have to be thinkers, and the daily press extends canned thought to the people. For a few cents a day, Mr. Average Citizen fills up on morning and evening press platitudes, assimilating easily digestible slogans without any analysis or mental enquiry. Some slogans are excellent examples of wisdom in a nutshell, others are untrue and pernicious. The war-time slogan that calls particularly for our condemnation is one that forbids you to buy art as though the acquisition of art objects would be hurtful to our main object—the winning of the war. This doctrine is foolishly supported by many people who consequently regard this absurd and wicked advice as truth because the papers say so, and they even see it in big type on the advertising curtain of the movies. Some who still buy art objects have not the courage of their convictions and purchase stealthily, making it a condition that the sale shall not be mentioned.

When an institution like the Metropolitan Museum comes out boldly with the acquisition of a fine specimen of Gothic art, there is firm evidence of thinking with consequent disavowal of the slogan. To buy French art to-day, far from doing harm, is doing inconceivable good by replenishing her war-worn coffers. France has no manufactories now, nothing to export but her art. The statuary and other treasures sent to New York are literally rescued from the ashes of her devastated provinces. Many costly pieces have been purchased about Château-Thierry, Rheims and Verdun, and thus snatched from pillage or destruction. Not only is precious art saved to the world but the money goes to French towns that need it sorely. Though showing in our illustrations some beautiful examples of Gothic art from the Demotte Galleries, this is not a plea to buy from any one dealer—it is a plea to buy French art from any source and the plea extends to art of all kinds, especially American art. "Now is the time to buy art," is the amended slogan and any one who will take the time to think it over will see where truth and expediency meet.

In Beaver Street near the Battery

Produce Exchange Building, the original site of the first French Huguenot church founded in New York City.

Looking over the courtyard are the gable windows of an old brick building that fronts on Beaver Street. The entrance, No. 18, is at the side of a café whose foreign name and appointments give the street a touch of Italian atmosphere and colour. Within the building are four flights of carpetless steps, worn and sagging a bit toward the banister—interesting steps, resembling those in some old English inns that have not been torn down or replaced because of the many noted footsteps that have passed over them.

The steps mount past the café for men, past the second-floor café for ladies, with the ceiling garlanded with ivy, which also festoons windows and mantelpieces after the manner of the Italians. On, up to the fourth and topmost floor, where the hallway leads to a large airy, room recently used as a studio by Edward Michael McKey, who not long since returned to New York City after a number of years on the Continent.

This was perhaps the first studio established in Beaver Street. The artist happened one day upon the old brick building with the top floor "To Let" which overlooked the court where had stood the primitive Huguenot church, where there came through the gable windows a whiff of the salt tang of the sea, where narrow gray caverns extended between perpendicular walls of twenty-story buildings, and where the dome at the end of Beaver Street glistened in the morning sun. Here, in other words, was Old New York, here was quaintness, picturesqueness, foreignness, "atmosphere." And thus Beaver Street became the habitat of a painter.

McKey's art put forth its first slender shoots in the Sibley House—the oldest stone house in Minnesota—which many years back was the residence of General Sibley of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, one of the early settlers and an historic figure in Minnesota. Burt Harwood, a Western painter, organised a summer art school for out-of-door painting in this house in the half-Indian and half-French town of Mendota, about ten miles from Minneapolis. Edward McKey attended this school during the summer months—he was then about eighteen. His instructor was Miss Ina Barber, a Southern woman of talent, who awakened the lad's first keen interest in colour and composition. A scholar-

ship was won and Edward McKey went to the School of Fine Arts in St. Paul, where he remained perhaps a year and a half. After that he came to New York, where he painted independently in his own studios; then came Paris, Rome and many other foreign cities. Two years in the Western art schools was the only instruction or experience that Edward McKey had in art schools or academies. Like Zuloaga, he might have said: "All I knew of the Beaux-Arts was the view one has of it from the windows of the Louvre."

In 1908 McKey went again to Italy, where he worked and exhibited until 1913. When war was declared he returned to Paris and served for six months in the Ambulance Corps behind the first line of trenches, where he won the Croix de la Guerre. Then he returned to America.

Two interesting impressions of men at the front are life-size, full-length portraits of Mr. Robert McClay of New York City and Barone Amerigo Serrao of Rome. Mr. McClay was Mr. McKey's co-worker in the ambulance service in France during six months at the battlefront.

Mr. McClay's portrait shows a soldier in khaki uniform with brown leather cap, belt and puttees, standing against a shadowy gray background—a figure erect and alert, a strong face with blue eyes both keen and kind. The colour key is pitched low, the handling is reserved and quiet.

Barone is the typical Italian officer in the uniform of the Piedmonti Reali, clad in steel helmet with gold horn and the white cross on black fur of the House of Savoy, a blue coat with scarlet collar and cuffs and silver ornaments and buttons, olive-green breeches and the black riding boots of the cavalry. The right hand rests lightly on the steel sword, the left holds a lighted cigarette. The colour is brilliant, the shadows are laid in solidly, the entire handling is as daring as the figure which is represented. The two portraits present the contrast between two races, the character and temperament of the two types.

The full-length portrait of Mrs. Edward Mellon, daughter of Judge Alexander Humphrey of Kentucky, was also done in Rome. Here the colour is brilliant, the brushwork broad and striking. The picture represents a Southern beauty of Spanish type, a small, finely poised head with black hair parted over the low brows and drawn back into a large coil; heavily pencilled, arched black eyebrows over dark Spanish eyes and charming features. The figure is somewhat

In Beaver Street near the Battery

Another portrait presents the head of a man of Norse type with blond hair and sea-blue eyes and colour born of the wind. The size is somewhat over life but there is shown great fineness as well as strength. The fine head and noble line of the throat might belong to a young viking. The white shirt has caught a tinge of blue-green of sky and sea. The shadow under the rolled-back collar deepens into sea-green. The background is blue-green with the shimmer of the sea. The portrait has an opalescent effect of light and colour and a quality like that of a fresco. It recalls the sea pictures of Sorolla.

McKey's work shows imagination, sureness of touch, good draughtsmanship and colour that has depth and at times brilliance. He penetrated beneath the surface likeness of his model and reveals an individual and interesting psychic quality. His men and women are personalities; they possess temperament and distinction.

He worked with great verve and rapidity. It was interesting to watch the gesture of the artist's hands while at work; they became endowed with a speech of their own. At times they touched the canvas gently with the brushes and again they became swift, compelling, and struck the canvas with broad, imperious strokes. They were in their movements like a musician's hands that softly ripple through the *Andante Cantabile* or sweep into the crescendo of the *Largo Maestoso*.

He was an ardent lover of Italy. "There is an old villa in Florence, high and remote," said he, "that I have in my mind where I shall go when I am old and where I shall rest when I die. America is the place for youth but the Continent is the abiding-place for age. There the old are respected and revered. I have always felt a responsive throb to the lines of Browning:

"Open my heart and you will see,
Graved inside of it, Italy.'"

When the artist laid aside his tools we descended the staircase and passed out into the dim street. Two blocks away the lights of Fraunces' Tavern gleamed through the dark, and we bent our steps toward the old house that Étienne de Lancey built in 1700 as a home for his bride, the daughter of Col. Stephen van Cortlandt and Gertrude Schuyler—the house where Washington bade farewell to his generals in 1783—Fraunces' Tavern, around which is woven the history and the romance of a past century.

XXXVI

SARATOGA CLUB HOUSE

NEAR completion and shortly to hang in the club house is a large picture by William Dowling, the well-known caricaturist, who signs as "Vim." The picture represents the principal members standing about the grounds below the building in well-designed groups—the likenesses are excellent and the poses very characteristic. Dowling has accomplished a very difficult task with more than satisfactory results, assisted a good deal by his acquaintance with the members and their consequent willingness to give him sittings. In this way an animated picture full of life and movement has been expressed. Everybody is doing something, laughing, listening, explaining or loafing. Very different from the wooden photographic presentments that Frith, R.A., and others have accustomed us to when it comes to depicting a crowd.

A NEW MUSEUM

THANKS to the generosity of Mr. Joseph G. Butler, Junior, Youngstown, Ohio, will eventually possess the handsome museum now under construction at the hands of the well-known architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White. The building, which has cost half a million dollars to erect, will be ready for occupation by October.

The intention of this art-lover is to make his collection thoroughly American and to reserve one gallery for passing exhibitions. This is a very noteworthy enterprise and of intense interest to patrons of contemporary American art. For some time past Mr. Butler has been visiting the studios to procure good examples of American art. Paintings by great artists who have died, such as Winslow Homer and Inness, also take their place in this truly American assembly.

"THE ETHICS OF THE PICTURE TALK"

AN article appeared under this title in the three-column section of our May issue and credit should have been given to the *Bulletin of the Chicago Art Institute*, whence it was taken. We beg to express our regrets to that publication for the unintentional slight.

Portrait Reliefs and Coins in Life and Art

PORTRAIT RELIEFS AND COINS IN LIFE AND ART BY T. SPICER-SIMSON

DURING the last few years the discerning and æsthetic public has manifested a considerable interest in medallion reliefs, medals and coins, a delicate and imaginative form of art, which, for so many years, has been much neglected. For this reason a short article to encourage this sympathy and understanding should be welcomed if it revealed wherein medals have a just claim to especial attention, a claim few recognise to-day, and the majority through ignorance deny.

Before treating the subject of medals in detail, it would make certain aspects of the art clearer to touch upon some general questions that prove our æsthetic tastes are determined by deeper and more elemental emotions than any produced by the influences of environment; in fact, extend far back into the dim vistas of time and are subconscious forces of ancestral derivation. Colossal manifestations, whether spiritual or material, struck fear into the hearts of primitive humanity and still affect the majority of mankind in the same way. As man gains control of natural forces, astonishment or wonder takes the place of fear, which in turn creates a feeling of admiration. This sentiment indicates a sympathy towards or for some spiritual or material object. To most people's minds, sympathy and appreciation are repeatedly confused with understanding or the actual fact of appreciation is considered sufficient in itself. It is not surprising, therefore, that large objects evoke more general admiration and that the appreciation of diminutive objects is infinitely rarer. To be stimulated by the effect as a whole in the Small Arts, and not become absorbed in the detail which is workmanship, or the anecdote which is literature, requires the development by training of those delicate visual perceptions of rhythm and balance which are dormant in most people.

Coins and medals or small relief portraiture have flourished, therefore, as a High Art only when mankind attained an apogee of culture: the fifth century before Christ, when Greece reached her highest pinnacle of civilisation; when Rome became the world empire; and then later when the arts burst into such brilliant flower during the Renaissance.

Social relations changed very gradually during the golden ages of Art. Society held some ideal which it expressed through the artist's instrumentality; he had neither the time nor the inclination to analyse or philosophise upon his work but left the interpretation to those who appreciated his handiwork. To-day few men reflect and meditate upon immaterialities—so-called useless things—instead their energies are employed, even out of actual working hours, to make their economic, social or political positions more secure in this fast-changing and disintegrating era. The artist is impelled to express himself in some æsthetic form through the feeling of an individual need alone, instead of being inspired as well through and by a general communal ideal or racial necessity, as in the old days. Very few of our contemporaries believe that art is a necessity in daily life. The majority walk blindly unappreciative of the beautiful outward manifestations of the *spirit* of things and it is the privilege and obligation of the artist to deepen people's vision by an appeal to reason as well as sight. Higher, less materialistic ideals than prevail at present would thus be introduced and fostered, viz., that a work of art can exist for the beauty in itself without the necessity of painting a moral or adorning a tale. Until society possesses a greater unity and places a higher value upon the manifestations of the spirit, creating thereby an atmosphere of general admiration for and satisfaction in the things of the mind, men will not be attuned to vibrate with the eternal verities.

To return to particulars. Coins in the form of money are tokens representing the value of objects and were invented to eliminate the clumsy method of exchanging merchandise itself. Small-sized portrait reliefs in circular form are designated medals, though the term medal to the popular mind conveys the idea only of a decoration as a reward. In fact, art terminology has been the great resource of the smatterer and rhapsodist to the detriment of accurate thought; it is therefore necessary to define what is meant by the words Nature and Art as used in this article. By the term Nature is implied the outward manifestations of the Universe, and by Art, man's special use of the visual impressions of these manifestations.

Any form of art expression that persists for centuries must have some basic reason for its continuity, and this is the case with the art of

Portrait Reliefs and Coins in Life and Art

medals and coins. Their regular established form is circular; few of us realise, however, this contour has not been chosen because it is the traditional shape, but for fundamentally sensuous and especially æsthetic reasons. An object that is to be much handled should, of course, be agreeable to the touch and have no asperities. No outline commands the interest or rivets the attention to the same extent as the circle, which is the most important factor if we consider the diminutive scale of the object, where all attention must be directed toward the subject depicted and away from the outline. A circle has no angles, no irregularities, and therefore nothing to arrest the eye on any particular part except that, as the outline is equidistant from a certain point we call the centre, at that point will the eye rest. This very suitability of the circular form for small reliefs, which we might describe as its negativeness or inactiveness, is a disadvantage if the human element is lacking. Hence, many artists instinctively prefer an irregular, or rectangular shape to the cold fixity of the circle. This, however, as stated before, will be detrimental to the subject, for the more irregular the outline the greater the emphasis upon it to the corresponding detracting of the relief. The relief, it must be conceded, is a very important factor, for without it the coin or medal has no excuse for existence. The inscription, or the subject, stamps its use. Life is movement and change. These attributes can and should be recovered by the artist by the relief, the division of space and the direction of the lines of the composition, just as within certain confines mankind has been given freedom through the use of his intellect. Man is not entirely at the mercy of chance; through the strength of his emotions, guided by the intellect and expressed in some outward form, he gains the highest pinnacles of human attainment in Art. Freedom is necessary, but so is control, to make that complex being Man. Within limits clearly defined, all great works of Art conform to the above statement. There must be a harmony between the object depicted, the manner in which it is carried out, the material of which it is made and, in certain cases, the position it is to occupy.

A very formal geometrical location of the aspect of realistically treated living bodies, and especially if represented in movement, is a contradiction in terms; a feeling of discomfort arises

because life is action and pattern immobility. To repeat, Nature means change, irregularity, unconformity. If we wish to adapt her creations to some human need, use or preconceived object of our own, where we feel the necessity for balance, exact division or pattern, we must first interpret the thing chosen to be depicted, humouring the material in which it is to be translated and, in representing the subject, consider the innate elements, such as proportions, movement and line, of much more importance than photographic exactitude. The result may be a work of art, whereas, the exact imitation, never. When these qualities are emphasised, spirit and matter harmonise, and homogeneity with diversity arises, a sense of oneness with parts possessing great variety, the transcendental and the finite, which together are always found in the highest Art expressions and form the most important elements of that subtle quality we call Beauty. Consequently the circle need not be mathematically exact, and the subject on a coin, or medal, as designed by the artist should not be precisely in the centre, nor conform by its principal lines to the curve of the circle, if it is desired to impart an impression of something vital, living and possessing character.

It is a trite fact to say that a representation of Nature at a greatly reduced size will not be true even to her outward shell; consequently imitation, realism or truth to Nature are most elastic terms. It sounds like romantic fantasy to say that Nature can be coaxed by affectionate observation to disclose the greater Truth, her inward spirit. By spirit is meant something that the exterior aspect may not always disclose, such qualities as density, softness, hardness or elasticity, not the surface texture. The sagging or festooning of cloth, for example, is so much more significant as revealing the spirit of this particular material than its rough or smooth surface or the pattern on it. The texture, colour and sometimes pattern are common properties of all objects, but the lines of draperies speak for it alone. A deeper truth may thus be attained through emblematic representation than by direct illustration and the artist becomes a poet as well as an artisan. Even from the modern practical standpoint, it seems unfortunate that symbols should have become almost a dead language; only a few remain that are understood by the general public: the flag, the cross, the dove, and so on. The lion, denoting courage,

Portrait Reliefs and Coins in Life and Art

the anchor, hope, and many other pretty conceits have practically vanished, though they stand for an international language. When society settles into a more stable form than exists at present, a general moral and sincere ideal will be found permeating it. Emblems will then be both resuscitated and reinvented to express this new form of relationship between men. Meanwhile, notwithstanding the modern attitude towards most emblematic figures, it may be just as well not to throw over entirely a language that was once more easily understood by different races than the spoken word.

Portrait medallions or medals must conform more nearly to the individual peculiarities of the person portrayed than pictorial subjects, compositions or designs representing something less personal. Balance must be obtained without too much formality of pattern or disharmony results between the realism of the face and the position it occupies in the space allotted to it. The great artist adapts the sitter's characteristics and transmutes them by his intellectual perception of form into something more direct and tangible than possibly what is before him, yet in harmony with the psychology of the person portrayed. It requires great discrimination to feel just to what degree formality, another term for order and design, should be carried and realism sacrificed so that the subject will still possess that changeable emotional quality we call life. It is interesting to note that the spiritual character of the individual, which in portraits is surely of more importance than the exterior shell, may be suggested before a single feature of the face is shown. For instance, by the relief projection. A vigorous relief would hardly be suitable for a poet, unless he were a Walt Whitman; or a delicate low relief for a General Grant; mass gives an impression of strength and aggressiveness, whereas, slight relief, where the background and subject melt together, imparts a sensation of subtlety and tranquillity indicating subjective, reflective and tender qualities. The space the head fills in the circle, the position it occupies near or away from the outline, with or without shoulders, may be used to emphasise the character of the sitter, both physically and mentally. The style of the lettering, its size and position, will also influence the onlooker's judgment as to the psychology of the person portrayed. With all these points to be

taken into consideration by the good portrait medallist, he must yet not lose the primary reason for the existence of the relief, which is decorative: a quality generally gauged when interest is displayed in the medal by others than friends of the sitter! This should be the ideal of all artists.

In coins and medals of some commemorative aim, this particularity is most essential. Here the problem to be solved differs, for the coin or medal of this class is generally struck in metal from steel dies, and smaller than cast relief portraits. Nearly all portrait medals are modelled in wax or some plastic material, then cast in plaster, from which the definite article is either produced by electric deposit processes or cast in lead, bronze, silver or gold. At the smaller scale, the use of different relief to express individual spiritual characteristics could not be grasped, for the eye does not properly visualise a tiny low relief. There is a point where the visual impression is nil and the surface relief quickly worn away by handling. Comparatively high relief on small coins has the practical advantage of durability and legibility as well as an æsthetic appeal.

The question may well be asked how is it that our modern coinage lacks in this particular when modern artists acknowledge the beauty of the old Greek coins and have them as examples and as sources of inspiration. Many people criticise our currency for its lack of these qualities and by doing so show that the exigencies of modern commercial society are not commonly understood. A very definite requirement to-day is that money should stack, *i.e.*, one coin stand on top of the other. Weight is an undesirable factor too; yet, for striking in bold relief, thickness is essential. These are some of the difficulties thrown in the way of the modern medallist or die-cutter; he lies between the devil and the deep sea; is not permitted the thickness necessary for high relief, because of stacking and weight, yet low relief, though it will stack properly, has the great drawback of becoming illegible within a short time. Very naturally it is asked, Can a coin that is both artistic and practical be evolved, or is that an unattainable ideal now-a-days? Following along the old lines would be impossible, and therefore all precedents must be laid aside. A novel attempt was made in the gold two-and-a-half-dollar piece, where the metal has been deeply incised and the form found below the level of the background, somewhat in the style of the Eryp-

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tian low relief. But to give harmony between the subject depicted and the method of production the treatment should not be realistic, as it is in this coin, for the harsh and forward-projecting outline is not to be found in Nature; consequently a decorative interpretation or adaptation is imperative. An effect something like the sparkling Gothic seals should be the result.

Another technical consideration is the enormous stress on steel dies striking millions of pieces. The dies will have to be constantly renewed if the principal relief projections coincide on the different sides of the coin, whereas, by alternating the relief as much as possible, the hollow on the obverse to be the relief on the reverse, and, *vice versa*, a practical means is found to lengthen the life of the dies. To a government mint this is of immense economic value, for in the United States of America the small currency is struck in such quantities that the tower surpassing in height all other New York buildings may be said to have been built with dimes and nickels!

The blow of a modern steel press is so powerful that the molecular condition of the metal is affected throughout, which is easily demonstrated.

A coin of which one surface has been entirely effaced by usage, or purposely effaced with a file, is heated to the red-hot point before being withdrawn from the fire. If it is then examined, the original design will be visible on the effaced side. By dropping the coin in a solution of nitric acid and leaving it for an hour or so, when examined with the light at a certain angle, the original design becomes visible. The metal is always unevenly compressed; in the first experiment the molecules expand to their original state and the subject upon the coin becomes legible, though inversely, the most compressed parts, *i.e.*, the hollows, will be seen in relief. The same result is procured by the acid test, for the acid eats away the surface according to the pressure applied to the different parts of the metal.

The importance, therefore, of suitable designs for modern coinage cannot easily be over-estimated, for all these exigencies, instead of crushing the artist's inspiration, should be, and usually are, the starting point for some original expression in art. The work should be given to the man who admires the spirit of the ancients, but inspires himself from Nature, without imitating her or the mannerisms of the old masters. The necessity of building with clay was the direct

cause of the Assyrians devising the round arch, and the demand for higher buildings, the better to express the people's aspiration toward the heavens, originated Gothic vault construction. These historical instances can be multiplied.

The reducing machine was invented at the beginning of the nineteenth century and all early work was made without its aid. Working directly on the small size, the die-cutter, as he was called, could only interpret Nature's forms in a simplified manner, consequently, even a poor artist was less likely to make errors of scale. He would not attempt to seize any but the principal or characteristic forms. His drawing may have been incorrect, but a greater effect of harmony resulted than in many of the well-drawn figures by celebrated artists of modern times. A harmony between the material and the design, a technical sincerity, and a definite scale beyond which the details should be eliminated, are more essential to a medal or coin as a work of art than either beautiful drawing, accuracy to Nature, or clever technique. When a figure in stone gives an impression of mass there is harmony between the material and the design. Technical sincerity means that the work of art should bear the mark of the principal tool used. The term scale as here used means interesting proportions between one object and another without reference to their actual relative sizes, for it is more important to make a decorative pattern of the subject than to give the true relative proportions.

All early struck coins and medals convey a sense of their method of growth and the material of which they are made, and these are qualities to be found in all great works of art. Handling or technique is, therefore, one of the vital means of disclosing the human element of feeling. In certain articles, such as money or furniture, where the utilitarian nature of the object is of more importance than the æsthetic, it is often the sole means by which the artist can express his personality. It follows logically that the greater the number of intermediary processes interposed between the artist and his finished work the less expressive will be the result as a human document. Consequently, a cast medal modelled or cut in relief of the same size as the finished work and a struck coin cut directly in the steel die will give the finest artistic results. This does not imply that mechanical means to shorten labor are debarred, but the artist should put his hand

Whitefield Coming to Old Penn

WHITEFIELD COMING TO OLD PENN BY H. MERIAN ALLEN

NOT through the agency of supernatural revelation will sturdy eighteenth-century George Whitefield appear to the students of the University of Pennsylvania. Nevertheless, the triangular space, enclosed by the dormitory buildings, will receive, less than a year hence, the eminent Methodist preacher, wrought in bronze, it is true, but as life-like as sculptor's art can make him.

While Whitefield was visiting Philadelphia during his sojourn on America's shores, 1739-41, a little one-story structure, pretentiously called "a tabernacle," was erected at Fourth and Arch Streets to accommodate those who desired to hear the sermons of this magnetic orator. Subsequently, in the movement to create a colony university, fathered by Franklin, the quondam meeting-house was appropriated as a nucleus and the first classes were held there. To the fact that the famous minister is thus connected with the initial existence of their Alma Mater, as much as anything else, may be assigned the reason why the project of placing a statue to his memory on college ground was prominently agitated by the Methodist members of the Alumni Association at a dinner in New York during 1913. Active co-operation grew out of this discussion and eventually Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, the institution's director of physical education, was commissioned to perform the work.

At the very top of the imposing building devoted to this course is the sculptor's studio and, at the present time, the room is fairly dominated by the large clay figure receiving the last touches so that it may soon be ready for the intermediate plaster-cast stage. From an improvised platform, the slightly parted lips give the impression of a man about to speak. Moreover, it is not necessary for one to be closely familiar with the life of this remarkable devotee in order to become immediately sensible of the fidelity with which the artist has reproduced not only zeal but tremendous vital energy as well. At the very commencement of his address, the left hand is enthusiastically uplifted, while the right clutches a Bible, with two fingers thrust, as if at impulsive random, through the pages. The cast in the eye and the mole on the cheek are both there, but they

are forgotten as the visitor views the face haltingly smiling in the supreme confidence entertained for that which is on the point of utterance.

Doctor McKenzie began his labours a little over a year ago. He went to London and Boston, scenes of so many stirring incidents in the noted divine's evangelistic career, and in these places sought material from which to derive inspiration. Books dealing with this interesting personality were not difficult to obtain, but there seemed to be a great scarcity of everything authentic in the line of portraiture. Among a few paintings examined, only one appeared to bear the stamp of having been drawn from the living subject. Neither had sculpture been busy with him. The investigator discovered a single example which gave evidence of the great preacher's presence as it gathered shape and substance—a small unpretentious bust formed from Burslem porcelain. However, the doctor considered it valuable enough to have a plaster cast made, and from this he has executed the fine study which, in finished state, is expected to be unveiled and presented to Pennsylvania Academy on Alumni Day in June, 1919.

Upon being asked what was the main thought which controlled him as he moulded and fashioned the soft clay, he answered: "The dynamic force of the man. The figure and countenance assumed to me from the start the personification of energy." The sculptor then proceeded to explain that he had chosen the younger period of Whitefield's life because he had accumulated flesh during his later years, losing, in large part, the physical symmetry so clearly and comprehensively indicative of his nature and aims.

It is small wonder not only that Methodists but a non-sectarian seat of learning, held in great repute, should desire to perpetuate the memory of George Whitefield; nor is it surprising that the hand, chosen to accomplish this object, should surround his work with lively enthusiasm. Born at Gloucester, England, son of an inn-keeper, from whom he inherited little or nothing, the future exhorter early showed signs both of ambition and indomitable will. After a grammar-school preparation, he entered Pembroke College, Oxford. It was there that he disclosed the voice and talents later to render him so effective as a speaker, while it was also at Pembroke that he perceived his metier through association with John and Charles Wesley, though he later ceased co-operation with

part of the world, the vision one race may bring to another, the concrete deepening of mental life that may result from the fusion of the life and the cultures of two races, and the universality and leadership which necessarily result, in spite of every opposition, when these forces are focused by genius. Not often a man whose inspiration is the bitter strange brew of the main source of his art, and who is furthermore characteristically independent and of the high-strung, insurgent temper of the race of creators, thrives in an isolated, art-indifferent community. That he does is proof of his initial force and is promise that the impulse will mount in cumulative strength to surpass all obstacles. Such capacity in a human being is the authentic sign that in him is a centre of life, a vortex, which is its own environment, which through its energies creates environment for others who live by its radiations, and draws unto itself through velocity that sustenance needed for its perpetuation.

A being of this inherent resourcefulness has markings startling and faulty in the eyes of the crowd; but these markings, though they appear, like the madness of Van Gogh and the moroseness of Cézanne, to be vices to the medicore, are none the less virtues—virtues that give significance to his genius. The reason for them is native to his creative faculty. *To épater le bourgeois* is not wilful on his part but constitutional.

It is due somewhat to geographical and political conditions that a man of this quality should manifest such distinctive and dominating individuality in a town like Seattle on the Pacific slope; for if the initial, uncompromising art force, powerfully asserting itself in a human being, is in most communities a signal for disdain, if not actual suppression, it amounts—in an environment given over to commercial appreciations—to misunderstanding, ridicule, a neglect more brutal than assault, a negative circumambient vacuity in which and through which creative life cannot vibrate, so escapes perforce into some other, more fostering atmosphere; or, lacking this sturdiness, diminishes to the fated mass-reflexes of the locality.

A curious, unnoticed, significant condition today in the United States is the presence within its borders of the young Nipponese of talent or genius. Especially is the latter significant but unnoticed; for by its very nature genius looks to the tribe like the childish play of one apart, about

to be lost or already so. The conventional herd hears its own steady trampling, feels its compact strength as a multiplicity, against which the activity of one aloof seems, if not intolerably freakish, at least, sporadic. When this isolated adventurer is not merely one lost out of the native tribe itself, but is a wanderer from an alien nation on which tribal superstition has placed a naïf and barbaric taboo, native racial conceit hardly permits so much as a look askance in his direction. Thus it is that quite unknowing we house in our ramshackle dwellings, in quarters once fashionable but now foreign, fiery, youthful spirits out of the East, who are writing ultra-modern poems; composing and producing plays, also ultra-modern; painting pictures in which the congenital instinct of the Japanese for design and colour informs the assimilation of the methods of the Flemish and French schools, and modifies with a quite unexpected allure the forms of post-impressionism, cubism and other contemporary expressions.

The most conspicuous of these young men in the Northwest is the painter Yasushi Tanaka. Born near Tokio and coming to this country in his eighteenth year, he is by affinity and development neither Japanese nor American, Oriental nor Western. He belongs to that species of superior being, a few representatives of which are found in any advanced nation, and which constitutes a kin irrespective of race. Such folk, who live in the world rather than in any particular country, are more like their kin than like the mediocre of their birth-land.

Tanaka combines with singular potency innate Orientalism and acquired Westernism. He has as foundation the Oriental profundity of life-understanding, with its power of accepting nature and using it constructively, quite unknown in the West. Added to this Buddhistic principle, which is part of the unconscious, conventional existence of the East, is the necessity for self-consciousness, the delight in its detailed attainment, which has been pointed out as the aim of Western philosophy. From such a mixture, where the ingredients express the urgings of a high-pressure vital impulse, we may expect novel, significant achievement along whatever track its energies drive. Moreover, it is safe to predict that the Japanese, arising from an historical art stream, will produce through his contact with Occidental art a union of the two expres-

Yasushi Tanaka

tonalities; whereas, nothing could be farther from the truth, for his colour perceptions are so highly evolved, so acute, that he has more words in his language by which he expresses tints and shades than have we.

In his inherent tact about colour Tanaka is Japanese. Like the designers for the theatre of his countrymen and for the colour prints, screens, fans, etc., he produces through colour the feeling of ripe fruit, of perfumed atmosphere, of life lifted to ecstasy. Colour as realised by him is the actualising of the intensest possible moment of existence, it is a summation and a unifying of consciousness. Its effect is frequently high key, but on analysis, true to its native source, its characteristic is found to be harmony in contrast. He is especially fond of a certain spring green, the yellowing green we see in the young oak leaf. This hue weaves in and out his canvases like April's new verdure and carries its hint of fragrance and sap. About scarlet, a soft, clear, roseate shade sometimes seen in the petals of peonies, he shows a similar sentiment.

Through colour his forms attain compelling vital expressiveness. By an exact rendering of spatial relationships in colour he confers a life-quality to objects startling in what is ordinarily called realism. His aim is to express the truth of form, to carry out all abstract feeling into sensuous form; and he ignores that purpose of representation which directs itself to the reproduction of functional shapes. His form is constructed and not merely suggested, and it is only constructed form that he calls art; for, in his own words, "Pure form is the real meaning of art." Picture-making he regards as "thing-making," which is the result of some realised form; but to him it is not art. Thus he divides his work into two classes: picture-making, a craft; and creative investigations, that is, ART. The result of his constructive faculty is an evocation, a new life which imposes itself on the imagination of the spectator. Like all genuine art, be it music, poetry, or painting, this evocation carries its amateur by immediate and, on his part, unconscious transmutation, into a new world, a world of its own.

Like all the young strong workers to-day, Tanaka approaches his art as a painter merely; he cares nothing for subject as such. His understanding of the painter's art is scientific; technique does not begin and end; it is his art. Technique

being the painter—he makes no distinction between his life and his art—each new work represents the solution of a problem in the forward course of his painting. His work through its accomplishment is a promise, a becoming. . . . Starting with Cézanne's formula of the unity of colour and form, his universe resolves itself, through sensuous reaction, into a world of colour. This sensuous reaction accompanied by sharp analysis, introspective as well as objective, penetrates into the secrets of colour relationships, where he finds ever new forms, and, in consequence, ever new realisations of himself. His art is himself—a realism that answers progressively his questioning of the universe.

His philosophy and theory being as they are symptoms of the fiery impulse of creation, furnishing it also with combustion, is significant. Painting is an adventure. Each new work is a step out into the unknown; like all adventurers, he learns much from the chances of the road and the result of the undertaking. Out of the creative act come philosophy, theory; these do not precede it. This flexibility of mind which attains formulæ through the study of reality is typically modern. It accents with conscious self-control an art that springs spontaneously out of the wealth of nature. Again, spontaneity, understood and employed as the inventor understands and employs the forces of nature, signals the vigour and the power of the modern conception of the art force. Through these new realisations of sensuous form the artist brings into being new truth; his art is constantly throwing off architectonically a structure of truth commensurate with his life. This answers the question, obviously inane, yet repeated over and over again by both critics and artists, as to whether a painter needs brain. The painter of significance, the man who adds a new element to the course of the art of painting, is necessarily a person of profound mind. He thinks searchingly and cosmically in terms of his technique.

This extreme unity of existence, starting with the fact of colour and winning to the inevitable identity of life and truth, constitutes the greatness of Tanaka's character, which is another way of saying his art. The impact of an art that is a man's entire life is greater than the impact of an art that is a luxury, and the impact of a focused life is greater than that of a life divided between daily existence and art. The result of this centring is an execution without pretense or

arrived in the city to put on an exhibit. He was unable to believe that so varied and colourful a display as Tanaka's, representing so capably as it did the individual art force of one man, could excite anything but appreciation. At this, the cavillers, always meek before authority, were abashed and apologetic. It was, moreover, noticeable that many persons expressed themselves as highly gratified that a Seattle man should be doing work of so pungent and sincere a character.

At the Northwest exhibit, held in the same galleries at the time of this writing, Tanaka's wall is dominated by a life-sized nude entitled *The North Light*. Of this canvas, the same connoisseur said: "It is a painting that any gallery in the country would be proud to show. It alone places Seattle on the artistic map of the United States."

This incident shows the fight all artists must make, and the especially intense fight the artist from another land and race must make, in American provincial communities, where appreciation of the artist's work is usually a matter of his social politics and not his creative gifts, for recognition of "freedom in the study of nature," as Tanaka himself expressed it to the local Fine Arts, "and freedom in the true and sincere expression of that study." And it further shows the inevitable triumph of the genuine art force; for the genuine art force grows strong through and because of struggle.

That an art essentially so abstract and non-sentimental, an art founded on pure science, should produce this effect on communities, is a symptom of the superficiality of our time and country. A sincere, coldly rationalised art is branded as immoral, while the salacious tricks of the films and vaudeville are eyed with acceptance. Here, certainly, the relation of sex to art could be discussed, were it not a separate theme in itself. Until we reach that naïf and sane acceptance of life which admits male and female as French grammar admits gender, and the prudish spinster admits flowers, we shall be battling with purity leagues, censors, vice brigades, and all the rest of the organisations of unpleasant thinkers.

Tanaka's range is from the merely sensuous art of picture-making to investigations resembling Orphic Cubism. In such works as *Color Music*, *Hissing of a Silk Skirt*, *Sound of a Country Girl's*

Voice, *Surf Music*, he has translated in terms of spatial rhythm emotions produced by sound. To the writer these "translations" are so successful as to cease to be translations but a new art form. In the psychological series, *Akogare* (Psychic Cling as an end by itself), *In the Region of Smile*, *Harmonic Co-existence of Softness and Fragrance*, we have constructed colour form that disdains functional imitation. One feels that such new forms dynamic states of soul have compelled may become as intelligible as the forms of representative art.

It is not too much to claim for this artist that as an individual centring of the universal art force he has exerted a marked educational influence on this Northwest community where he has asserted his art life. Though still a very young man, he has led many aspiring souls into the joy of æsthetic understanding. So universal a character always leads, and though the people often do not submit consciously to the leadership, are even unwilling to acknowledge it, they yet cannot escape its magnetism, they are enveloped by its perfumed atmosphere, and unconsciously they follow its direction. Thus it is that those involved in the local art life have responded to the plastic power of this modern personality.

If our writers on economics and sociology should dwell for a serene understanding moment at the fountain of true art, they would write less of the high standard of living as based on money and more of the high standard of living as based on the adventures of thought and æsthetic ecstasy; they would also write less about assimilating aliens and the problem of "awakening Asia" and more about that ceaseless constructive amalgamation of East and West, that blending of all the peoples of the earth through the art interchange, and that delight in differences of the highly evolved mentality, which of itself can bring equipoise between races and nations. If these same sociologists should observe with a more enlightened attention the non-national, universal characters who are here and there to-day significantly epitomising in living individuality the fundamental of manifold cultures, they would spend less time compiling statistics to prove the necessity of the fear and hatred motivating commercial, mediocre, backward humanity.

Art is the great conciliatory force on our planet and the artist is the supreme reconciler.

The Tendencies of the Art Collector

THE TENDENCIES OF THE ART COLLECTOR BY DE MAURICE

WHENEVER the words "art collector" are pronounced a quaint image rises, almost unconsciously, before my mind. It is the image of the middle-aged man, contemplating intensely an object of art which he holds affectionately in his sensitive fingers. He is surrounded by paintings, tapestries, sculptures—a careful selection of his steadily developing personal taste, gathered from the most distant points of the world in years of indefatigable research. He loves them as if they were his children, feels the individual soul of each through the centuries. The day he adds another precious object, passionately coveted for years, to his jealously guarded treasures, is the day of his greatest joy; and should he ever be deprived of one of them by a cruel accident he would deplore this loss more deeply than he would mourn the death of a kinsman.

This type of collector is by no means mythical nor even extinct. He is very frequent in Europe, especially in France; why should he be so rare in this country? It has been stated that we are a young nation, that it would be unjust to exact from us the same thorough understanding as from a race for centuries imbued with artistic sensibility as the French. But which standard should we apply if not the highest? Should we not be ashamed of ourselves for using any other one, no matter how short our accomplishments might fall of its claims? We do not mind our present shortcomings as long as we feel that we are moving in the direction desired; as long as we observe a steady, if only slow, progress toward the goal of our ambition.

Reviewing the past season, we are searching in vain for signs of such progress, but, on the other hand, we notice tendencies pointing toward very different and most inartistic directions.

The public sale of a notable Canadian collection of paintings, announced for January, has been withdrawn; the Bardini sale, widely advertised since last autumn, had been continually postponed in view of the general apathy toward serious art purchases, and finally took place when the season was practically over; a most remarkable exhibition of primitives at the Kleinberger Galleries which ushered in the season—a great

artistic achievement worthy of the high traditions upheld by these Galleries on either side of the ocean—did not meet with the response of active interest that had been hoped for. The war conditions have been generally blamed for this state of affairs. But while the application of a misunderstood war economy toward art purchases has paralysed the collector's enterprise to some extent, the real reasons for these unsettled and unhealthy conditions lie deeper; they lie in the tendencies which the amateur's mind has followed not only during this season but for some time past. And, war or no war, he will never be able even to approach the distinguished type of the Continental collector unless he is strong enough to free himself from a threefold tyranny which hampers his every movement: the tyranny of the reporter, the expert, the decorator.

The reporter's tyranny is perhaps the least harmful of the three. True, it drives both collectors and dealers toward sensationalism, isolates them on the narrow ridge where paintings or statues are only pretexts for striking headlines and more or less fictitious records to be established. It extols the paramount work, which is very rare, at the expense of the much more numerous works of merit which alone can incite a genuine demand for art works on a wider scale. Some dealers have understood this point very clearly and are doing their best to remedy conditions; so far, however, the assiduous efforts of the Ehrich Galleries and others do not seem to have had the success they deserve.

A natural outcome of the reporter's tyranny is also the raising of prices for certain art works to fabulous heights out of all proportion to the prices of others. But the few well-advertised collectors who pay these huge amounts render a poor service to the cause of art. They simply frighten other potential buyers away and help to spread the belief that art purchases are the privilege of those fortunate few whose keen mind and lucky hand have given them control over entire industries and over great wealth.

However, the reporter's rule tickles the very human element of vanity containing the germ of many an unsuspected achievement. In buying his first painting a man may follow his lowest instincts, the desire for publicity, the wish to "bluff" his neighbour. But the mere presence of this painting, the inevitable contact with an artistic expression might some day develope a

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deeper understanding in his mind or even in the mind of the neighbour who was to be "bluffed." Thus the reporter's tyranny might occasionally turn out to be decidedly constructive, if only in a roundabout way.

Moreover, it must be said in all justice that this tyranny has relaxed its grip somewhat during the past season. It is an open secret that several important deals have been concluded with the express stipulation that the usual newspaper publicity should be omitted, apparently on account of "war bashfulness." May we hope, then, that this is another despotism which the war is going to destroy?

The tyranny of the expert is more dangerous. The man who was the first to ask casually a scholarly friend's opinion about a painting in his possession, and the scholar who, for convenience sake, might have written down this opinion, surely did not foresee the sweeping consequences of their innocent precedent. The commercialising of the expert's certificate has never and nowhere found such brazen encouragement as of late in the set ideas of our collectors. Dealers with a sense of humour will frankly admit that they would not even attempt to sell some excellent works unless certain experts had "passed" on them; that they would lose their time in handling pictures by certain masters because the only expert recognised by our collector for this particular master was either dead or not to be reached; that they were not dealing in pictures but in certificates, in "scraps of paper"; for scraps of paper they sometimes must be in view of the fallibility of human judgment.

Let us suppose a dealer owns a newly discovered Rembrandt with a certificate by some great authority residing in Holland. The certificate is lost in a fire. He writes to Holland; the expert sends a duplicate, but the ship which carries the letter is torpedoed and before a further demand can reach him the expert dies. At that very moment the Rembrandt ceases to have any interest or value for our collector and it is probable that the dealer will be unable to obtain any offer, no matter how low, for a painting that otherwise might have been sold for a "record" price.

It goes without saying that collectors who labour under such prejudices will not rely sufficiently on their own judgment to go around and try to "discover" works of art; consequently they miss what constitutes the greatest joy of the collector's

life abroad. Following blindly their accepted authority, they gradually lose the power of grasping the intrinsic value of the art work; being unable to feel its soul, they substitute a name and worship it. Puzzling cases, like Mr. Huntington's against the firm of Lewis & Simmons, have not succeeded in undermining the expert's dictatorship, but, by a strange contradiction, have aroused distrust against art works in general.

The pedigree-hunter is a close relative of the name-fiend. They both encourage fraud in every possible form. Independent personalities such as the late Mr. Johnson, who laughed at experts and at pedigrees, are rare.

The tyranny of the expert might be explained as a snobbish exaggeration of an originally wholesome motive of self-protection against unscrupulous dealers and against errors of an early ignorance. Although our collectors have learned a great deal since the days of their often too credulous fathers, they have retained a certain distrust against subjects which are not yet quite familiar to them, and this may yet be their excuse for surrendering to the expert. But there is absolutely no redeeming feature about the third and most pernicious tyranny, which is the tyranny of the decorator.

A Frenchman who intends to furnish his house or his apartment will lay out the plans, will personally select furniture, materials and pictures, and may eventually call in an upholsterer to do the heavy work; he will then place his paintings, tapestries and bibelots wherever he likes to see them best, wherever they convey their individual charm most effectively to his senses.

The wealthy man over here, unwilling to follow such a course, has invented the decorator who, at an agreed price, undertakes to provide for the entire installation and autocratically imposes on the docile owner his more or less refined taste down to the smallest details. He has to furnish lamp-shades as well as curtains, but at the same time it is part of his task to cover the empty walls with tapestries or paintings, according to the space available. The art works are not to be selected for their own sake, but as subservient parts of a "scheme," and are thereby reduced to the rank of household goods, different in degree perhaps, but not in manner, from the ink-stand and the radiator-box.

The foremost motive guiding the decorator in selecting paintings is naturally the size of the

The Tendencies of the Art Collector

panels. A collector might be anxious to purchase some picture of great artistic beauty—the decorator will rarely allow him to keep it, unless it comes up to the exact amount of inches he requires. Eighteenth-century English painters were not only distinguished artists but men of remarkable foresight. By using canvases of three or four standard sizes they anticipated the modern decorator's needs and have been rewarded by his special favour. But how small a chance is left to others, to French or Italian artists who often used panels of the oddest shape for the manifestation of their genius.

Another very important consideration for the decorator is the question of companion-pictures. For mysterious reasons certain paintings are considered by him of no value unless they should possess a companion. A lady saw a charming portrait by Romney at a dealer's gallery, was willing to buy it and asked to have it hung up in her house. The decorator came and explained that there were two spaces, one on either side of the mantelpiece, to be filled, that the Romney had no companion and was consequently worthless. The lady looked sincerely worried when she returned the portrait to the dealer. Later she bought a pair of nineteenth-century landscapes devoid of all significance.

The application of such ridiculous viewpoints is bound to make our collectors lose all discriminative power sooner or later. How many of those who enter the house of Duveen Brothers are still able to appreciate its noble beauty? It seems at least doubtful whether a docile congregation devoutly listening to the utterances of certain decorators, as if they were gospel truths, could understand and enjoy the marvellous effort of good taste which a house like Gimpel & Wildenstein represents. An effeminate element, opposing serious art works, has recently pervaded the decorator's principles, has brought the "playful" subject into favour, has championed "cuteness" and "prettiness," the greatest enemies of beauty.

Sometimes, however, the decorator goes further. A very fine Guardi was hung up in a house under circumstances similar to the Romney mentioned. Unfortunately it was several inches too wide and back it went. Some time later the decorator was furnishing another room in the same house and found a perfectly suitable place for the picture which, however, had been sold in the meantime. Following his idea, the decorator had the Guardi

copied after a photograph in a most amateurish way, and hung the copy in the room. It was pathetic to hear the owner repeat his decorator's words, claiming that the colour scheme of the copy was much more "enchanted" and much more suited to the surroundings than the original ever would have been.

We here reach the border line where the decorator's tyranny bounds the domain of crime. Blinded by the mania of seeing but a useful spot of colouring in every art work, his is the cheap reasoning of a man who claims to enjoy the copy as much as the original, the imitation pearl as much as the real one; who fails to grasp that unmistakable something, the unique distinction which the genuine art work breathes as if it were a human being; whose very attitude means an insult to those who have created art and who will create in the future.

Such are the three tendencies which, in turn, threaten to substitute the sensation, the name, the outline for the soul of the art work. While fully realising the danger of generalisations, it can not be denied that in the majority of cases the trend of the collector's mind has been following such perverted paths. The few who have been able to escape this trinity of despotism and who have dared to show a personal artistic taste are to be sincerely congratulated.

G LOUCESTER, MASS.

THE Gallery on the Moors has rendered notable service to the country by a continuous flow of entertainments, including pageantry, music and drama, the proceeds from which, mounting into many thousands of dollars, have given further demonstration of how art can be utilised in these parlous times to assist in the war. People who are apt to deprecate the pursuit of art during war-time would do well to reconsider their opinions in the face of the excellent work done by so many amateurs and artists at Gloucester and elsewhere to help a righteous cause.

Just now the Third Annual Exhibition of paintings, sculpture and drawings is being held from August 15 to September 5. Great pains have been taken in the selection and hanging, with the result that the little gallery, though somewhat crowded, makes an excellent impression, the screening of the stage, which was not observed last year, being a great improvement.

The War and Lithography

THE WAR AND LITHOGRAPHY BY FRANK WEITENKAMPF

THE potential and probable by-products of the present war are of a remarkable extent and variety. One has but to detach oneself temporarily from the necessary business of fighting in order to envisage a remarkable array of questions to be faced, problems to be solved, changes to be wrought, that should enter deeply and with radical effect into our national life and character. Naturally, full fruition will not come until after the war, long after the war in the case of some of the bigger things involved. But powerful factors, factors hardly tangible in so far as they are inherent in change in general mental attitude, are at the work of preparation under our very eyes. And this work of preparation can be aided and furthered purposely without keeping our eye off the prime duty of winning the war. We are big enough to do it, to carry on both duties at the same time. We are doing it, in fact. Commercial necessities fairly force us into it. To pick out only one instance, there is the fight now quietly going on for the better training of designers for the enormous array of manufactured goods that are the product of their activity. A fight in which the Art Alliance of America and other bodies have begun to enlist the active interest of the very class without which it cannot be won—the manufacturers and their trade press.

Among the many influences, large and small, acting on our entire social fabric—some very evident, some exercised quite subtly, unobtrusively—there is the effect of war advertising on the art and process of lithography. If this seems all too small a matter to consider, one has but to think for a moment of the great extent of lithography as a business and the possibilities of its further artistic development.

The greatly increased activity in poster design brought about by Liberty Loan and War-Savings Stamp drives and similar war work is bound to bring in its wake a better understanding between the artist and the lithographic printer. It was needed. You cannot work in or for a given process unless you understand it. You cannot model in clay a statue to be cut in granite in the same way as if it were to be cast in bronze. Similarly, oil-colour, aquarelle, the etching needle, the wood-block and graver, have each its char-

acteristics which it imposes on the work of art produced with it. Each has its limits and its possibilities to be understood by the artist. It is the old law of the influence of the medium.

The artist who paints a poster or other design to be reproduced in lithography without knowing anything about the lithographic process can hardly effect the best results. How can he, if he has not stood by the side of the lithographer? It is only by seeing him at work that he can learn of the difficulties that confront him. Only thus can he come to understand something about treatment of lithographic stone and transfer of drawings from transfer-paper to stone, or to plate of aluminium or zinc. And there are other things to learn: combinations of colours, nature of printing inks, reduction of number of printings for colour work, proper handling of drawing materials to facilitate press-work, and other technical matters that promote simplification of work and reduction of expenses.

Incidentally this brings to mind the study of advertising principles. A fine design for a mural painting will not necessarily make a good poster. The greatest artist in the world might well fail if he approached the designing of a poster in a spirit of condescension which lost sight of the necessities of the job—and of its dignity. In war we are often admonished not to underestimate the enemy. How easily an artist may underestimate a task that he considers a by-play, or a pot-boiler—at all events, something rather beneath him.

Now it is precisely these matters conducing to a more serious, honest, business-like attitude of thoroughness towards a given problem or task that are very likely to be advanced by the wide, active interest aroused by these advertising undertakings of the Government and its private aids.

Among the artists who have cheerfully given their services to the work of advertising Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps there are some who are notable professionals in this specialty. But there are also not a few of note who have not before approached the task of poster designing. They are having a fine opportunity to learn what the task implies. It clearly implies also a certain regulation of the point of view which their regular occupation—painting, illustrating, cartooning—will impose on them. As for those who are new at the game and young

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in the career of art, their opportunity is obvious.

Distribution throughout the land of designs in actual use and public exhibition of designs entered in competition and shown within the four walls of an exhibition room are offering a basis of comparison. This will inevitably show, even in the best work, such weakness as may exist with regard to knowledge of the process by which the drawing is to be reproduced and to understanding of the principles of colour combination and design necessary to fill the first requisite of a poster. That requisite is, of course, to attract promptly and state clearly. Comparison and comment are fairly invited. And the presence of posters by French, English, and other foreign artists acts as a further incentive.

Growing appreciation of the necessity of working on the principles indicated in order to get at most effective results seems inevitable. Where that appreciation does not exist or is not awakened, failure to turn out a job which has its own proper dignity of thoroughness and appropriateness is just as inevitable. To insist on the virtue of appropriateness is to sum up the whole matter. It means adjustment of the individual ability and style to the necessities of the given case.

Such a discriminating and increased interest in the lithographic process might conceivably have some influence also on the attitude of the lithographic trade. It is so easy to raise the cry about "commercialising art," based on a misapprehension. It is precisely art that has not been commercialised enough. The alliance between business and art, in more than one instance, seems hardly to have gone beyond the stage of a mild flirtation.

Finally, and incidentally, may not this war-enforced attention given to lithography lead more artists to occupy themselves with the process as a means of artistic expression? That is, as they use etching, or wood-block cutting, as a medium for original work.

Here is this process of lithography, full of rich resources and possibilities, with a range of notes from an evanescent silvery gray to a rich, deep, velvety black. It was once very assiduously cultivated in Europe, where it had its golden age in a period of, say, fifty years following 1820. And before the fuller development of photography, lithography served for the reproduction of paintings. That may be traced from the early attempts of men such as Strixner to the subtle

translations into black-and-white by Théophile Chauvel, of canvases by Decamps, Troyon and others. LaFarge paid interesting tribute to the effectiveness of lithography in this specialty. However, the flexibility and resources of lithography brought about an enormous extension of its commercial uses. It is that aspect of it which is uppermost in the public mind. But its use by artists has persisted.

In the history of artistic lithography there may be noted the rich, racy marines of Eugène Isabey, the consummate architectural delineations of Bonington, the masterly military scenes of Raffet, the magisterial satires of Daumier, the graceful wit of Gavarni, the dexterity of Menzel, the vaporous musical imaginings of Fantin-Latour, the silver-point-like, delicate portraits of Legros, the vigorous bull-fight scenes of Goya, the exquisitely fastidious notes of Whistler. To-day, in our own land, we have artists whose discriminating yet quite personal employment of the medium illustrates, in the variety of their approach and expression, the deep and wide richness of resource on which one can draw in lithography. Pennell, Bellows, Sterner, Bolton Brown, Weir, Mielatz, Haskell call to mind a wide diversity of styles and temperaments and moods. All of these artists have found full expression in this medium which they have adopted,—and to which they have adapted themselves as one does to a different language or dialect. The last point, as indicated before, is essential. There are others among our artists whom one would like to see of the company. For example, some of Childe Hassam's etchings seem fairly to cry, in their subject, for lithographic treatment.

So, floating off the broad stream of change and possibilities and hopefulness that these troublous times are bringing, we find ourselves in one of the many feeding rills, in a plea for the exercise of an art that seems surely coming quite to its own again.

BUREAU OF ADVICE ON PAINTINGS

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO gives authoritative opinions upon old and modern paintings. Mr. Raymond Wyer, who is a recognized authority, is in charge of this department and will give special attention to letters addressed to this magazine under the above heading.

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AN ESSAY ON JOHN FLAXMAN WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO HIS DRAWINGS BY MARTIN BIRNBAUM

THE ostentatious Johnsonian biographies written at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, furnish us with the thread of a charming narrative of John Flaxman's childhood. We first come upon him as a pathetic little figure, sitting among the huge white plaster casts of antique sculpture which his father made at the Sign of the Golden Head, on New Street, Covent Garden. John Flaxman, senior, descended according to tradition from an old English family that fought at Naseby, worked for Roubiliac, Scheemakers and other artists and had opened the shop six months after he left the town of York, where his invalid boy was born on July 6, 1755.

The moulages of the ancient masters were his playfellows, and such an environment naturally turned all his thoughts to sculpture. His future biographer, John Thomas Smith, the gossip keeper of the prints and drawings in the British Museum, met and encouraged the boy when he was six years old. Romney, the distinguished painter, stroked his locks, evinced an interest in his future career, gave him sound artistic advice and offered to be useful to him in a pecuniary way. Then the Reverend Henry Mathew, of Percy Chapel, Charlotte Street, while under the spell of Winckelmann, came to order casts of Greek sculpture, and discovered the ill-shapen weakling on crutches, coughing and reading Latin, and taking impressions from seals. Soon afterwards, we hear that the rickety lad is translating Homer with Mrs. Mathew, and is a centre of interest to the

witty frequenters of her fashionable salon on Rathbone Place.

England was then enjoying the classical revival which Alexander Pope's rhymed translation of Homer had started, and Flaxman, sitting at the knees of his patroness, made drawings illustrating favourite passages in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Too weak physically to attend school, he managed with the aid of such friends to acquire the rudiments of a good education, and at the age of thirteen his model in clay won the first prize, a gold "pallett," offered by the Society of Arts, a success which was repeated in the following year with a basso-relievo. Thereafter he was a frequent exhibitor at the Free Society of Artists in Pall Mall, and at the Royal Academy, which had awarded him a pupil's silver medal designed by Cipriani, "for a model of an Academy figure," in 1769. He was not studying with any particular master at the Academy schools, and when it came to a competition for the gold medal in 1772, Sir Joshua Reynolds bestowed it on a pupil who did nothing of importance in his later career to justify the president's choice. This reverse infuriated the rather conceited lad, but otherwise it had a salutary effect upon his character. The adulation of such distinguished women as Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Chapone, who came to Mrs. Mathew's reunions, was a dangerous experience for a feeble child. As he grew older, however, his health mended, his hobble disappeared and, although he was never fitted for games or violent forms of exercise, he developed a certain alert manner and ruggedness of character without losing that winning, gentle manner which won everybody's liking and respect. At about this time he met Thomas Bentley, who recognised his talents and in turn introduced him to his partner, Josiah

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Wedgwood. When his father moved the shop to No. 420 on the Strand in the year 1775, we find young Flaxman working regularly for the famous English potter. William Blake, two years his junior, and Thomas Stothard were his bosom friends at the time, and together they frequented the "most agreeable conversazioni" in the drawing-rooms of the virtuous Aspasias whom we have already mentioned. In 1782 Flaxman married the admirable, if sententious Miss Anne Denman, and the famous prophecy of Sir Joshua, that Flaxman had ruined himself as an artist when he became a benedict, was among the few rebuffs which he ever suffered. Mrs. Flaxman proved on the contrary to be an ideal helpmate and a devoted, inspiring companion. Her husband's modest income at the time was increased by working as a collector of the rates, and they lived frugally at 27 Wardour Street. Around their simple hearth there gathered a few choice friends, chief among whom was the wealthy squire and poet, Thomas Hayley, who was to become the biographer of Romney and the patron of Blake. This rather maudlin writer's pretensions to connoisseurship were quite shallow, but he was a generous man and, having conceived a strong attachment for the Flaxmans, he invited them to spend their summers at "Eartham," in Sussex, where Romney and Flaxman decorated certain rooms of his villa, and Blake was given tedious commissions to make engravings for his patron's books. Wedgwood, who at first disliked Flaxman, also befriended him during these first years of married life, and in 1787 he advanced funds which enabled the couple to make an exhilarating pilgrimage to Italy, where Flaxman was to superintend the work of the potter's other modellers and draughtsmen.

The tour of the happy pair closed the first period of Flaxman's career. He was already recognised as a distinguished sculptor, but chiefly by reason of his connection with the famous Staffordshire potter, for whom he continued working regardless of the current studio opinion that he was degrading his talent by working for a tradesman. His intuition for elegant movement, his incontestable charm and delicacy, were peculiarly suited to Wedgwood's needs, but it is probable that these minute finikin labours crippled his powers when he attempted heroic groups. Flaxman spent seven idyllic years with his wife in the Eternal City, and made his abode most

appropriately on the Via Felice, but, instead of seeking the solitude which most young artists regard as an essential condition for serious work, all strangers of distinction who passed through Rome from time to time were rather magnificently received by him. Naturally, the most profound study was no longer possible in the brilliant milieu which Flaxman thus created, but his work was nevertheless a great advance on the extravagances of Nollekens, Gibson and other pseudo-classical rivals. His detractors claimed that he owed his popularity to his manner of living rather than to the quality of his work, but, in place of the popular mannerisms of the eighteenth century, he undoubtedly substituted a loftier, purer style, founded on the sound æsthetic principles which Winckelmann had rediscovered. Many of his Roman groups were magnificently conceived but their life waned when Flaxman's artisans began to finish them in marble. It was a point of scrupulous honour with him to complete his work on time, and it was physically impossible to devote sufficient care and thought to each group, especially when some of these were colossal in size.

In two fields, however, Flaxman achieved lasting and notable successes. These were the memorial tombstones—an art form favoured by Flaxman's Anglicanism—and the marvellously fine drawings. On the reliefs he symbolised without triteness the homely Christian virtues and themes like sorrow, maternal tenderness, consolation or tranquil piety. Flaxman's embodiments bear testimony to his devotional tendency and combine classical feeling and genuine pathos in a rare degree. Though frequently slightly mannered, Canova, his generous rival and admirer, thought they excelled all other contemporary sculptures. Their clarity and purity remind one of the lyric composition of Mendelssohn, and through such threnodies in stone which fill the churches of England, and the amazingly beautiful drawings, may be traced Flaxman's lasting impression on English art. Had his manual dexterity and power of execution in marble equalled his exquisite sentiment and the nobility of his conceptions, as displayed in such original clay models as are preserved in the Flaxman Gallery of University College, Flaxman's renown as a sculptor would have been greatly enhanced.

While executing his marble sculptures, Flaxman turned as a relaxation to his childish

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amusement of illustrating. His most important series of designs are the thirty-nine drawings illustrating the *Iliad* and thirty-four for the *Odyssey*, commissioned by Mrs. Hare Naylor; about thirty-six drawings inspired by the tragedies of Æschylus made for the Dowager Countess Spencer, who paid a guinea apiece for them, and the drawings illustrating Dante's *Divine Comedy* executed for Thomas Hope. These facile, unpretentious works are naturally of varying degrees of beauty, and frequently the artist not only interpreted a passage in two or three ways, but made important final

English edition, to take their place. Blake's style was not as suave as the Italian's but the fact is that all the engravers who intervened between the conceptions of the artist and his own expression fell far short of the delightful originals, as may readily be seen by comparing the drawing and engraving of any particular design. Flaxman had a genuine flair for ringing the finest shades of sentiment out of the slightest Homeric episode and when we turn the pages of one of the engraved folios in the dim shadows of a library our commonplace disappear and we join the assemblies of the radiant gods on Olympus, follow the



DANTE IN PURGATORY

DRAWING BY JOHN FLAXMAN

changes while the approved drawing was being engraved. The plates soon achieved a world-wide success, became familiar to all students through the engravings of Piloni, Blake and others, and were published almost simultaneously in England, France and Germany. The Homer first appeared in 1793, the Æschylus in 1794, and the Dante in 1806, but all have been frequently reprinted. Thomas Piloni, an Italian, the most popular engraver of the time, did most of the work of interpretation. His name carried weight with the public and his plates were even shipped to England for publication, but the *Odyssey* plates were lost at sea, and William Blake, who hated the task, had to hastily make a new set of temporary engravings at five guineas each for the first

fortunes of the glorious heroes of Troy, mingle with the graceful companions of Nausicaa, mourn with Achilles over the body of the youthful Patroclus or sail the perilous seas with crafty Ulysses. The pellucid beauty of the drawings is never meretricious. The lovely draperies with their slender folds, the subtly ordered combinations of figures, the economy of means employed, the Hellenic severity tempered by Flaxman's rare sweetness—all these elements recall the highest periods of art, whereas the union of noble tenderness and dignified reticence exactly suited the temper of the sculptor's era. Amateurs were delighted with them, and it is to these works that the entire English school of sentimentalists, from Angelica Kauffmann downwards, may be traced.

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A fine spirituality seems to lurk about these designs, and when they reached Romney he wrote quite soberly to their common friend Hayley: "I have seen the book of prints for the *Odyssey* by our dear and admirable artist Flaxman. They are simple, grand and pure; I may say with truth, very fine. They look as if they had been made in the age when Homer wrote." Later when the morose painter heard that Flaxman was returning from Rome, he again wrote to their patron: "Though he is not here in person, I have caught a portion of his soul from the beautiful images of his Homer and Dante. I am charmed with them; they have thrown a light upon my mind that has dissipated some of its thick gloom." The talented Fuseli, who had charge of the Royal Academy collections, declared himself outdone, and Canova extolled them. Lord Byron, speaking of the Dante drawings, said that Flaxman's designs constituted the best translation of the Italian poet's work, and the ponderous philosopher Schlegel, chief among German critics of the time, also lauded the drawings in his most vehement Teutonic manner. In after years, when he was the artistic oracle of fashionable London, Flaxman assured his auditors that the most successful of his figures displayed in his illustrations of Homer, Æschylus and Dante were procured from innocent street vagrants and similarly natural and unsophisticated sources. The drawings are, indeed, instinct with inspiration and animation which only nature can give, but he carefully studied classic sources as well. The designs have the inexhaustible gift of suggestion that the old vase drawings can boast of, but although he made their beauties his own, and his designs are archæologically correct, they are never mere pastiches of Greek originals. He handles this antique world in a wonderfully penetrative way, as though he enjoyed some subtle affinity with Hellenism, and all the works are characterised by a serene vigour and placid elegance which easily justify their universal celebrity.

While the merits of these drawings of Flaxman were highly appreciated as soon as they made their appearance in weak engraved form, their unique importance and great influence have not been adequately studied or commented upon. Meier-Graefe, one of the best of our contemporary critics, seems to have felt their power, for he places them on a level beyond the reach of

William Blake. "It is difficult to understand," he asserts, "why the strange nimbus that encircles Blake should have been conferred upon him rather than upon his compatriot Flaxman. Some of Flaxman's outline drawings illustrating Dante seem to me more valuable than all Blake's illustrations put together." On the other hand, it is true that Blake's vigorous genius undoubtedly affected Flaxman, who extolled the mystical drawings, claimed that they were equal to those of Michelangelo, and added that "his poems are as grand as his pictures." When Cary, the translator of Dante, referred slightly to Blake's powers, Flaxman was deeply offended. Touched by the quality of his friend's poetical gifts, Flaxman began early to show his generous, kindly attitude by counselling the publication in 1783 of that excessively rare octavo volume, *Poetical Sketches* by W. B., and after joining with the Rev. H. Mathew in the expense, they presented the entire edition to the poet, to dispose of to his own advantage. Flaxman may also have introduced Blake to Wedgwood, for whom he engraved a show list of the potter's productions, and then he secured for him the patronage of Hayley. In 1800 Blake was persuaded to take up his residence with that writer in Sussex and to make engravings for his *Life of Cowper*. He was at first extravagant in recognition of his indebtedness, addressed a charming poem to Mrs. Flaxman, and repeatedly wrote letters to his "dear sculptor of Eternity." Secretly, however, he seems to have despised both Flaxman and his host Hayley, who was really sensitive to the originality of Blake's talents, and in the famous Rossetti manuscript, owned by Mr. W. A. White of Brooklyn, are found many effusions like the following couplet, which does credit to Blake's spleenful temper:

"My title as a genius thus is proved --
Not praised by Hayley, nor by Flaxman loved."

His strange nature forgot every kindness. It galled him to observe careers like Flaxman's, the success and harmony of which nothing seemed ever to mar. Nor could his wild spirit brook Hayley's conventional banalities and, after a residence of three years at Earham, he broke off all relations with the writer rather than offer his genius to serve such offices. An account of the social relations of these three men would make a fascinating study of the artistic temperament,



PAOLO AND FRANCESCA

DRAWING BY JOHN FLAXMAN



THE GOD OF DAY

DRAWING BY JOHN FLAXMAN

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but we are immediately concerned only with the very real artistic debt which Flaxman and Blake owed one another. Blake in the Rossetti manuscript wrote: "Flaxman cannot deny that one of the very first monuments he did I gratuitously designed for him, and at the same time he was blasting my character to Macklin, my employer, as Macklin told me at the time. How much of his Homer and Dante he will allow to be mine I do not know, as he went far enough off to publish them, even to Italy, but the public will know." Students will recall that Linnell, who in 1818 became Blake's chief friend and disciple, commissioned the artist to execute a set of designs for Dante, and that work on these was begun about the year 1821, more than fifteen years after Flaxman's designs had become familiar to the public. Even laying aside such evidence, however, we have only to compare the earliest and cruder, if more powerful drawings of Blake with those made after he had engraved some of Flaxman's designs to recognise his debt to the sculptor. Flaxman's rather soothing influence may not always have been for the better, but Blake could not have missed the monumental symmetry, the gem-like purity and simplicity of his friend's drawings. Flaxman was an exponent of mild rapture and innocence and only rarely of horror or passion. He seized upon the homely domestic virtues, the joys of kinship or the pain of loss, and expressed these in large abstract forms with the greatest variety and ever-increasing profundity, making the beauty of the gestures permanent and universal in appeal. Romney, as we have seen, succumbed to their charms, and Lawrence's Homeric drawings, now scattered through American collections, show that he too had familiarised himself with their staid and quiet loveliness. His strength did not lay in the field of violent emotion, and his giants, demons and furies, as compared with Blake's, are gently reassuring in spite of their fearsome visages. A unique sentiment, using the word in the finest sense, was the mainspring of his fertile art. His science, taste and thorough training made him a master of the human form treated abstractly, but he had the defects of his good qualities, and only the captious critic will contrast his spontaneous flow of invention, superb technical beauty, infinite grace, clarity and harmony, with Blake's childish genius, mysticism, rude, unpolished directness and his tremendous, extravagant con-

ceptions. Flaxman's drawings place him on a level with the most consummate draughtsmen of all times, whereas Blake's imagination was in rebellion against and crippled his technical power.

We have noted that in Germany the praise of Schlegel coupled with the interest aroused by Winckelmann in matters Hellenistic made Flaxman immensely popular, and the influence which his drawings exerted on Continental art is clearly traceable. In France, however, the art of England was at that time despised, and although Flaxman was described as the "*merveilleux évocateur des chants homériques*," the debt of that country to Flaxman has only recently begun to be recognised. When Flaxman went to Paris with Benjamin West in 1802 after the peace of Amiens, to view Napoleon's precious spoils, he declined stiffly any interchange of civilities and courtesies with the French artists, who in Flaxman's opinion were instrumental and responsible for the ransacking of Italy. Religion was a living principle with him, influencing not only his life but his work. "The Reverend John Flaxman" he was jestingly called by the obstreperous Fuseli, and the epithet was a happy one, for Flaxman, like a rigid Puritan, held immorality in absolute horror, and would never excuse or condone it on the ground of the brilliance or cleverness of the artistic sinner. Just as his Bacchanals were not religious frenzies but merely patriarchal ceremonies, psalms and hymns in stone, so his political conduct was maintained consistently with moral principles which compelled him to refuse to meet the Emperor or his official painter, David, whom he had condemned in an open letter dated 1797. All regicides and atheists were avoided and the palm of beauty was awarded to the incomparable Ingres. It was probably on the strength of Flaxman's influential expression of opinion that Ingres won the Grand Prize of Rome with his *Achilles and the Ambassadors of Agamemnon*, and Ingres in turn paid Flaxman a compliment by giving him a prominent position in the famous *Homage to Homer*, begun in the year of Flaxman's death. The greatest of French draughtsmen possessed an original drawing by the English master, depicting the bound Prometheus visited by the Oceanides, and this was treasured along with the sketches of Raphael and the manuscripts of Mozart and Gluck. In his note-books preserved in the museum at Montauban, the great Frenchman repeatedly refers with intense interest and

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ILLUSTRATION FOR THE ILIAD

DRAWING BY JOHN FLAXMAN

admiration to Flaxman, and he unquestionably borrowed the Jupiter of Flaxman's *Iliad* when he painted the *Homage to Homer*, in which the English sculptor may be seen standing beside Mme. Dacier to the right of the enthroned blind poet. Both artists became as it were mediators between the realism of modern times and the formal austere idealism of the ancients. Through Ingres, the influence of Flaxman extended to Flandrin, Chasserieu and to Ary Scheffer, who must have known the Dante drawing *La bocca mi baccio tutto tremanti* when he painted his *Paolo and Francesca*. Furthermore it is a curious fact that Ingres as well as Flaxman owe their immortality chiefly to occasional drawings, executed for slight remuneration.

When in 1794 the Flaxmans returned to London from Rome, with a collection of casts for Romney, they took commodious quarters in Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square, where the household included his sister-in-law, Maria Denman, and his half-sister, Mary Ann Flaxman, thirteen years his junior and herself favorably known as an artist. Their life was very happy and Henry Crabbe Robinson, in his famous diary, gives charming vignettes of the pleasant spirit which reigned there. He always saw the New Year in at their home, which boasted the society of the Hayleys, Samuel Rogers, Stothard, Sir Thomas Lawrence and Romney. In 1795, the

last year of his activity, the latter painted the original of the well-known picture in the National Portrait Gallery, showing the sculptor at work on the bust of Hayley, with the latter's son in the background. It became the subject of an unfortunate and unseemly wrangle between Hayley and Romney's son, and was finally put into the possession of Thomas Greene, who was Romney's solicitor. Lawrence has also left fine souvenirs of his visits in the shape of two most beautiful portrait drawings of Flaxman and his wife, whom he highly esteemed. There is, indeed, not a single dissenting voice in the chorus which all the commentators of the period sing in Flaxman's praise, for the elevation of thought which characterised him as an artist marked him as a man. Even the suspicious Romney loved and admired him, and Crabbe Robinson takes pleasure in amplifying all the contemporary descriptions of his "good-humoured, even frolicsome, kind-hearted" friend.

Signal honours, dignities and important commissions came thick and fast after his return from Italy, where he was made a member of the Ancient Academy of St. Luke's. During his absence, Sir Joshua had died, and, by the irony of fate, his reprobated sculptor was now deemed the most worthy to execute the statue in his honour which now stands under the dome of St. Paul's. In 1797 he became an Associate of the English Royal

An Essay on John Flaxman

Academy, and in 1800, on presenting it with his *Apollo and Marpessa*—fine in conception but as usual weak in execution—he was made a full Academician. In 1810 a chair of sculpture was created for him and in connection with this office he delivered the ten lectures which have come down to us. As printed, the lectures make dull reading, for Flaxman was not an artist in words, but his admiration for primitive Greek, Gothic and Egyptian prove that his taste and judgment were far in advance of his time. He contributed various anonymous articles to the old encyclopædia of Rees and he was one of the experts called to pass upon the wisdom of the acquisition of the Elgin marbles by the English nation. His professorial and social activities did not diminish his ardour for work and he was busy with a vast number of monuments. Almost one hundred of his works are listed in the catalogue of the Royal Academy exhibitions alone and how many more abound in the cathedrals of England, no one has as yet taken the trouble to tell. It is small wonder that in these he failed so often to preserve to the end of his labours the force of his original inspiration and impulse, as he did in the drawings.

Toward the end of his career, Flaxman became interested in applied art. In 1817 he designed a charming classical tripod, presented to the actor John Kemble, and he began the still more important *Shield of Achilles* for the eminent silversmiths, Rundell & Bridge. For this singularly involved and very skilful ring-shaped composition, inspired by the celebrated *Eighteenth Book of the Iliad*, he received £620, and replicas in silver were made for George IV and other distinguished personages. A plaster copy about three feet in diameter was in the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who led contemporary criticism by praising it extravagantly, as unsurpassed even by Michelangelo—"a divine work; unequalled in its combination of beauty, variety and grandeur."

Flaxman's career suffered a fatal blow when his wife died, after several strokes, on February 6, 1820. He had always been interested in Swedenborgianism and he now became more mystical and melancholy. He had been intimate with Blake for many years, and we learn with no great surprise that Sharp, the engraver, who was a spiritualist, invited him to lead the Jews back to Jerusalem and become their chief architect to rebuild the Temple. While nothing came of this, he withdrew more and more from society and

devoted himself to his work. In 1822 he addressed the Royal Academy on the occasion of the death of his Italian admirer, Canova, and in the following year, when he was finishing his *Cupid, Psyche, Raphael, Michelangelo* and other figures, his tasks were pleasantly interrupted by a visit from Schlegel. He had finished the exterior decorations for Covent Garden and was at work on designs for Buckingham Palace when he became ill. Allan Cunningham gives us a curious account of his last days. It appears that an admirer arrived at the sculptor's studio with an Italian book. "Sir," said the visitor, "it was so generally believed throughout Italy that you were dead that my friend, the author, determined to show the world how much he esteemed your genius, and having this book ready for publication, he has inscribed it '*Al Ombra di Flaxman*.'" Flaxman smiled, and accepted the volume with unaffected modesty; this occurred on Saturday, the 2nd of December, when he was well and cheerful; the next day he was taken suddenly ill with cold, and on the 7th (1826) he was dead. He was buried in the burial ground of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, near the old St. Pancras Church, accompanied by the President and Council of the Royal Academy, which exhibited his statue of John Kemble in the following year.

The entire nation mourned him and shortly afterwards Sir Thomas Lawrence delivered a eulogy on his deceased friend to the students of the Academy. This estimate of Sir Thomas, though obviously friendly, contains some subtle criticism. To us, the drawings which are now universally recognised to be his most important works have a special contemporary significance. They afford a kind of standard by which any artist might take the measure of his graphic ability. The power of Van Gogh, the theoretical importance of Picasso, and the dignified failures of the post-impressionists have temporarily blinded us to obvious beauty. We need something to liberate us from the tyranny of our more or less ugly mode in art, and these superb drawings, incisive, suave, tender or voluptuous, vigorous and yet serene, aerial in their delicacy, quiet in their loveliness and elegant in execution, like the playing of Heifetz or the singing of Galli-Curci, will again exercise their imperishable influence and help to carry us back to a time when the highest form of civilised life was a manifestation of noble beauty.

The Vogue of Beardsley

THE VOGUE OF BEARDSLEY
BY FRANK PEASE

IT is just five years since Madame Simone A. Puget, now widow of the French patriot and so promising artist, André Puget, added another to the many predictions of a future vogue for that most fascinating of all the nineteenth century's fascinating *décadents*, that *fin-de-siècle* wizard of the fragile line and the jet-black shadow, Aubrey Beardsley. To-day we are in the midst of that vogue. It is, however, rather more than a vogue; it is a triumph. But not through any sudden demand for Beardsley's work itself. That has always remained a thing aloof, indeed, almost esoteric, a stranger to popularity, and sometimes caviare even to the particular. What is triumphing though, triumphing subtly and deeply, creating a Baudelarian "other world" of unheard-of forms and new meanings, is the Beardsley example and Beardsley influence.

To-day the unreal has triumphed over the real—or at least the realists. But without Beardsley we should not have known our present extravaganzas of colour, form and symbolic content. For what Beardsley brought to art was the courage of the frivolous. The vogue of Beardsley is a triumph because the impulses he set free in himself and others were those just most needed in our hurried, crowded and too often slate-coloured life; his were spiritual antidotes to the ordinary; something which should lift our faculties for appreciation, imagination and enjoyment out of the deadening ruts of realism.

In America—where, by the way, a large part of Beardsley's work is owned—we are just coming into our heritage of Beardsley influence. Happily, many of our emerged magazines have now passed their incubative stage, their period of so sweet, so *naïf*, and so impossible *jeune fille* covers—those dear covers of chicklets strayed far from their ægis of boarding-school and tennis-court into a world rather more than sophisticated, somewhat more than grown-up. And this is entirely due to Beardsley. Without Beardsley there would not now be a triumph in the new, and, for Americans, certainly, daring art. Beardsley it was who whetted our appetites for the unreal and the unknown. In matters of art, only yesterday we were realists. With but individual exceptions, we were not given to

imagination or risk, but preferred to take our values from time-worn sources.

But to-day, once we have learned to recognise it, we find everywhere the Beardsley influence. The smart exotics of an Erté, a Léon Bakst, or a Sidney Joseph, with their fiery phantasms, their so sensuous conjectures and spirited subtlety—all these could not now be, it almost seems, unless there had once been a Beardsley. Through Gordon Craig, Alexandre Benois and Joseph Urban, the whole art of theatric decoration has been persuaded to the startling richness and insinuate disproportions which Beardsley used in his captivating drawing-rooms and lavish terraces. The choreography of the ballet even is not afraid to change, discard or adapt the Pompadour *panniers* of its classical *fêtes champêtres* to the Beardsleyesque *froncés* and *débraillés*. Who could ever forget the bizarre pleasure of Liszt's *Les Préludes* as Pavlova gave it, or Chopin's *Les Sylphides* by that Grand Seigneur of the ballet, M. Serge de Diaghilev? Were it to be said that in neither case could these exquisite gestures of art be traced directly to Beardsley, there would still remain questions of the origin and degree of our capacity for their appreciation. For appreciation is as much a part of art as execution itself, since no man—or but few—ever produced for himself alone. Amongst his amazing accomplishments, perhaps not the least was Beardsley's power of arousing, stimulating and even creating appreciation for new modes, attitudes and movements.

Modern illustrators owe to Beardsley, not their style, not the witchery of their wondrous forms, for these can be and usually are all their own, but they owe something which in our own taking-for-granted liberalism in decoration it is hard to realise as lacking at the close of the Victorian era, namely, that *high prestige* which spirited innovation now possesses. For Beardsley was a discoverer primarily. In the almost forgotten crannies of the mind, in those deep lacunæ of our multiple selves, Beardsley discovered, rather—for they were there all the while even if neglected—rediscovered, those tastes which are essentially *un-realistic*. What modern and especially metropolitan life lacked before Beardsley was an outlet for satisfaction of the same creative and appreciative forces which called into the world gargoyles, dragons, fantastic heads, and all impossible creatures that swam, danced, strutted

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or flew smiling, leering or shuddering through the voluptuous sculptures of mediæval churches, or found expression in mediæval *contes drolatiques*, in *fabliaux* where beasts talked, sang, orated, gave advice and told fortunes. Modern life needed something beyond, far beyond, realism. For across the borderland of a conscious present there still beckoned fugitives from that antique world, a world which now is not, which now could not be, except through such plausible distortions and supple perfections as in an art like Beardsley's.

In Beardsley those haunting memories and half-memories, those vagabond intuitions and wanton stuffs of fancy, were things come to life again. Beardsley made the wildest dream-motif legible. But, from things mediævally ugly or coarse or obvious, Beardsley wrought that which was more palatable, refined and spiritualised. Suggestion, not realism; instigation, not crystallisation of art, was his forte. In Beardsley's scrap-book of the unknown was much of the old grotesquerie, something of its irony, not a little of its silvered satire, a deep inner laughter of his own—and ours, a seductive appeal to the *silences* of our hearts, to that part of us which can not be other than played to, never quite comprehended or completely expressed, that part of us to which only echoes can penetrate. There were ambiguous, indescribable, perhaps impossible, certainly vicarious enjoyments; longings out of forgotten pasts like the late Roman decadence of Catullus or the mystic pleasure-rites of that Roman sun-god, Heliogabalus; pasts never yet lived; pasts that never could have been lived; and futures—to paraphrase Arthur Symons's astonishing line—"futures we hold in our memory."

And were not these the components of an unspoken—perhaps not to be spoken—hunger that lay heavily upon tastes longest dominated by things Victorian? Consequently, for Americans, inheriting religiously so much from that period of "worship of wreck," was not Beardsley a downright necessity?

"Aubrey Beardsley," writes Robert Ross, "sums up all the delightful manias, all that is best in modern appreciation—Greek vases, Italian primitives, the 'hypnerotomachia,' Chinese porcelains, Japanese kakemonos, Renaissance friezes, old French and English furniture, rare enamels, mediæval illumination, the *débonnaire* masters of the eighteenth century, the English pre-Raphael-

ites." Beardsley's interests were, in the words of Baudelaire: "Anywhere—out of the world!" which is but another way of saying: "Anywhere—out of realism!" Art's appreciators no less than art's creators do not live by bread at all. Yet in the compelling realities of American life for a long time there was no other food than the black bread of realism; seldom by any chance the *vol-au-vent*, *marrons*, *bombes à la marée*, *glacés aux rayons d'or*, *charlotte de pommes à la Lucy Waters*; in short, all those dainty *pâtisseries* whose only service is the satisfaction of pure delight, of refined spiritual enjoyment.

If life indeed does, as Wilde declared, follow art, then our provocative and usually handsome fashions of the minute stem back through Erté and Poiret to Aubrey Beardsley. Those undulant costumes of his Salome! Those frills and furbelows, laces, flounces, fichus and sashes, those entrancing sashes Marie Bashkirtseff once sighed so about because none of them bore her name; the sashes that remind one of the ribboned bouquets Louis Quatorze so loved to have twined about his silver orange-tree boxes; the same sashes with which Beardsley was always quaintly looping back some eighteenth-century alcove curtain! That toilette of Fair Helen, the little elegant trifles of Abbé Fanfreluche's dress, "laboured niceties," Beardsley called them. Where would our ravishing pageantry of modern fashions have been to-day without all these?

While it has not yet found its way into our literature, literature being often last of the arts—excepting, of course, architecture—to welcome innovation, signs are not lacking that we may know so exquisite a bit of "other-worldness" or "out-of-the-worldness" as Beardsley's own magnum opus and swan-song, that delightful tour into an it-never-happened past, *Under the Hill*. A recent fantaisie by Albert Samain, with Tanagra figurines all talking of love and things which, while reminding one of Austin Dobson's *Proverbs in Porcelain*, still approached Beardsley's "evocation of a certain impossible but quite credible atmosphere." Thus far, however, our purely decorative arts are closest the Golden Apple.

Looking back upon Beardsley's own day, we can now see better times were in store for our abiding appetite for the unreal. At that time in almost every field realism pressed feverishly against all barriers of restraint and of taste. Realism was crowding out romanticism, clipping

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the white wings of pure fancy, and ridiculing light mysticisms. The Eternal Triangle no longer gave forth its once shrill notes of intensive excitement; these were dulled and deadened utterly in the prosaic "Oyez! Oyez!" of police-courts and litigation. Ibsen and Strindberg made a discordant racket about it in the North. In the South, under a shadowing cathedral, Blasco Ibanez analysed away—"everything!" And in Beardsley's own country, Shaw flung pellets of mud and ashes, his bouquets of pallid jokes and wilted roses. These realists, it would seem, were determined to spare nothing, not even sin. "*Salute, O Satana!*" How wiser were our own irredentist Puritans!

That was before the now famous nineties—Beardsley's age. As that rather stodgy old lady, *l'age Victorienne*, scuttled primly out the side door to avoid an unseemly spectacle of two newcomers struggling clamorously at the front, the art of Aubrey Beardsley flew in at the window. Thus were pre-Raphaelism in motley and "naturalism" in mufti left out in the cold.

In the very atmosphere of those ante-Beardsley times we may instance the prevailing demoralisation when Richard Strauss could make sheep *baa* three minutes on end, babies squirm and splash in iron bath-tubs, lonely brooks rattle like a pail of poured marbles or chortle like a city hydrant—and call it music! Rodin was so steeped in "nature" that he could be accused of moulding from actual bodies, and this, while disproven, is in itself sufficient commentary on the pestilential realism of that day. In Beardsley's own field, Hugh Thompson and du Maurier had still a host of followers who copied endlessly their heavy boxed faces and all too lifelike cobs. It was a dull day for artistic hunger that wants something else to do than look in the mirror or out the window. The pre-Raphaelites could not triumph. The realists had—almost. Then came Aubrey Beardsley.

And now amidst the so ebullient gaiety of indescribable colour and the whimsied whirl of our own sometimes not-yet-emerged forms, or what one is tempted to call over—or beyond forms, that convey in so many new ways what Gautier meant by "the impalpable phantom of the idea," we can still discern the strange half antique, half other-worldly genius that was Aubrey Beardsley's.

Within the figures which Erté, Léon Bakst,

Robert Chanler, Joseph Urban, Howard Cushing and Sidney Joseph portray there is that which intrigues us as may opiate dreams and mad fantastications be conceived to lure dervishes . . . somewhere, I know not whither, but certainly far out and beyond all familiar meanings, beyond the tiring clasp of commonplace; in any case, to a stimulating distance; far enough, too, for the defeat of realism. Of Aubrey Beardsley's art, Austin Dobson *might* have written:

Oh, the song where every one of his Graces
Tight-laces—
Where he wooed the sweet Muses both starchly
And archly—
Where his verse, like the piper a-Maying,
Comes playing—
And his rhyme is as gay as a dancer
In answer—
It will last till men weary of pleasure
In measure!
It will last till men weary of laughter . . .
And after!

BOOK REVIEW

THE GREAT THOUSAND YEARS AND TEN YEARS AFTER. By Ralph Adams Cram. (Marshall Jones Company, Boston.) Price, \$1.00.

Thoughtful essays of the quality of Mr. Cram's latest gift to literature are truly rare and, like old wine, should be sipped with reverence. Apart from his bias for Gothic art and mediævalism generally, Mr. Cram is a philosopher and a radical of a highly intellectual order. His essay could be recommended for diction and style alone. His division of history into 500-year nodes is exceedingly interesting and beyond contention. The great thousand years are the two sequent nodes, one each side of the year 1000, which marked the beginnings of mediævalism. The author sees the decay now setting in as a prelude to the next great epoch of civilisation. It is impossible to forecast what the next era will be, but by all signs he welcomes a return to the mediæval type with the monastic principles of chastity, obedience and poverty as the only possible sequel to the materialism and selfishness of the hour. To whatever extent we care to follow Mr. Cram in his arguments, we are at least confronted with good sense and sound scholarship.

Rag Tapestries

of the illustrations show this use of the foundation fabric. Framings for the more pictorial part are thus produced. One has upon the suggested frame a bordering embroidered. Upon another the decorated portion is oval and the "frame" has an ornamental unit in each corner—as note the rose in that of the mediæval knights. Sometimes the surface is almost entirely covered, or it may be that the conception of ornament and framing is one, as in the "madonna."

It has been said by a well-known decorator and craftsman that the hooked rugs of Mrs. Albee—beautifully made with patterns taken from Indian design—were the only ones which were unquestionably appropriate for certain types of American interiors and furnishings and the craftsmen styles. The same might be said of these tapestries. The value of wall-hangings in furnishing the home beautifully and simply is well understood, and they are not least to be desired when the surroundings have that primitive largeness and breadth which is found in the cottage and the bungalow. They lend an air of comfort, refinement and beauty not so easily attained by any other means. "Real" tapestries, generally speaking, are expensive and with a style of design which suggests rather the old-world interior. These studio-hangings, on the other hand, with their suggestion of modernness, refinement and charm, the simple and direct workmanship and beautiful colour, are suitable almost anywhere and can adapt themselves to almost any surroundings. They are notably in harmony with the taste of the day for cheerful, brightly coloured interiors, unpretentious yet wholly comfortable and charming.

The modern craftsman is finding his or her place, indeed, in the modern art world, and especially as the friend and helper of the household and the decorator. More and more opportunity will undoubtedly be allowed to craftsmen to come forward and occupy the place that has already been accorded them abroad as artists presenting a very real and beautiful art-expression. The crafts, in truth, have been considered abroad as quite worthy the attention of artists who have received honours for other—for the "fine" arts. Miss Mars found this to be the case in Paris when she went there and where she herself became interested in the arts and crafts, making and exhibiting wood-blocks and other handicraft. As a painter she exhibited

in both the Spring Salon (the Beaux Arts) and the Autumn Salon, of which she became a member. Here the handicrafts are exhibited among other forms of art and attract a great deal of interest. The artistic feeling in France could appreciate the need of bringing beauty into every phase of activity and that art may be expressed in any medium, that it should enter into the every-day life of a people. This has always been so, as we so well know, among all nations and peoples which have produced a great art. The Autumn Salon is especially strong in these exhibitions of artistic crafts and they form an important part of its regular exhibitions, so that an artist creating beautifully in these is considered as worthy of esteem as when working only in paint or clay. Thus noted artists express in many ways—as did those of old. This fact, of course, reacts upon the worth and beauty of the handicrafts and makes at once for a broader art-expression and a more artistic setting for daily living.

G ERMANIA AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE

MANY terrible things have happened in the world of art, but it would be difficult to conceive a more violent abuse of the ethical and artistic conscience than the conversion of Germania into Belgium, and yet that is now gaily proceeding, and the papers mention it without noticing apparently anything humorous or objectionable in the transaction. An eminent sculptor, it seems, discreetly screened from the public gaze, by a few deft alterations of the face is presenting New York with a redeemed personification of Germany, which will henceforth gaze upon us as heroic Belgium. "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," and if Germania offends thee, which it certainly should, cast her into outer darkness. But why insult a friendly nation and bring ridicule and aspersion upon the sacred name of art by so mean a subterfuge as this?

It has indeed been customary in the past, before a nation thought of sending statues to the melting-pot to make ammunition, to decapitate the busts of forgotten or depreciated personages, for the purpose of superimposing a more popular head and thus effecting a petty economy, but such an action is a glorious virtue in comparison with the dark deed now being perpetrated on Bowling Green. Can this be true?

BOOK REVIEWS

COSTUME DESIGN AND COSTUME ILLUSTRATION. (John Wiley & Sons, Inc.) Price, \$2.50.

THE great war has given us all a different point of view, but the changes in international relationships have not affected us so directly as yet as the visible changes going on around us, one of the most striking being in the clothes of both sexes. As Miss Ethel Traphagen states in her book, *Costume Design and Illustration*, conservation in the form of our garments is of the past. Dame Fashion has been more capricious during the nineteenth century than ever before, but she has never shown herself so boldly revolutionary than during the past few years. Is it a pure coincidence that the fair sex captured trades and the right to vote when they donned man's nether garments? To the student of historical costume the relation between breeches and authority seems undeniable; the tenour of many satirical drawings of the Middle Ages is that when woman puts on breeches she rules the household! If trousers for the ladies have come to stay, the fashion draughtsman must be still more highly trained than ever to succeed in making the "dandiette" look beautiful, for he is called upon to harmonise hidden living curves with visible straight lines.

Miss Ethel Traphagen's book will help the serious student as it is so full of illustrations that clarify the text. The first part gives suggestions to facilitate the acquisition of a knowledge of drawing and proportion, while practical technical considerations are gone into very fully.

Then the use of colour in a general way is entered into, and though the author is somewhat arbitrary in her statements throughout the book, confusing "rule or canon" with "law," some very excellent definitions and advice are given.

The chapter on design could be read with profit by all ladies who buy shop-window-dressing clothes, for the most becoming and therefore most beautiful gown is rarely exhibited, for it has no striking effect until it has the right person inside.

As for the sources of design, we are told they lie all around in the most unexpected places and an excellent example is given of the adaptation of a bowl of tulips for an attractive hat.

In conclusion, we find a short resumé of period fabric design and an outline of historic costume

which with a useful bibliography will enlarge the student's outlook and interest.

Calthrop, in his *History of English Costume*, proved that learning may be imparted with a light heart. This the reviewer misses, but was all the more delighted to rest halfway through *Costume Design and Illustration* and smile at Dr. Frank Crane's list of modern colour nomenclature—being unable to decide the preference between robin's-egg blue and elephant's-breath gray.

THE MEANING OF ARCHITECTURE. By Irving K. Pond. (Marshall Jones Company, Boston.) Price, \$2.

The author has written an essay of constructive criticism interesting to layman and practitioner alike, in which the principles of architecture have been studied analytically and synthetically. We have hosts of books upon architecture proper, styles and periods, but Mr. Pond is more concerned in fathoming the relationship between form and spirit in art, the high idealism that interprets the meaning of life. The author traces the animating spirit in Greek art which manifests itself in modern architecture, and supplies informative chapters, well illustrated, upon the significance of mass and form, the element of rhythm, the imitative and creative in architecture, finishing his masterly little book with an excellent treatise on present-day ideals. Where the exemplification of unified and perfected character is not sought through an idealised interpretation of the inhering structural forces, the author sees mere theatrical picture-making in three dimensions.

A SUMPTUOUS CATALOGUE

THE Palace of Fine Arts, San Francisco, has produced a compact volume of 250 pages embodying a mass of informative material upon the collection of Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst which has been loaned to this wide-awake institute. The volume—edited by Director Laurvik, assisted by Messrs. Upham Pope, Meyer Riefstahl and Miss Ackerman—is a model of what a first-class catalogue should stand for. Besides illuminating articles upon rugs, tapestries and textiles, it is rich in illustration and descriptive matter to each exhibit. As a *bonne bouche* is added an exhaustive index.



Exhibited at the Gallery-on-the-Moors, Gloucester, Mass., 1918

THE TWO SISTERS
BY EBEN F. COMINS



owned by the Museum of Art, University of Chicago

A LOG IN THE RIVER
BY ADAM EMORY ALBRIGHT

THE STUDIO

STILL LIFE AND MR. WILLIAM NICHOLSON. BY SIR FREDERICK WEDMORE

"WHAT is it you admire," I have been asked, before now—perhaps by some mid-Victorian connoisseur of painting—"What is it you admire in the work of William Nicholson?" And, before now, I have answered, "Everything." A large order; but I made sure that circumstances would give me the occasion to modify, to explain.

In a sense that first abrupt reply of mine was positively and literally true; for when, indeed, in surveying Nicholson's so various canvases—his Still Life pieces, his Landscape, and his Portraiture—when has one failed to recognize in Nicholson's products the essential in every art: the man behind the performance, the artist behind the labour? But the word "labour" should be banished altogether from one's account of the matter; for all that one is promptly conscious of—save in the case of some unlucky accident—is the sense of an off-hand, rapid, absolutely happy deliverance: a thing, a person, an event, seen clearly, and straightway boldly and most knowingly grappled with.

But now for some words of leisurely qualification of the first impulsive pronouncement. William Nicholson is an absolutely typical, but much less a positively ideal artist. He is an artist who is spontaneously, inevitably original, but yet an artist perhaps just one little bit too much concerned about originality. Seeing most things—why not again say, everything?

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—with much more penetrating eyes than most men, Nicholson seems to me to be sometimes a little too anxious to steer clear of being even suspected of suggesting a vision or an aim that has been entertained by another. Just now and then his performance seems to apprise us that he is himself insufficiently conscious of the extent to which Providence or the Fates have decreed that William Nicholson shall be unlike other people. There is no need for him to consciously step in, in this matter. *Laissez-faire!* Providence and the Fates have taken the business off Mr. Nicholson's hands.

For all that, there is one contemporary with whom, at least in certain moments and in certain efforts, it is difficult not to associate William Nicholson. That is his brother-in-law, the fine imaginative painter, James Pryde. Working together more or less, now a whole generation since, as the "Brothers Bickerstaff," there must have been—there clearly was—something in common, something they shared



"SILVER"

OIL PAINTING BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON

Still Life and Mr. William Nicholson



'SILVER LUSTRE'

OIL PAINTING BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON

between them, more easily observed than expressed. As time proceeded they did not become more alike: Nicholson, never far from a realism elegant and characteristic, and most unusually varied—a brilliant talent of so many facets—and James Pryde, a recorder of the Past, yet no recorder by obvious story, but one who is somehow magically charged with the unrevealed history of every weird and frowning tenement that he depicts. My latest sentences, tentative and inadequate, may roughly suggest, though they cannot define, where these two most interesting painters meet, and where they part company.

An earlier survey of my own, of the work of William Nicholson—an essay in "Some of the Moderns," a volume now several years old—does not, I flatter myself, contain much that I should desire to unsay about the subject of this present paper; but it does leave unconsidered, of course, the artist's

latest leanings, his latest developments. In *Still Life*—so conspicuously to the front in Mr. Nicholson's exhibition, open at this moment in the Goupil Gallery—this artist had always been interested. He had not only enjoyed it: he had painted it: painted it well, but as an accessory. It is to the delighted contemplation of it in later years that we owe its prominence in the pictures we are invited to understand and to appraise to-day.

Still Life—I shall not mince matters in the least about it—has been ridiculously neglected by the English public. What is

its place even at the hands of our Royal Academy? What is the usual attitude of the visitor who looks upon it? The *Still Life* piece, in English estimation, is a piece for dark corners. To it is cheerfully appropriated the spot which, were it devoted to an example of any other branch of painting, would be considered to have been grievously ill-employed.



"HENLEY'S HAT"

OIL PAINTING BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON



"SOUVENIRS DE BABETTE"
FROM THE OIL PAINTING
BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON



"THE HILL ABOVE HARLECH"
FROM THE OIL PAINTING
BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON



"WHITE WAYS, EVENING"
OIL PAINTING BY
WILLIAM NICHOLSON

Still Life and Mr. William Nicholson

In the remote future, to which our successors may look forward, when—since all things are possible—Englishmen may have become an artistic people, it may be recollected, or perhaps be slowly learnt, how interesting was the Still Life of the very earliest of our real masters of the brush. Hogarth employed it, indeed, less as main theme than as substantial and important accessory; and it was an English artist, it was Richard Earlom, who—translating colour and texture as both appeared in the great flower and fruit pieces of Van Huysum, into the art of engraving—gave a little more extended circulation to examples of Still Life. In Holland, at a date appreciably earlier, one of the greatest and rarest Dutch masters of *genre*—Vermeer of Delft—displayed his powerful control of Still Life subjects. De Heym was even more continuously their master. And, reaching again the eighteenth century, there came, in the fullness of Time, Chardin, whose never dazzling, always discreet and sensitive and sympathetic and fully equipped talent, has, in the matter of appreciation, now come into his own. Occupied with William Hunt, Mr. Ruskin—great even in his mistakes or his misfortunes—had apparently never heard of Chardin.

It has been the privilege of Frenchmen to have entered into and understood with a surpassing readiness the charm of humble human duties and of homely things. To do so is a part of French character. And so the sceptre, if one may be allowed to call it that, of Still Life painting having long since passed to France, in the great art of Chardin, has ever remained with her.

Never more conspicuously perhaps have France and Still Life painting been honourably associated than in quite recent years. In the later of those years England herself—assuredly under our neighbour's influence to some extent—has taken up the most engaging problems of Still Life with an increasing willingness. There is Mr. Francis James, essentially colourist and draughtsman of flowers. Again, Mr. Horace Mann Livens may be cited with confidence. Time will do justice to his individuality in this department of his labour, hardly less than to his nobly planned and broadly executed water-colours of London and of Brighton and of an everyday world. Mr. Clausen has painted flower pieces that are charming. But when he began, France had already had Fantin, whom

perhaps, in the sphere of labour I am for the moment discussing, he may most admire or recall. France, in Still Life, had already had Manet, with his great convincing certainty of vision and of touch. And then there is Vollon, with his special sumptuousness, his order and freedom amidst wealth of matter, and his august, Imperial way. With us again there has "arrived" Mr. Peploe—and in France Cézanne and M. Laprade and M. Marc, of Toulouse. All are delightful.

The course of Still Life painting having been thus lightly, but not carelessly sketched, we are brought round again to the achievements of William Nicholson—one of the most variously endowed artists now practising his craft.

To begin with a great *tour de force*—a thing which, once seen, it would be difficult to forget—the Still Life pieces in the Goupil Gallery Exhibition include that curious and engaging masterpiece of technique and of comedy, *The Hundred Jugs*. Is it a back room at a china-shop, where expert service will presently turn chaos into order? Mr. Nicholson at any rate has dexterously stepped in, while chaos—by far the more amusing of the two possible rulers—is yet in full sovereignty. Mr. Nicholson, like the good dramatist in Francisque Sarcey's estimation, has known the *scène à faire*: the particular aspect that beyond all others demanded portrayal.

A fragment of interior more interesting to me personally—a picture more enjoyably to be lived with, because it has, along with the utmost dexterity, much more of actually achieved beauty—is *The Convex Mirror*. The mirror distorts much, in quite an entertaining fashion; but life and character—with no recourse to the eccentric or the merely novel—are in the man whose figure is caught by the glass; and one live thing besides the student at the mirror is recorded without whimsical or ordered change, and with exact and delicate appreciation. That is the rose-crested cockatoo, whose lovely greyish pink is a familiar note in Mr. Nicholson's studio.

The subtlety of vision and of touch which is the charm of Still Life work, and which the painter with whom we are engaged does so abundantly possess, is shown again, and with a singular and dainty charm, in *Silver Lustre*—is shown, too, in that one bit of Still Life here, that is touched with Romance, that has a story



"THE CONVEX MIRROR."
FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY
WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

Still Life and Mr. William Nicholson



"THE BALLROOM, RAID NIGHT"

OIL PAINTING BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON

behind it—the piece wherein, upon some slab or table, along with festooned vase, there is a hat and fan and flowers. Feminine possessions, grouped so well, and shown so daintily, it is as *Souvenirs de Babette* that they intrigue us in Mr. Nicholson's Exhibition.

But the extreme subtlety, the quick attainment of the precisely right, which are the two characteristics—or is it not really only one characteristic?—is not this extreme subtlety, this quick and certain attainment, this "hit or miss" (and it is generally "hit"), is it not shown, and has it not now for some years been shown, as equally characteristic of Nicholson's Landscape? He paints, in landscape, as elsewhere, things that have really impressed him; and so we have *The Hill above Harlech*—the view from behind Harlech Castle, and overlooking the wide sweep of bay—and those other and perhaps yet more individual visions, visions of the Downs, the endless chalk Downs, beloved, in Mr. Nicholson's case, by no merely fair-

weather friend, but by a familiar, an accustomed haunter of their great suave spaces, their secluded hollows, their large, low, rounded, grey or golden hills. I know no one since the days of Hine and Thomas Collier who has loved the Downs as much, and has seen them so intimately. *White Ways, Evening*, is one of the pictures at Mr. Marchant's that may be named in this connexion; and there is also a most subtle vision of sunrise, in the same simple and homely and—to the common eye—apparently uniform, yet ever wide-stretched world.

And the surprise picture—the picture that may astonish us the most, where there is much that causes wonder? It is—if it is anywhere—*The Ballroom, Raid Night*. The ballroom as a shelter—the otherwise neglected ballroom of a great West End hotel. There, all may meet. It is not melodramatic in the least. It is veracious, not sensational. It is as clever as it is surprising. But then, for my own part, I had expected fully that our painter would have something up his sleeve.

The Royal Academy Exhibition, 1918

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION, 1918.

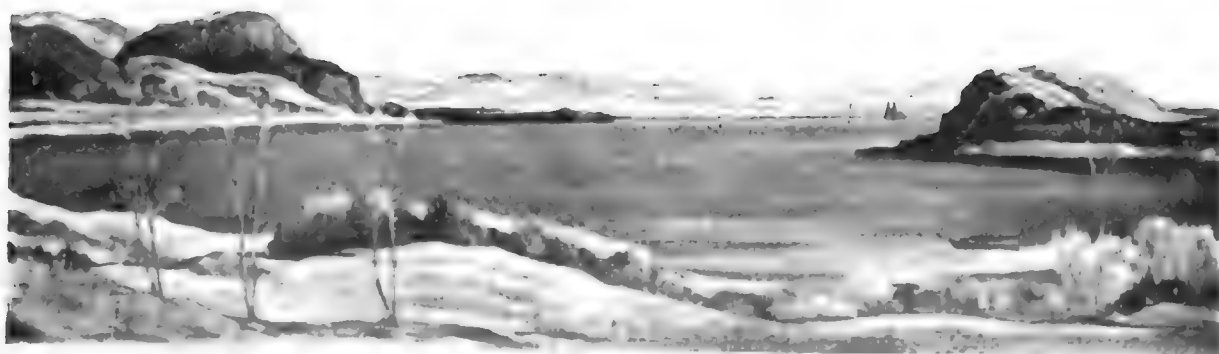
IT is quite possible that to the ordinary man the 1918 Academy will seem rather unexciting because there are in it few things which are sensational or surprising. The public are apt to judge an exhibition less by its general merit than by the occasional pieces of work in it which are remembered because they are unusual in subject or treatment—in the minds of most people only the special performances count as important, and the rest of the collection matters not at all. But this way of estimating a show is altogether wrong: in any representative gathering of works of art it is their average quality that ought to be considered first, and the exceptional things should seem important only because they help to raise the average. Even when there are two or three notable achievements in a commonplace collection the exhibition as a whole is not a good one, for the commonplaces lower the average and drag the notable works down with them, and the general atmosphere which results is one of inefficiency.

But certainly it would not be right to call the Academy this year inefficient. On the contrary, it includes a larger proportion of sound and serious work than usual, and it is distinguished by an exceptional consistency of effort. There are very few really incompetent things in it, even those which do not present any very brilliant idea are carried out sincerely and with a conscientious intention, and there are many in which both the intention and the achievement can be heartily commended. To the student of art such an exhibition is full of significance, because it proves that the standard of artistic practice throughout the country is being thoroughly maintained, and that our artists instead of being depressed by present-day conditions of existence have been stiffened in their resolve to do their best. Since the war began British art has appreciably gained in stability and in steadfastness of purpose, and this gain is even more evident now than it was last year. This is, indeed, a hopeful sign of the times, for, as the spirit of a people is reflected in the art which it produces, the strengthening of the artistic sentiment implies a development in the character of the nation, and a hardening in the popular resolve to fight things out to the end.

In other ways, however, the war has not perceptibly affected the Academy. There is no large number of battle pictures, and what there are do not claim any special attention, and of symbolical or imaginative compositions inspired by the war there are fewer still. The canvases which most deserve to be noted are mainly of the type with which we have become familiar in past years—there are some good portraits, a few figure paintings of real interest, many excellent landscapes, and a fair gathering of other kinds of production which cannot be exactly classified; but no one can fairly be said to have obviously broken new ground, and there are no rash or ill-considered experiments.

Among the portrait painters the places of highest distinction must be given to Mr. J. J. Shannon and Mr. Melton Fisher—Mr. Shannon's *Lady Broughton* and *Miss Bruce Ward* are as fine as anything he has ever produced, and Mr. Fisher's *Madame Lucchesi Bacci* and *Estelle* are masterly achievements of exquisite charm—but there is admirable work from other artists like Mr. Fiddes Watt, Sir John Lavery, Mr. F. O. Salisbury, Mr. W. Llewellyn, Mr. M. Milbanke, Mr. Charles Shannon, Mr. Greifenhagen, and Mr. Charles Sims, to quote a few of those who are prominent in this branch of practice. The best landscapes are by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. B. Priestman, Sir David Murray, Sir E. A. Waterlow, Mr. Alfred Parsons, and Mr. Arnesby Brown, whose *Evening* is a most fascinating transcription of Nature; and there is a small snowy landscape of rare merit by Mr. Sims. Figure pictures of memorable quality are contributed by Mr. Anning Bell, Mr. S. Reid, Mr. J. J. Shannon, Mr. E. Board, Mr. Bernard Partridge, and Mr. Cadogan Cowper; and things of special interest come from Mr. A. J. Black, Mr. W. Knight, Mr. Tom Mostyn, Mr. H. A. Olivier, Mr. Campbell Taylor, Mr. Terrick Williams, Mr. Coutts Michie, Mr. Spencer Watson, Mr. Bertieri, Mr. Richard Jack, Mr. Harold Speed, Mr. Herbert Draper, and Mr. Hacker—the portrait of Sir Frank Short by Mr. Hacker is one of the most vivid character studies in the show, and his composition, *The Watchers*, is dignified and impressive.

The sculptors best represented are Sir Thomas Brock, Mr. Drury, Mr. Pomeroy, Mr. Derwent Wood, Mr. Mackennal, Sir Hamo Thornycroft, Mr. Reynolds-Stephens, Sir W. Goscombe John, Mr. Gilbert Bayes, and Sir George Frampton.



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"THE WATERS OF LORNE"
BY D. Y. CAMERON, A.R.A.



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST"
BY CHARLES SHANNON, A.R.A.

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"EILEEN AND DIANA." BY
SIR JOHN LAVERY, A.R.A.



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**"YARROW: THE VAPOURS LINGER ROUND
THE HEIGHTS." BY ALFRED PARSONS, R.A.**



"Thou canst not say I did it :
Never shake thy gory locks at me."
ACT III. SCENE IV.

"MACBETH" .
BY STEPHEN REID



**"EDWARD IV BEING ENTERTAINED BY
WILLIAM CANYNGE, MAYOR OF BRISTOL"
BY ERNEST BOARD**

(By courtesy of Ernest Savory, Esq.)



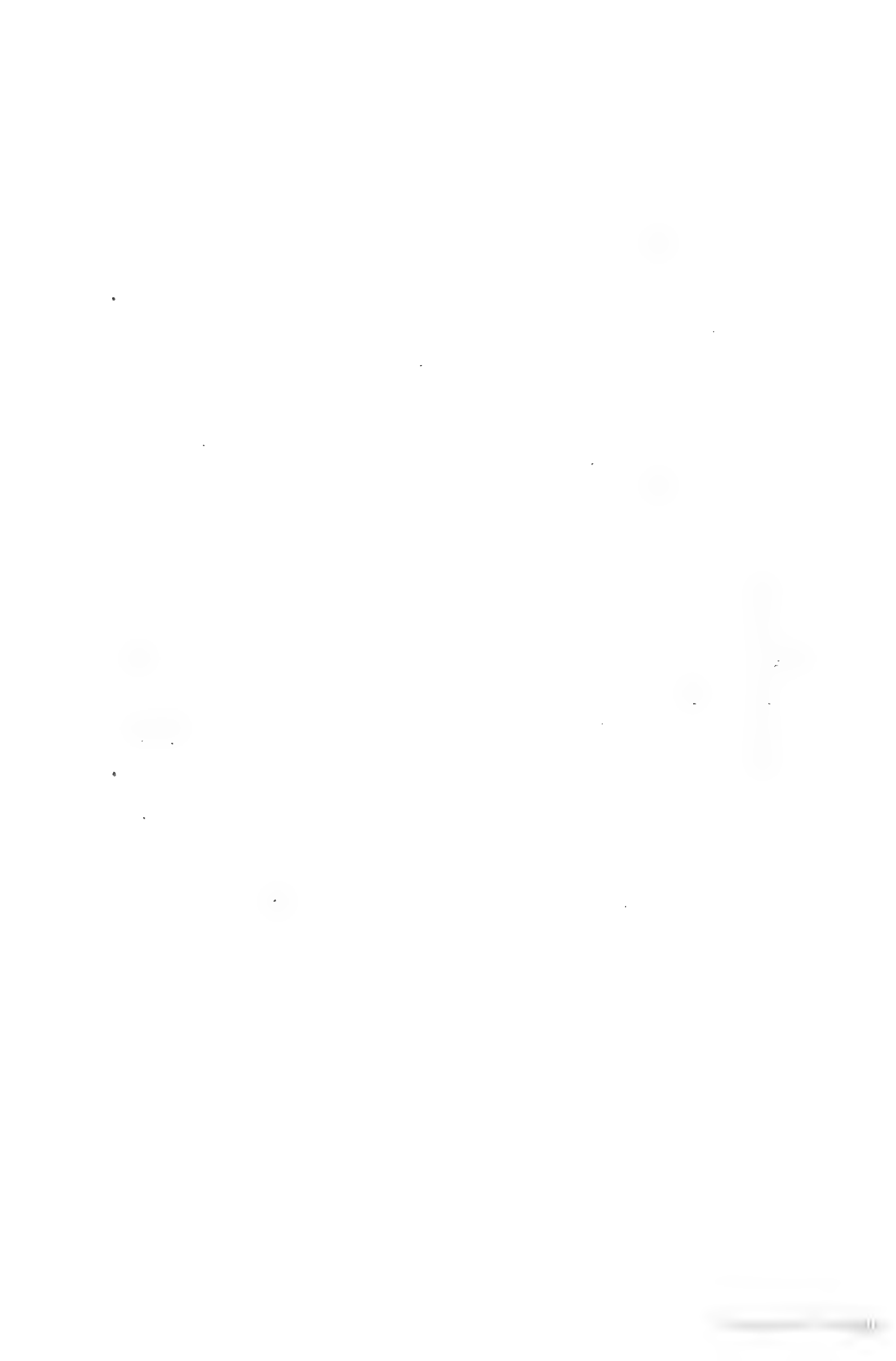
(Photo J. C. Hughes)

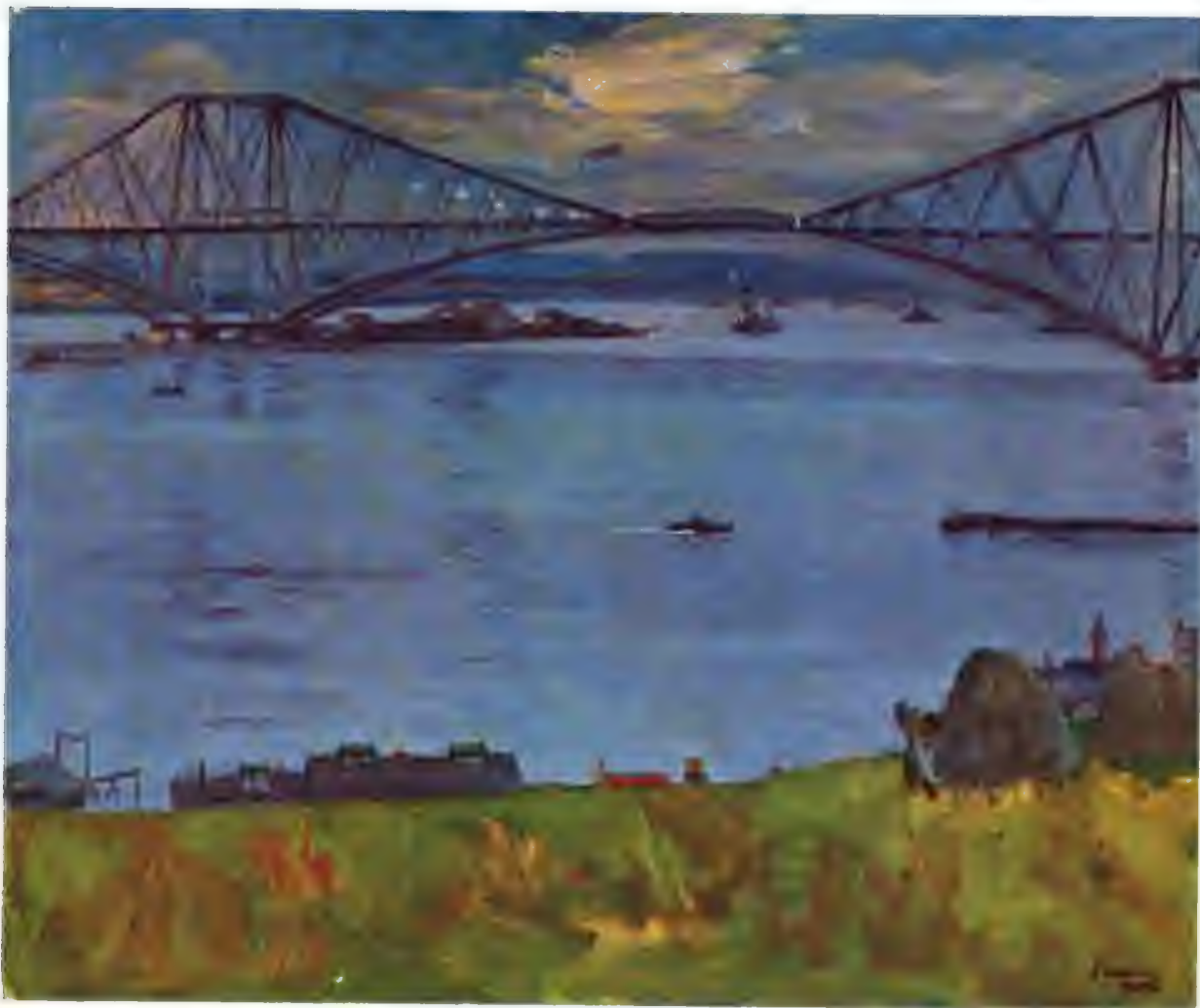
**"COUNTESS RHONA DE
SAAVEDRA Y CERVANTES"
BY MARK MILBANKE**



"INTERIOR, SUMMER MORNING"
BY L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR

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"THE FORTH BRIDGE." FROM THE
OIL PAINTING BY SIR JOHN
LAVERY, A.R.A., ONE OF THE
OFFICIAL BRITISH ARTISTS.

Studio-Talk

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—In this year's Royal Academy, military portraiture is not a conspicuous feature, and the most notable display of that kind is to be found at the galleries of Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons in Old Bond Street, where the collection of work executed by Mr. William Orpen, A.R.A., in his capacity as one of the Official British Artists on the Western Front, is being shown. This exhibition, comprising as it does not only portraits of many distinguished officers, including Viscount French and his successor in the chief command, Sir Douglas Haig, but also a remarkable series of landscape paintings and drawings, is of extraordinary interest as a revelation of the artist's rare and versatile genius, and mainly on this account, but partly also, of course, because the subject-matter is one in which we are all deeply concerned, it is without doubt the most important artistic event of the day. Of the portraits two were reproduced in our last number — they were those of officers who have earned fame by their feats of daring in aerial warfare; and we now reproduce another of the series, the subject in this case being an officer who has won renown as a commander of His Majesty's "Land Ships." That the function of portraying the heroic fighters whose valour commands the admiration of the nation should fall to a painter of such distinction as Mr. Orpen is indeed a fortunate cir-

cumstance and one that reflects credit on those responsible for the selection. It is gratifying to know that the Admiralty is following a similar course in regard to the heroes of our naval forces, of whose glorious deeds the world has as yet heard little, and has appointed an artist of note to act in the capacity of "limner."

Sir John Lavery's particular function as an Official Artist has been to record scenes and incidents pertaining to our maritime forces, and the paintings he has executed form a very interesting series, to which the painting of *The Forth Bridge*, here reproduced in colour, belongs. Though to exhibition visitors he is known almost exclusively as a portrait painter, Sir John Lavery has painted many admirable



"CAPTAIN F. E. HOTBLACK, D.S.O." FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A., ONE OF THE OFFICIAL BRITISH ARTISTS

Studio-Talk

pictures of land and sea which testify to the versatility of his gifts.

The work of two other Official Artists on the Western Front has been on view during the past weeks at London galleries—Mr. Paul Nash at the Leicester Galleries and Mr. William Rothenstein at the Goupil Gallery, Regent Street. The work of the latter includes a number of portraits of military officers and men, European and Indian, but the significance of this collection, like that of Lieut. Nash, lies in the presentation of the tragic effects of the war on the country itself, once so fair and smiling but now a vast tract of ruin and desolation. Mr. Rothenstein is more matter-of-fact in his methods than Mr. Nash, whose pictures and drawings, however, certainly communicate a deep impression of "The Void of War," the title given to his exhibition.

At the Goupil Gallery, following on Mr. Rothenstein's show, Mr. Marchant has brought together a collection of recent work by Mr. William Nicholson, various examples of which

are reproduced to illustrate Sir Frederick Wedmore's article in this number, and simultaneously there is being shown at these galleries the collection of paintings, drawings, and prints formed by the late Judge William Evans. This collection—an important one on account of the discriminating taste exercised in its formation, and in particular because of the ample representation it affords of certain phases of modern British art—was the subject of an article which appeared in this magazine some nine years ago (October 1909), when numerous of the works belonging to it were reproduced, and we are now privileged to reproduce in colour two further examples, Charles Conder's *Brighton* and Monticelli's *The Conversation*—the former one of a pair of pictures admirably displaying the artist's rare sensitiveness of vision and the latter a little gem (the original being not a great deal larger than the reproduction) bespeaking, like the larger *Fête Champêtre* reproduced with the article just mentioned, the emotional employment of colour which distinguished this artist.

Mr. Harold Waite, of whose work as a land-



"IN THE KENNET VALLEY"

BY HAROLD WAITE



*Oil on canvas, Regent Street, from the collection of the late
Judge William P. Smith.*

**"BRIGHTON." FROM THE
OIL PAINTING BY
CHARLES CONDER.**



"THE HARVEST"

BY HAROLD WAITE

scape painter we reproduce two examples, *In the Kennet Valley* (p. 24) and *The Harvest*, is an *alumnus* of the Royal Academy Schools, where he carried off some of the principal distinctions awarded to students, such as the Turner Gold Medal and the Creswick Prize, and since those days he has been a frequent exhibitor at Burlington House. Both his father and his grandfather were painters of ability, so that in his case inheritance has played a part in shaping his career. His work is instinct with love for Nature, and its guiding principle might fitly indeed be summed up in the words of Walter Savage Landor: "Nature I love best, and next to Nature—Art."

In the summer exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, which remains open till June 30, landscape, as usual, predominates, and the work generally upholds well the high standard which distinguishes the work of the Society's members and associates. Mr. Clausen, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Sims, Mr. Sargent, and Mr. Rackham are among the absentees, but in spite of these notable abstentions the display is not at all lacking in variety. Mr. Walter West's *April in Italy* and *Haytime*

in Lombardy, Mr. Harry Watson's *Across the Downs* (Sussex) and *The Pool*, Mr. Henry A. Payne's *The Rising Moon*, Mr. Murray Smith's *An Old Sand Pit, Glamorganshire*, Mr. Russell Flint's *Summer Ripples* and *The Yellow Scarf*, Mr. Lamorna Birch's *Near Caldy, Cheshire*, are, with Mr. Cayley Robinson's drawings to illustrate the Book of Genesis and Miss K. Turner's flower-pieces, among the works which give distinction to the present show.

The Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours and the Royal Society of British Artists have both held their spring exhibitions, and in both cases the display has not diverged in any marked way from those we are accustomed to find on their walls, except that the British Artists' show again profited by the better system of hanging which has of late been introduced. At the Institute the story-picture is still a good deal in evidence with not a little else that is commonplace in idea, but the visitor in search of good art has not to look in vain. On this last occasion some excellent sculpture by Mr. Charles Hartwell, A.R.A., Mr. Mackennal, A.R.A., Sir W. Goscombe John, R.A., Mr. Gilbert Bayes, and others added to the interest of the show.

Studio-Talk

The British Artists were fortunate in having some work of their President, Mr. Brangwyn, to show in their Central Gallery—a water-colour, *The Platelayers*, a subject handled with characteristic boldness, though it has not afforded an opportunity for that richness of colour treatment which we usually find in the artist's paintings. On the whole, the work shown in this gallery seemed to lack animation, especially by contrast with Miss Dorothea Sharp's two canvases, *Company* and *The Wind on the Hill*. Mr. E. A. Cox, whose work has in recent years imparted an agreeable note to these displays, was not represented in the recent show, his services now being monopolized by the Army. An excellent example of it is the picture *In Spain*, here reproduced.

Among other recent or current exhibitions to be noted is one at the Burlington Gallery in Green Street, Leicester Square, whose walls hitherto have been devoted chiefly to the display of excellent colour reproductions of modern pictorial work, notably the set of historical paintings executed some few years back for the Houses of Parliament. The proprietors of this gallery have just lately inaugurated a series of exhibitions of modern original work and the first show, opened last month, comprised an interesting collection of pictures and drawings by artists of diverse methods and aims, such as Mr. J. D. Fergusson, Mr. Dudley Hardy, Mr. S. J. Peploe, Mr. W. G. Robb, Mr. Murray Smith, Mr. E. A. Taylor, Miss Jessie King, and Mr. Joseph Simpson, of particular interest being a collection of chalk studies of little children of the last-named artist. At the Twenty-One Gal-

lery in the Adelphi, a collection of water-colours of "London—Old and New," by Mr. A. Ludovici, has been on view, the series including half a dozen drawings of Hampton Court and its surroundings, and the whole being marked by a shrewd appreciation of atmospheric tone. The use of coloured wood prints in domestic decoration is well exemplified at Messrs. Heal and Son's galleries in Tottenham Court Road, where are being shown a number of prints by Mr. Hall Thorpe, which in their attractive scheme of colour, composition, and simple framing are admirably suited to the purpose

From a friend of the artist we learn with regret of the death of Lieut. Harry Chamen Lintott, a prominent member of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, who died on March 22 from wounds received when leading his platoon into action on the Western Front



"IN SPAIN"

OIL PAINTING BY E. A. COX, R.B.A.



"THE CONVERSATION."
FROM THE PAINTING
BY A. MONTICELLI.

*Reproduced by permission of the artist.
From the collection of the artist.*

Studio-Talk



MEMORIAL TABLET

DESIGNED BY FLORENCE H. STEEL

the day before. Mr. Lintott joined up as a volunteer almost immediately after the outbreak of war and went to France with the Artists Rifles the following January. Invalided home eighteen months later, he returned to France early last year as an officer and took part with his battalion of the London Rifle Brigade in capturing Bullecourt after desperate fighting. He rejoined the Artists last December and remained with them till the end. Mr. Lintott made his debut at the Royal Academy in 1900 when he was only twenty, with a portrait of the distinguished soldier, Sir George White, and in the succeeding years his work has been seen at most of the leading galleries in England and America. From Manchester we have received news of the death of two men of prominence in art circles there—Mr. Fred W. Jackson, a gifted landscape and portrait painter, whose work was the subject of a notice in these pages some eight years ago, and Mr. Ernest Marriott, who as artist and writer achieved far more than local fame. Mr. Marriott, who was only thirty-five when he died early in March, studied under Walter Crane at the Manchester Municipal School of Art and for ten years was in charge of the Portico Library. He was for a time correspondent of *THE STUDIO* in Manchester, succeeding Mr. E. A. Taylor. At the time of his death he was Hon. Quartermaster of the Brabyns Military Hospital at Marple, and on the day before his death gave a lantern lecture to wounded soldiers on the Art and Architecture of Venice. Mr. Jackson, who was born in 1859, studied in Paris and at Fontainebleau in association with Edward and William Stott, James Charles, and H. H. La Thangue, and was one of the first members of the New English Art Club.

We give on this page a design for a memorial by Miss F. H. Steele and a reproduction of a bust of the late Professor Lantéri by Mr. Pibworth, one of the many sculptors who acknowledge their great indebtedness to him as their instructor at South Kensington.

PARIS.—The sale early last month of the pictures and studies by Degas

drew an attendance unequalled by any similar event in recent years, and the prices realized were extremely high. The most important canvas, the *Portrait de Famille*, in which the influence of Ingres is seen in combination with Degas' later manner, was sold to the Louvre for 400,000 francs; a ballet scene, *Quatre Danseuses*, fetched 132,000 francs, and one or two other works brought bids nearly as high. The sale lasted three days and realized in all 5,602,400 francs (approximately £224,000). M. C.



BUST OF PROFESSOR EDWARD LANTÉRI
BY CHARLES PIBWORTH

Studio-Talk

TOKYO.—Of numerous art sales that have recently taken place at the Tokyo Fine Art Club none was so important as the one in which the family treasures of Marquis Satake, an old feudal lord, were put up for sale. It was the greatest since the record-breaking Akaboshi sale, and comprised three hundred items, consisting of paintings, calligraphs, lacquer ware, *cha-no-yu* utensils, and armour. The sale realized the enormous sum of 1,111,166 yen in spite of the fact that the public was more or less in a depressed mood, as the sale took place shortly after the great storm and tidal waves which devastated Tokyo and its vicinity.

The sale included two excellent examples of work by Sesshyu, the famous Japanese priest-artist who went to China in search of a teacher and returned greatly inspired by the grandeur and sublimity of the continental mountains and lakes. One was a portrait of Daruma, the founder of the Zen sect of Buddhism, in the form of a kakemono (hanging picture), and the other was a landscape on a pair of screens. The

Daruma (p. 34), sold for 30,300 yen, was drawn by Sesshyu at the ripe age of eighty-two, and shows remarkable strength and vigour of expression. In this simple drawing he has succeeded in portraying the enlightened mind, revealing life, with its spiritual spark, through the calm repose of the flesh. The landscape (a pair of six panelled screens), sold for 46,000 yen, is free from his usual overemphasized lines, and though lacking somewhat his usual vigour of expression, it teems with his reverence for Nature, suggesting its infinite grandeur in the half-finished contour of the mountains in a marvellously well-balanced composition.

The highest price paid at the sale was for *Sanju Rokkasen* (Portraits of Thirty-six Poets) in two rolls. These portraits, except two painted by Tannyu to replace lost originals, were painted by Fujiwara Nobuzane, a noted poet and painter of the thirteenth century, and the poems were written by Ryokyo. The set realized 353,000 yen (about £35,000), the biggest amount ever paid at these sales. Nobuzane here displays his marvellous ability in



"A SAILING-BOAT"

Sold for 46,000 yen at the Marquis Satake sale, 1911

BY SESSON

Studio-Talk



LANDSCAPE SCREEN PAINTING

BY SESSHYU

(Sold for 46,000 yen at the Marquis Satake sale, Tokyo)

portrait painting, the character and personality of each poet being shown with remarkable skill. It was rumoured that the rolls were to be cut into pieces and made into kakemono to be possessed by several collectors. If this should ever come to pass it will be a great misfortune. A two-panelled screen by Korin of *Thirty-six Poets* fetched 66,100 yen. It shows his wonderful facility with the brush, and keen sense of linear composition and colour harmony.

The gem of the whole collection was *A Sailing-Boat* by Sesson, a very small kakemono, which fetched the sum of 52,300 yen. Seldom has an artist painted wind so graphically as has Sesson

in this painting. How effective are the bending tree, the stretched sail, and the swelling and dashing sea, all depicted with a few lines. It shows what a master can do with a few strokes on a small piece of paper. It may be noted in this connexion that there is a strong tendency now, as one of the results of the art exhibitions now in vogue, to paint on big surfaces. The pictures of contemporary artists have grown so large in size that most of them are quite inadequate for the *tokonoma* for which they are meant. Moreover, many of the modern works are thin, scattered, and incoherent. To painters of this class of work Sesson's *Sailing-Boat* seemed to carry a strong and precious message.

Review

A pair of kakemono of tigers and dragons by Shuzan, though it fetched only 2188 yen, formed a notable item in the sale. The subject is one of which Oriental artists are very fond, but Shuzan has here gone further than most in his treatment of it. It recurred in a pair of screens attributed to Keishoki, a famous Japanese painter of some six hundred years ago, an excellent piece of work which sold for 2690 yen. A pair of screens painted with flowers and birds by Motonobu realized 13,000 yen. Several pieces of lacquer ware fetched more than 20,000 yen each, and a suit of armour, richly covered with works of art, was sold for 16,100 yen. The enthusiasm shown at each art sale at the Tokyo Fine Art Club, however unimportant, is really startling, but perhaps the art fever has

now reached its highest point, considering the enormous prices which works of art have commanded at these sales. HARADA-JIRO.

REVIEW.

Life and Works of Ozias Humphry, R.A. By GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON, Litt.D. (London: John Lane.) £3 3s. net.—The researches embodied in this fine volume were begun, the author tells us, some fourteen years ago, and we gather that but for the war the book would have made its appearance much sooner. Had that been the case, it is almost certain that the famous lawsuit which occupied public attention so largely a year ago would never have been heard, or indeed heard of, for amongst the material collected by Dr. Williamson was a photograph of a sketch, signed with Humphry's initials, which had been preserved in the Royal Academy archives among the papers bequeathed by the painter's son, and which conclusively settled the question at issue. The picture of *The Ladies Waldegrave* had been sold as a Romney to Mr. Huntington, of California, for £20,000, and its market value as a Humphry is estimated to be only about one-fiftieth of that sum. If that ratio were to be accepted as defining the relative merits of the two painters, we should have to regard Ozias Humphry as unduly honoured by such a monument to his memory as this biography, but without predicting for him an auction-room fame at all comparable to that of his friend, it is well to bear in mind that market valuations are capricious, and that not so long ago painters whose works now fetch fabulous sums could be bought at sums as low as that which Humphry's Waldegrave group is said to be worth. Humphry's fame, however, during his life, rested in the main on his work as a painter of miniatures and on his pastels, and it is this rather than his work in oil that gives him a claim to consideration at the present day. Among the numerous illustrations accompanying Dr. Williamson's account of his career are reproductions of many of these miniatures, a few of them being in colour, and they enable one to appreciate the qualities which distinguished Humphry's work on the small scale. Following the biography are several appendices containing lists of his works, extracts from his account books and other papers, etc.



"DARUMA"

BY SESHYU

(Sold for 30,300 yen at Marquis Satake sale)



"L'ÉTANG." FROM THE
OIL PAINTING BY
J. B. C. COROT.

(Collection of Denys Nagur, Bog.)

The Collection of Mr. Denys Hague

THE COLLECTION OF MR. DENYS HAGUE.

THE appreciation of Modern French Art amongst collectors of pictures in Great Britain has steadily increased during the last twenty years. With the dispersal of the Staats Forbes, and a little later of the Alexander Young pictures eleven years ago, a large number of works of the Barbizon School came into the market. While some of the more important crossed the Atlantic or found a permanent home in the public galleries of the British Dominions, a number of fine examples remained in this country to form the nucleus of smaller collections of similar character. And it is not only the works of the Barbizon men which have been sought after. In a number of private collections will be found examples of the other French Schools, and many of these have appeared from time to time in the pages of this magazine. That this appreciation should thus become more widely spread is particularly gratifying at the present time, when the French and British nations have been brought into such close relation by the war, and any influence which tends to further mutual respect for, and understanding of, the art of either country cannot but be desirable.

The series of pictures brought together by Mr. Denys Hague, though small in extent compared with the two collections mentioned above, is similar, in that the works have been chosen with sound judgment and that the owner has been successful, in most cases, in acquiring examples which represent the best achievements of the artist. Take, for instance, the three Corots. *L'Etang*, which is reproduced here in colours, has all

the finest qualities of the master's art; the balance and rhythm of the composition; the exquisite colour harmony, the subtle gradation of the tones, the general unity of effect, these could belong only to Corot. It reveals, too, the poetic feeling which gives to his work that sublime element which is almost spiritual in its appeal. Of the other two Corots in the collection, the *Landscape with Figures* is delicately rendered with its silvery grey tones and atmosphere of repose. *Arbres au bord de l'eau* is a more sombre canvas, though rich in colour.

Diaz is represented by a characteristic landscape, *The Forest of Fontainebleau*, which we also give as a supplement (p. 43). Fine in colour and broad in treatment, it displays the artist's romantic and lofty conception of the scene and his skill in the rendering of light and shade. Though it lacks the grandeur and solemnity of the compositions of his friend and master, Rousseau, it shows to some extent the same tragic sentiment and simplicity of outlook.

Daubigny's position amongst the Barbizon



"NEAR PARIS"

BY STANISLAS LÉPINE

The Collection of Mr. Denys Hague

men is a little difficult to define. His landscapes invariably give the impression of being faithful transcripts from Nature, whereas the other members of the group were for ever striving to express through Nature their own romantic personalities and to reveal her hidden beauties. He was essentially an individual artist and his finest works possess a charm which has gained for them universal admiration. *Le Château* (p. 45) is a typical example of his best period, with the trees silhouetted against the soft, luminous sky and throwing their shadows across the placid water. If Dupré's landscapes lack the expressive beauty of Daubigny's compositions, there is yet much truth and force in his work. His outlook on Nature was somewhat melancholy and this, to some extent, has deprived him of the recognition he deserves. His one example in the collection is fairly representative of his finest work. Charles Jacque is seen at his best in *Troupeau sous Orage*. It is strongly handled and well displays the artist's skill in the painting of sheep. Troyon

is not represented, but there are two excellent examples of the work of his pupil, Emile van Marcke, the smaller of the two, *Vaches au Pâturage*, being reproduced on page 47. It is a vigorously treated study, to which the strong brushwork gives a quality of directness and spontaneity. *Le Pâturage* is a large and important canvas, more tightly executed, and lacking the breezy freshness of the smaller picture.

By Harpignies, the last survivor of the Barbizon group, there are eight works of fine quality, of which *Lever de Lune, Loire* (p. 45), is perhaps the most characteristic. Against the delicately toned sky, the dark trees, skilfully painted, with that knowledge which the artist possessed to such a remarkable degree, stand out with telling effect, while from the harmonious hues of the foreground the eye is carried across the peaceful river to the hills beyond.

Of the three Boudins, *A French Port* (p. 41) is a notable achievement, large in feeling and brushed in with freedom and vigour. The



"PLACE ST. MARC, CRÉPUSCULE, VENISE"

BY H. LE SIDANER



(Collection of Denys Hague, Esq.)

"LE PALAIS BLANC,
AUTOMNE, VENISE."
FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY
HENRI LE SIDANER.



"A FRENCH PORT"
BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN

The Collection of Mr. Denys Hague

masterly painting of the sky and water and the judicious management of the light and shade are worthy of careful study.

Few artists have rendered the beauties of Paris and its surroundings with such instinctive charm and refinement of vision as Lépine, and Mr. Denys Hague is the fortunate possessor of eighteen of his works. Indeed, it may be said that in this remarkably interesting series and in the eight notable examples of the work of Le Sidaner lies the chief claim of the collection to distinction. Of the Lépinés one painting, *Near Paris*, has been selected for illustration (p. 37). In this small landscape breathes the spirit of the poet. The beauty of the delicate light of the evening sky is accentuated by the rich colouring and tonality of the foreground. It may not be so characteristic as some of the other paintings by Lépine in the collection, but it is undoubtedly the most arresting.

The subtle charm of the art of Le Sidaner was never more impressively displayed than in the eight canvases just referred to. The particular technique this artist employs enables him to render with sympathetic touch his impressions (perhaps one should say his reveries) and to wrap them in a veil of mystery and romance, informing them with a beauty which is irresistible in its appeal. The qualities which distinguish the work of Le Sidaner from that of any other artist present considerable difficulty to the engraver, and the painting shown here in colours, *Le Palais Blanc, Automne, Venise* (p. 39), has been chosen, not because it is considered the finest example, but because it lends itself more readily to reproduction than any of the other works. *Place St. Marc, Crépuscule, Venise* (p. 38), is more important as it is more character-

istic, and beautiful in its tonality, its luminosity, and in the spirit of enchantment and mystery which pervades the whole composition. These two pictures belong to the artist's second Venice series and were completed in 1907. They were included in the special exhibition held that year at the Goupil Gallery in Regent Street, London, and also figured at the Paris Salon in the same year. Other delightful works by Le Sidaner in the collection are *La Salute, Matin d'Hiver, Venise*, a misty effect; *The Canal, Bruges*; and *Houses on the Canal, Moonlight*.

Two works by Fantin Latour well display his wonderful gifts as a painter of flowers. Technically they are fine achievements and in them is expressed the artist's sympathetic feeling for his subject. Two pastels by Léon Lhermitte and a small painting of a farmyard by Adolphe Hervier complete the French pictures in the collection.

Of the examples of the Modern Dutch School



"SILVERLY WATERS"

BY JAMES MARES



"THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU."
FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY N. DIAZ.

Reproduction of J.M.W. Turner, Eng.

The Collection of Mr. Denys Hague



"LE CHÂTEAU"

BY C. F. DAUBIGNY



"LEVER DE LUNE, LOIRE"

BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

The Collection of Mr. Denys Hague

the most important is a large work by James Maris called *Silvery Waters* (p. 42). Though not treated in the artist's broadest and most vigorous manner, it is an imposing canvas, in which the masterly brushwork and fine atmospheric quality are the most striking features. The painting of the spacious sky and the effect of the light upon the silvery waters are admirable. The general tonality is grey, but it is by no means a sombre picture, the strong contrasts of light and shade giving to it brightness and vivacity. The work of William Maris lacks the distinction and individuality of that of his brother James, yet as a painter of cattle he achieved considerable popularity, and at times his work reached a high level. He was an ardent student of Nature, and his pictures invariably teem with the freshness of the country. His *Summer, near Haarlem* (p. 46), offers an excellent example of this quality, and the simple character and damp atmosphere of the low-lying Dutch landscape are conveyed with truth and dexterity.

Anton Mauve is hardly seen at his best in his one picture in the collection, *The End of the Day*. Executed in oils, it is heavy in tone, and one looks in vain for the poetic sentiment, the soft atmospheric effect, and the delicate colour harmony which characterize his art, more especially his water-colours. But in *Sheep Grazing* (p. 47) we have a good example of the work of one of his followers, Ter Meulen. It is a pleasing composition, broadly treated and shows an intimate knowledge of the subject, for the artist has devoted himself especially to the painting of sheep.

La Tricotense is a typical Israeli subject, in which

the artist, in that sympathetic manner which was peculiarly his own, has expressed the humble life of his country. It serves to illustrate his mastery of chiaroscuro, his essentially personal technique, and the skill with which he brought his subject and environment into harmony. Two landscapes by Weissenbruch and one by De Bock are also included in the collection.

The influence of Constable on the painters of Barbizon and indirectly on those of the Modern Dutch School is now generally acknowledged, and it is interesting to find among Mr. Denys Hague's pictures a characteristic work, *Nelley Abbey*, by the great English landscapist; also a canvas by David Cox called *Changing Pastures*. Nor must we omit to mention a delightful little water-colour drawing by Whistler of *The Thames at Battersea*.

E. G. HALTON.



"SUMMER, NEAR HAARLEM"

BY WILLIAM MARIS

The Collection of Mr. Denys Hague



"SHEEP GRAZING"

BY F. P. TER MEULEN



"VACHES AU PÂTURAGE"

BY E. VAN MARCKE

Sir William Orpen's War Pictures

SIR WILLIAM ORPEN'S WAR PICTURES.

A GREAT array of Sir William Orpen's pictorial records of the scenes and the events presented on the Western Front, records shown lately, and still shown it may be, at the Agnew Galleries in Old Bond Street when these words shall reach the reader, has its Catalogue prefaced by a popular writer of Fiction, Mr. Arnold Bennett, who, however little he may consider himself an expert in Art Criticism, has really hit it off—his task on this occasion—extremely well in a couple of sentences which I make no apology for quoting. "These pictures," says Mr. Bennett—writing of Orpen's work *en bloc*: at least that part which is exhibited—"are painted in a new manner, in the artist's War manner, very broadly, very rapidly, sometimes very summarily, perhaps thinly. Their success is largely due, apart from the reality of the inspiration, to an extreme competence in the choice and employment of means."

But there are, we should remember, many methods open to a painter of choosing means with judgment, and of wisely employing them; and it has been interesting, to me at least, in going over the singularly varied themes and almost as frequently varied treatments visible in the Old Bond Street Galleries through the energies of the Ministry of Information, sometimes to halt and consider, and to say, "Well done, excellently done; but how would it have been done had another and quite different travelling artist of great competence—had Mr. Muirhead Bone especially, for he is in some respects the strongest of them all—felt impelled to give his version also, his rendering at the least, no less

unique and characteristic, of brilliantly recorded fact?"

Whatever particular thing, whatever particular object was before William Orpen, two things in relation to it are sure not to have been overlooked. These two are character and colour. And there are two things—on the other hand: two very different things—which, if Muirhead Bone were concerned in the matter, are sure not to have been overlooked. And these two things are character and line—character varied, line dexterous and economical, line certain in any case to be charged with the very maximum of meaning.

But the typical, or everyday, visitor to picture galleries—the visitor whose point of view is not an artist's, in any substantial measure—goes to these picture galleries to be occupied more with the question of what is done in this or in that canvas than with that other, and endlessly more interesting question, how it is done. And he who does not go to picture galleries at all,



"DIEPPE"

BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.



"THE ARTIST." BY SIR
WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.

Sir William Orpen's War Pictures



"MY WORKROOM, CASSEL"

BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.

but who would go if he could, has the right to learn what is there and to be interested in learning. And when the gallery talked of is full of Orpen's pictures he would learn that in a sense everything is there. That variety is a characteristic is very speedily perceived. There is the *Hospital Receiving Room*—not quite a Daumier, I must be allowed to protest, though Mr. Bennett thinks otherwise. Again there is the ghastly vision—the thing that shows us, with a vigour once in a while repulsive, dead Germans in a trench. There is *The Refugee*—typical. It has the very spirit of the *dépaysée*. There is *The Village*, a mere wreck it seems, but seen in beautiful and rosy light. There is *Albert*, the victim town, one amongst many, yet very individual—Albert—played out. There is the tortured landscape of *The*

Great Mine. There is *Resting near Arras*—Vimy Ridge in the distance. There is *The Artist*, helmeted. There is General Seeley, of grave and weighty understanding. And there, Sir Douglas Haig—with his stern purpose, his good cheer, with his unconquerable hope. And this again is *Warwicks entering Péronne*—an episode of March 1917. So many unforgettable adventures, days, and things!

Our illustrations include several of the places and some of the people that, in the just preceding lines, have been swiftly and generally indicated. And once or twice—and they are occasions of greatly

welcome relief—the artist is merciful enough to allow us to leave the scenes of action, to imagine ourselves once more in enjoyment of an old-world, placid rest.

Do let us embrace the opportunity—let us



"THE MASCOT OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS." BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.



"THE REFUGEE." BY SIR
WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.

Sir William Orpen's War Pictures

on no account forgo this chance. *Dieppe*—the picture brings back for a moment the sunny delightfulness of that French summer haunt. We are in the centre of a town only quietly busy: the very centre of it—inland from the Casino—the *Café des Tribunaux* is the immediate and particular house: justice being, it seems, administered in the neighbourhood, and refreshment at your particular table. Memories of that Norman shore must crowd upon Mr. Nicholson, must be scarcely less numerous with Mr. Pryde, must be yet more numerous with Mr. Sickert. If I think of *Dieppe* myself it may be with pleasant recollections of more than one artist, and to boot, an agreeable remembrance of where I first saw Saint-Saëns, and where and on what day I first met Madame Carrière.

These are personal references, but there are two pictures, left so far unnoticed, which—whatever else of Sir William Orpen's may or may not be passed by—it would be intolerable not to speak of.

We return to them. The first of them, simple and comparatively slight in appearance, yet from beginning to end rich in its own grave beauty, is the little piece entitled *Bombing: Night*. You face a very small group of young, slight, lightly-draped figures, gathered together to take with dignity and courage their chance, their fate. As yet, nothing has happened, but every touch of the pencil is charged with tragedy: the very soul of tragedy is in that little thing. It finds itself conceived with singleness of purpose and is expressed with flowing line.

And the second picture? The second is of much happier omen. *Poilu and Tommy* it is called. It brings before us rapidly and lightly, the easy,

ready friendship of the one and the other. How spontaneously they were chums! Each has his national characteristics: his individual idiosyncrasies. There is likeness and difference. The likeness is to be welcomed; and the difference is to be welcomed too; for—as sensible and seeing folk are at last apprehending—the qualities of the one are complementary of, and not inimical to, the qualities of the other.

That—as far as concerns these British Isles and France—is the real lesson of the war. This is the one thing that above all I care to remember. And where so much has gone wrong, this at least will go right. France and England in a new "Holy Alliance!"—a thing that generations shall not stale. FREDERICK WEDMORE.

[Three military portraits painted by Sir William Orpen and forming part of the exhibition at Messrs. Agnew's were reproduced in recent issues of this magazine.—ED.]



"BOMBING: NIGHT"

BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.



"THE BUTTE DE WARLENCOURT"
BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.



"THE GREAT MINE, LA BOISSELLE"
BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.

Studio-Talk

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—Shortly before the opening of the current exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers at the Grosvenor Gallery, Mr. William Strang, A.R.A., who has held the office of Vice-President for some years, was elected President in succession to the late Auguste Rodin, who succeeded James McNeill Whistler in 1903, and Mr. Charles Shannon, A.R.A., was elected Vice-President. On the whole the present show gives the impression of being better than usual, particularly in regard to portrait and figure subjects. Notable among these are Mr. Strang's *The Little Flora*, *The Mill Girl*, and *The Emigrants*; Sir John Lavery's *Hazel in Rose and Gold*; Mr. McEvoy's *Madame de Gandarillas and her Children*; Sir William Orpen's *Lieut. Carroll Garstairs, M.C.*, and especially his *Mona, Daughter of James Dunn, Esq.*; Mr. Sargent's *Viscountess Acheson*; Mr. Anning Bell's *Garden of the Sleeping Beauty*; Mr. Charles Ricketts' *Don Juan and the Statue* and *The Holy Women and the Angel of the Resurrection*; Mr. Edmund Dulac's *Miss Vivian St. George*; and Capt. Russell Flint's *Models of Anticoli*. In landscape painting Mr. Cameron's *Early Spring in Strathearn*; Mr. Talmage's *Silver Morning: Cliffs at Freshwater*; Mr. Dacres Adams's *The King's Garden*; Mr. Fairlie Harmar's *The Gardens, Cheyne Walk*; Mr. La Thangue's

studies of Ligurian subjects; Miss Alice Fanner's *The Lion Gates, Hampton Court*; and two Venice subjects—Mr. Ludovici's *The Salute*, and Mr. St. John Partridge's *Early Morning Effect*, are among the works of primary interest. The exhibition includes an example of Mr. Pryde's very personal art, *The Monument*, and two London subjects, *London Bridge* and *Cannon Street Station*, by M. Baertsoen, a Belgian honorary member, which in murkiness of atmospheric tone contrast strikingly with the Thames pictures painted some time ago by his fellow-countryman, M. Claus. Lithography, wood-engraving, and other forms of graphic art are favourably represented.

There is not much work of outstanding significance at the summer exhibition of the



"BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. J. ELLES, C.B., D.S.O." BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.

Studio-Talk

New English Art Club. Several of the club's principal supporters are not represented among the oil paintings in the central gallery, and two or three of them have sent nothing at all to the exhibition. On this occasion Mr. Wilson Steer is seen at his best in some water-colours, notably *An old Hulk* and *Harwich*, in both of which his spontaneous use of the medium is admirably exemplified. In the oil medium the most conspicuous features are the landscapes of Mr. C. J. Holmes, portraiture by Prof. Henry Tonks and Prof. W. Rothenstein; the large decoratively treated canvases by M. Jacques Raverat, and a big *Decoration* by Lilian Lancaster. Excellent painting of the nude figure is to be seen in Prof. Tonk's *The Manicure* and Mr. Fairlie Harmar's *The Model Covets*; of still life and flowers in contributions from Mr. Harold Speed, Mlle. Alice Ronner, Mrs. Rushbury, Miss Louise Pickard, and Mr. J. B. Manson; and of interiors by Mr. Alexander Roche. Mr. Henry Rushbury, Mr. C. M. Gere, Miss M. Gere, Mr. Rich, M. H. Daeye, Mr. Muirhead, Mr. D. S. MacColl, Mr. Joseph Southall, Mr. Collins Baker, and Elinor Darwin are among others whose work helps to strengthen the exhibition.

As there has been a good deal of talk lately about impending changes at Burlington House in the direction of bringing the administration of the Royal Academy more into harmony with modern tendencies, it may be of interest to recall the names of members and associates of the Academy who have been identified with the New English Art Club since its inauguration in 1885. Among the R.A.'s there are Mr. J. S. Sargent, Mr. J. J. Shannon, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. H. S. Tuke, Mr. La Thangue, Mr. Solomon, Mr. Clausen, Mr. Hacker, the late Mr. Bramley, and Mr. Parsons, and among the associates Sir William Orpen, Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. Priestman, Mr. Philip Connard, and Mr. Edward Stott, recently deceased.

Mr. Stott's association with the New English Art Club began at its very beginning, and he was a regular contributor to all the early exhibitions of the club. It was in 1885, the year the club was founded, that he took up his abode at Amberley in Sussex, where he passed the remainder of his life. At that time he had not long returned from Paris, where he had

studied in the Cabanel *atelier* and also for a short time under Carolus Duran, Mr. Sargent's tutor in preceding years, but it was the painters of Barbizon, and especially Jean François Millet, whose influence left an enduring mark on his work. The picture we are privileged to reproduce here in colour—one among several important canvases and pastels in the possession of the present owner—belongs in date to the early years of this century, and we believe was exhibited at the New Gallery in 1904. With another picture it was selected to represent the artist at the Franco-British Exhibition held at Shepherd's Bush ten years ago, and is undoubtedly to be accounted a masterpiece among those pictures of the twilight for which he was famed.

EDINBURGH.—Since entering into possession of the new galleries, the Royal Scottish Academy has devoted a considerable portion of the wall space to the exhibition of work by prominent painters of various English and Continental Schools. So much has this practice been followed that on some occasions the exhibition has been unduly cosmopolitan in character. This year war limitations have necessitated the Council making a change, and the principal gallery is entirely devoted to the work of Past-Presidents of the Academy. The change is welcome in that it provides an opportunity of studying the development of painting in Scotland for over a century, so far at least as applied to portraiture; for most of the Presidents down to the present occupant of the chair have been primarily portraitists.

As regards the art of the year the general observation may be made that it is free from artificial embellishment, sensationalism, or levity of thought and purpose. There are no war distractions, but evidence of a genuine desire to present the true and beautiful apart from the transient influences of the time. Among the veterans Mr. Robert Alexander attains a high quality of art in his sympathetic rendering of a huntsman visiting his dog-kennel, while Mr. Lawton Wingate's three small landscapes show his skill in interpreting Nature in her most sensitive moods. The President, Sir James Guthrie, in his not over-intimate but suavely truthful portrait of Mr. Maconochie Wellwood, amply sustains his reputation, and Mr. Fiddes



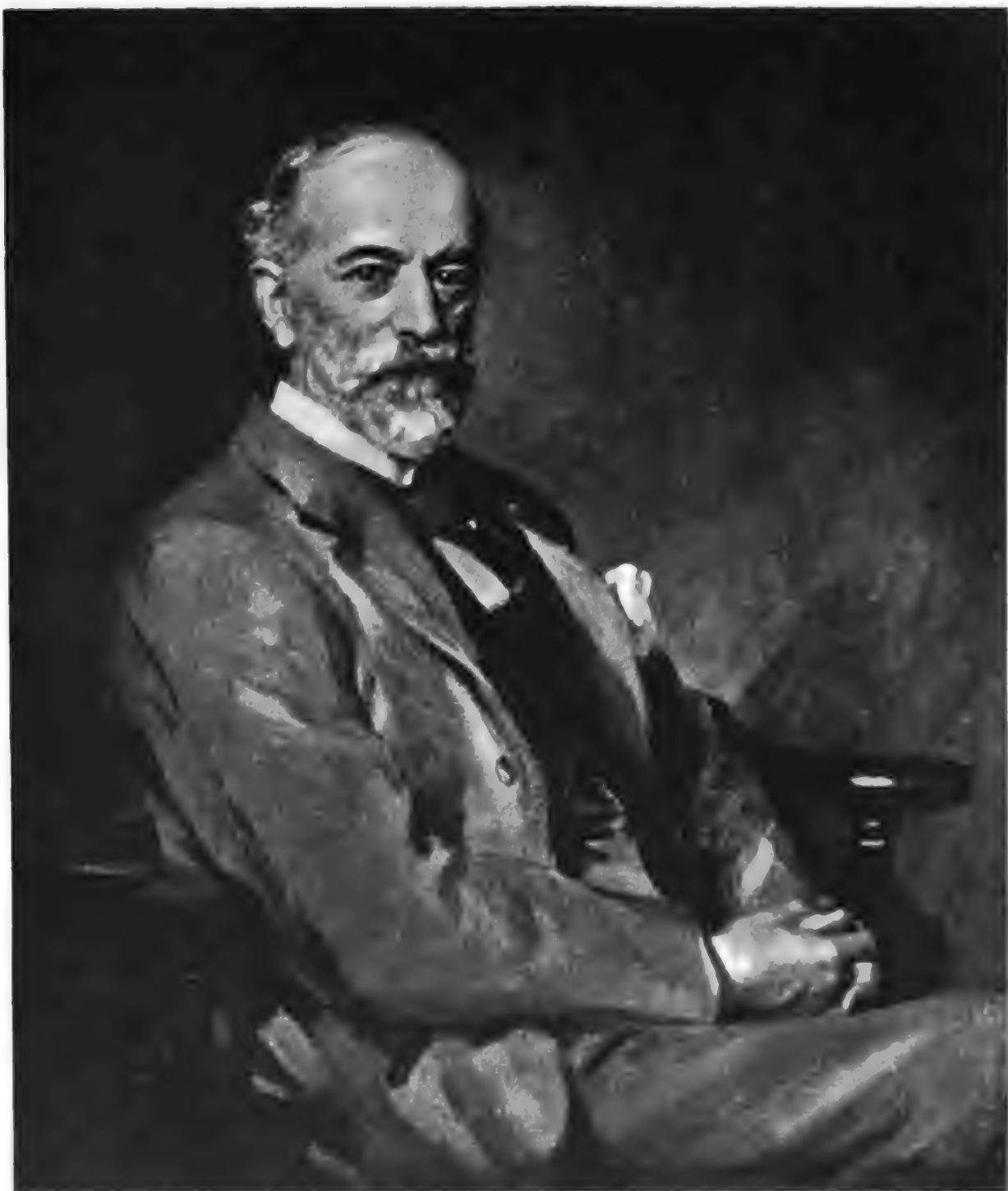
"FOLDING TIME." FROM THE OIL PAINTING
BY EDWARD STOTT, A.R.

(In the possession of Fred C. Johnson, Esq., Southampton.)



(Royal Scottish Academy)

"MOTHER'S CARE" BY
GEMMELL HUTCHISON, R.S.A.



"J. A. MACONOCHE WELLWOOD, ESQ."
BY SIR JAMES GUTHRIE, P.R.S.A.

(Royal Scottish Academy)



"SUMMER HOURS"

(Royal Scottish Academy)

BY ALEXANDER ROCHE, R.S.A.

Watt's two portraits strongly emphasize character. Mr. Henry Kerr in his portrait of the Rev. Principal McCulloch realizes the ascetic strain in Free Church theology. Mr. David Alison follows the Orpen vein with much success in a portrait of a lady. Mr. Charles Mackie, in addition to excellent landscape work, shows his capacity as a draughtsman in the *Interlude*, the leading features of which, however, are essentially the action and interaction of light and colour, and Mr. Robert Hope has never been more successful than in *The White Cockatoo*. Other figure-subjects of note are contributed by Mr. Robert Burns, Mr. Duddingstone Herdman, Mr. F. C. B. Cadell, Miss Eleanor Moore, an Ayrshire lady whose picture of a Red Cross nurse is a remarkably strong piece of work, and Mr. Gemmell Hutchison, whose *Mother's Care* adds one more to a now considerable series of domestic subjects, always treated simply and with a fine sympathy.

Recent elections to the Academy resulted in Mr. D. Y. Cameron attaining full membership, and though his contributions are less important than usual there is in his *Arisaig* scene, with its fine spaciousness, a restfulness and aspect that contrasts strongly with the massive features of his *Morar* mountain landscape. Of the three new Associates, Mr. Gould is seen to least advantage. Mr. Peploe's *Gipsy Girl* and his still-life pictures evidence originality of thought, and Mr. A. G. Sinclair in a large autumnal landscape shows his adhesion to the blottesque school, which Ruskin anathematized. Mr. E. A. Walton's *The Ford* is one of the fine things of the exhibition, in its combination of strength and delicacy in colour and form. A remarkably fine work also is Mr. Alexander Roche's *Summer Hours*, joyous in spirit and finely co-ordinated throughout. It is a remarkable achievement for one who for years has been deprived of the use of his right hand. Mr. Lorimer's *The Golden Hour*, a garden picture, conveys no sense

Studio-Talk

of the artificial ; one sees in it good arrangement and the evening light invests it with charm.

The only pure seascape in the exhibition is that by Mr. Marshall Brown, which justifies the ambitious scale on which it has been produced. Mr. Ogilvy Reid's *From the Hebrides* is also a good seapiece of a different type. Mr. Cadenhead's large Badenoch landscape is as fine a realization of the basic and essential features of Highland scenery, unsullied by anything human, as Mr. Cadenhead has produced. Mr. W. M. Frazer, who has recently been mostly engaged in English landscape, has returned to the earlier sphere of work in a charming *Atholl Moorland* with a spacious sky. Notable landscapes are also contributed by Mr. J. Whitelaw Hamilton, Mr. Archibald Kay, Mr. W. Y. Macgregor, Mr. R. B. Nisbet, and Mr. J. Coutts Michie.

Among the few animal subjects Mr. James Douglas's *Highland Pastoral* indicates a decided development in artistic power ; and two

interiors by Mr. P. W. Adam evidence his remarkable faculty in imparting æsthetic interest to this type of work. The water-colour section is unusually large and contains much interesting work, the chief contributors being Mr. Thomas Scott, Mr. Cadenhead, Mr. Edwin Alexander, Mr. A. K. Brown, Mr. Henry Kerr, and Miss Katherine Cameron. A. E.

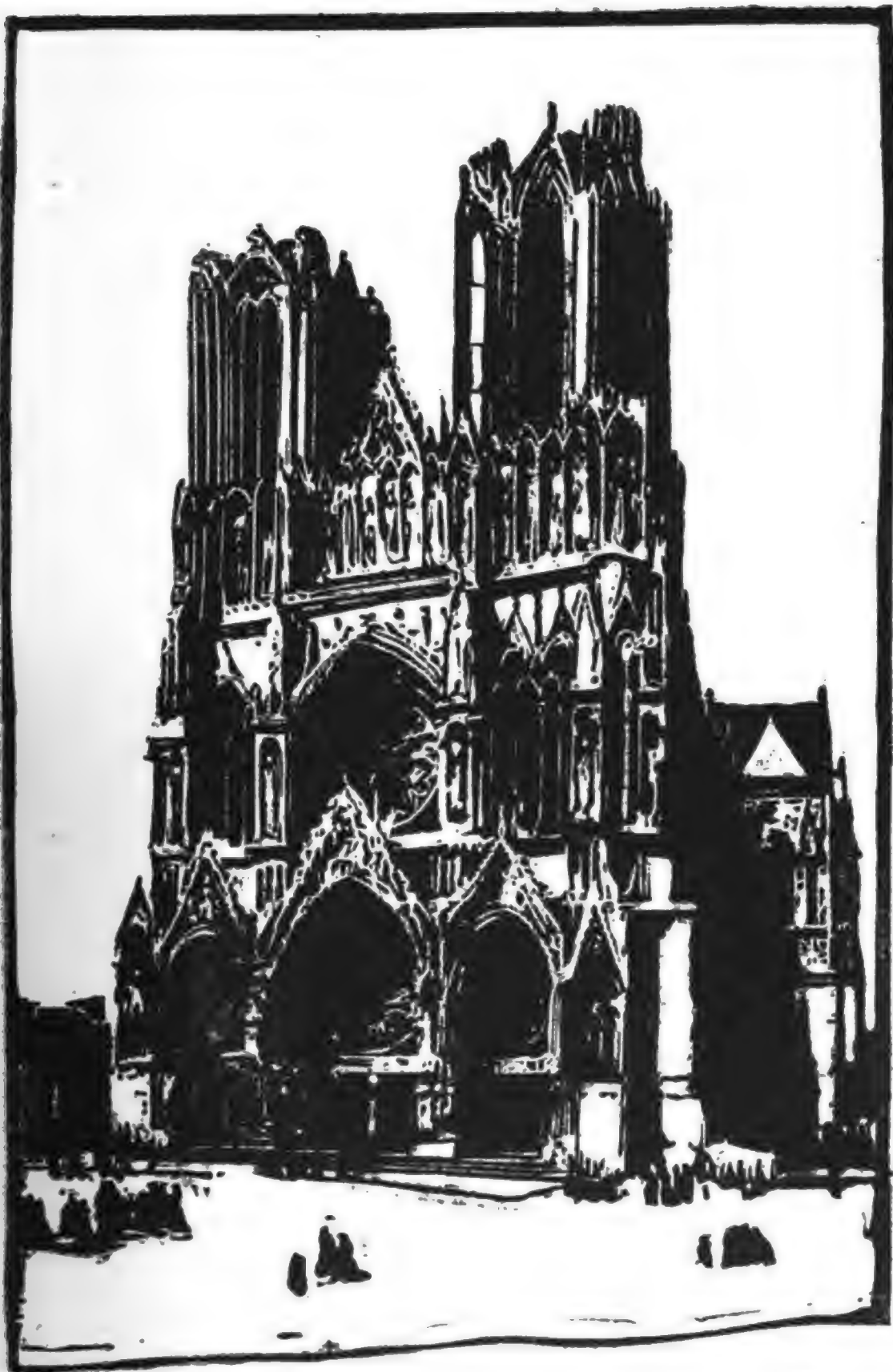
GLASGOW.—Amongst the younger Glasgow artists, Captain Allan D. Mainds is certainly one of the most versatile. As a designer of costumes and posters, as a painter and instructor in black and white, wood-block cutting and printing, he has few equals, and is ever ready to impart his store of knowledge to those seeking his aid. As an officer at present serving his country in the Royal Field Artillery, he finds his pencil not one of the least useful implements of warfare. His *Rheims Cathedral* is a characteristic example of his wood-block cutting ability. E. A. T.



"THE WHITE COCKATOO"

(Royal Scottish Academy)

BY ROBERT HOPE, A.R.S.A.

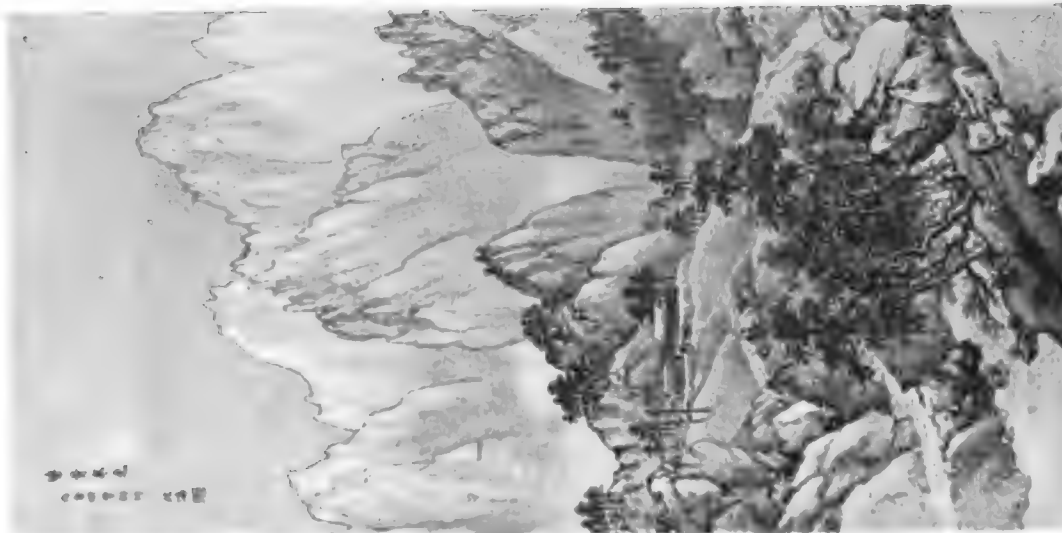


"RHEIMS CATHEDRAL,"
FROM A WOOD BLOCK PRINT
BY ALLAN D. MAINDS.



(*Eleventh Mombusho Art
Exhibition, Tokyo*).

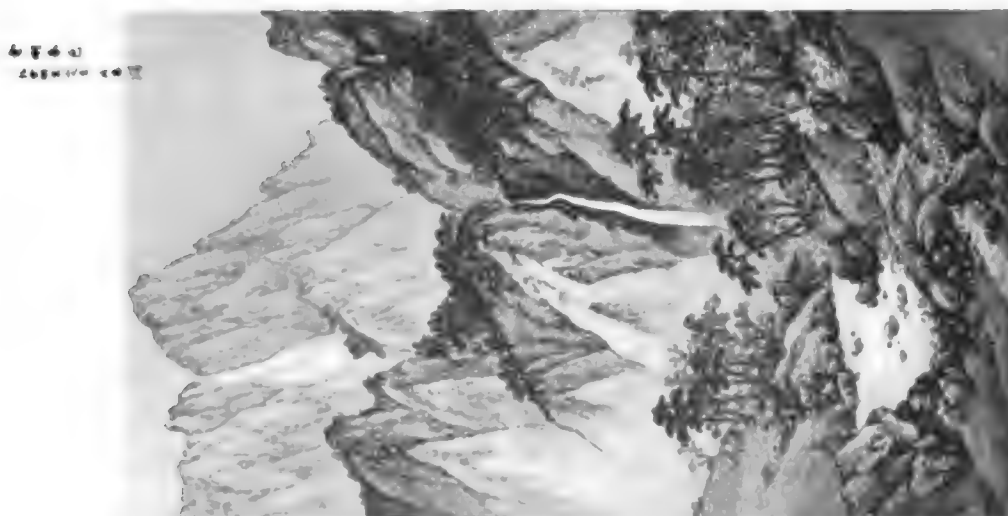
"IN THE MIDST OF A SONG"
BY SHIMA-SEIYEN



"WINTER"



"AUTUMN"



"SPRING"

THREE OF THE "FOUR VIEWS OF KONGOZAN [KOREA]." PAINTED BY TAKASHIMA-HOKKAI AND SHOWN AT THE
ELEVENTH MOMBUSHO ART EXHIBITION, TOKYO

Studio-Talk

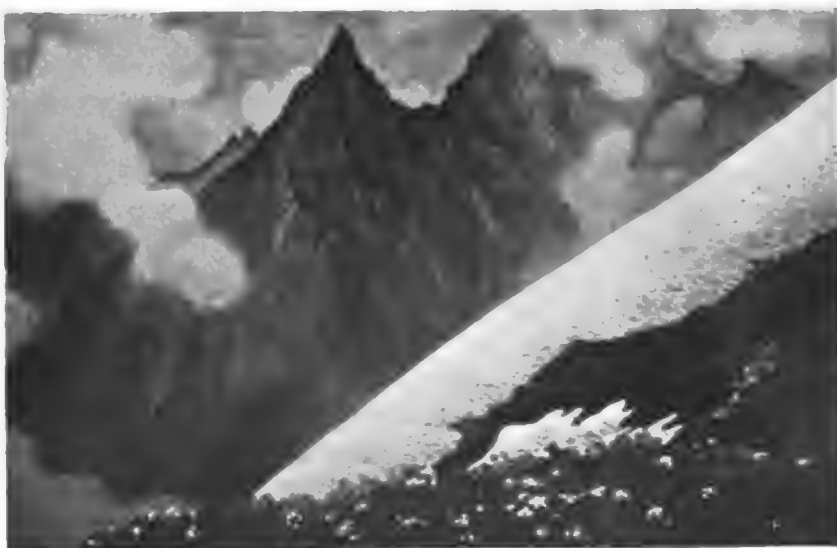
TOKYO.—The Eleventh Annual Mombusho Art Exhibition, which recently came to an end, was a great success.

The section of Japanese paintings contained 192 subjects, 145 of which were selected out of 2242 paintings submitted to the Judging Committee, the remainder being contributed by the judges and artists privileged to exhibit *hors concours*. The section of European painting (chiefly oils) contained 92 pictures, of which 69 were selected from 1385 sent in. A quarter of a million people visited the exhibition during its five weeks' run in Tokyo, and 71,000 in Kyoto, where it was open for a fortnight.

One of the most popular works in the exhibition was a screen painting by Kaburaki-Kiyokata, called *Black Hair*, illustrating the ancient custom of maidens washing their hair early on the morning of the *tanabata* (the festival of the stars). The qualities pertaining to feminine youth are admirably suggested in this painting, and the climax is attained in the black hair, the pride and very life of the Japanese maiden. Kiyokata is accounted the greatest painter of *bin-jinga* (pictures of beautiful women) in Tokyo. Highly commendable was the series of small *kakemono* entitled *Eight Views of Hakuba Mountains*, by Terasaki-Kogyo, a professor at the Imperial School of Fine Arts, Tokyo, and universally recognized as one of the greatest contemporary artists of Japan. Constantly devising new means of expression, Kogyo draws ever closer to Nature for inspiration and improvement of his art. Since his visit to China some years ago, his landscapes have

shown even more depth and sublimity, and in technique and feeling they reveal an approximation to the work of the old Chinese masters.

As usual, the Kyoto artists were very strongly represented at the exhibition. In wonderful mastery of technique, Takenouchi-Seiho, their leader, stands pre-eminent. The subtle gradation of colour-values and the masterly brush-strokes shown in his picture, *The Day Labourer*, commanded admiration. Seiho's *forte* is the painting of small animals and birds, which he depicts with the fewest possible strokes of the brush, but he is quite able to cope with big subjects. He has been occupied for some years painting a ceiling for a big temple in Kyoto ;



TWO OF "EIGHT VIEWS OF HAKUBA MOUNTAINS" BY TERASAKI-KOGYO
(Eleventh Mombusho Art Exhibition, Tokyo)



THREE OF THE "SIX VIEWS OF MOUNTAIN PATHS"

BY YAMADA-KEICHU

(Eleventh Mombusho Art Exhibition, Tokyo)

and the work, when completed, is anticipated to be the greatest work of his life. Among other Kyoto artists prominently represented was Kawamura-Manshu, whose special talent in portraying the effect of the mist on landscape was well displayed in a set of three paintings entitled *Nihon Sankei*, depicting three places most noted for scenic beauty in Japan, Miyajima, Matsushima, and Ama-no-Hashidate; and Shoda-Kakuyu, whose set of four paintings of *The Moon of the Four Seasons* was one of the best I have seen of this subject, often attempted by our artists.

The exhibition contained many other praiseworthy landscapes. Takashima-Hokkai, of Tokyo, one of the Committee, who became known abroad at the time of the St. Louis World's Fair in 1905, showed an improvement of his art in his *Four Views of Kongozan*, a product of his recent visit to Korea. Yamada-

Keichu, of Tokyo, exhibited a set of panels entitled *Six Views of Mountain Paths*, full of meritorious qualities, as was also the case with Tanaka-Raisho's *Waterfalls of Four Seasons*.

Works by women artists were conspicuously rare on this occasion. The foremost among them, Uyemura-Shoyen, of Kyoto, was unable to send this time; and Ikeda-Shoyen, latterly the best-known lady artist in Tokyo, was unable through serious illness to complete the work she intended sending, and passed away soon after the exhibition closed. Only two women exhibited in the section of Japanese painting: Shima-Seiyen of Osaka, and Kurihara-Gyokuyo of Tokyo. The former exhibited a rather dramatic subject—*In the Midst of a Song*—a blind girl singing and playing on the samisen, portrayed at an embarrassing instant when one of the strings came to grief.

HARADA-JIRO.





"PORTRAIT OF A LADY."
FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY
PILADE BERTIERI.



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The Paintings of Niels M. Lund

THE PAINTINGS OF THE LATE NIELS M. LUND.

WHEN, a couple of years ago, it became known that Niels Lund, in the prime and vigour of life, had died suddenly of heart-failure, the news was received with a shock of widespread regret. It was felt poignantly that there had gone from us a man of engaging personality, sympathetic nature, and sincerity of character, and a painter of attractive and distinguished quality, from whom much was still to be expected in the revelation of pictorial beauty. With his unassuming gentle manner and his genial vein of quiet humour, Lund struck one at first meeting as a thoroughly likeable fellow, but one could not help feeling that the deeper essentials of genuine comradeship were there for the easy finding. So with his art. If his pictures had that about them of pictorial attractiveness which arrested the eye with a ready sense of admiration, any distrust of

picturesque obviousness would be dispelled by the discovery of justifying qualities of true painters' vision and expressive art. There was never any suggestion of artistic cheapness in the distinction which won for his landscapes, with their virile thoroughness of painting, draughtsmanship, and composition, prominence and favour in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy and the Salon.

Niels Moller Lund was regarded always as a Newcastle man, and there, in the city on the Tyne, the nobler pictorial aspects of which he had recorded in more than one notable canvas, they showed their local pride in his achievement by a memorial exhibition of his pictures at the Laing Art Gallery. But he was really a Dane. Faaborg, in Funen, was his birthplace, and by the waters of the Little Belt he passed the first four years of his childhood. Then his father came over to England and started business as a shipping agent at Newcastle, which thus became the place of the boy's bringing-up. On leaving school he went into his father's office,



"CHEPSTOW CASTLE"

LXV. No. 259.—SEPTEMBER 1918

BY NIELS M. LUND



"THE CITY OF DURHAM." BY NIELS M. LUND



"WINDSOR CASTLE." BY NIELS M. LUND

The Paintings of Niels M. Lund

but a short time there was sufficient to convince him that business was not his vocation, whereas in the evening drawing classes he discovered his true bent. When it was decided that he was to follow art as a career, he came to London, and passed his period of pupilage at St. John's Wood Art School and in the schools of the Royal Academy. Further study in Paris served to equip him with that soundness of painters' craft which was so characteristic of his work.

Niels Lund was always artistically attracted by the human figure, his graceful treatment of the nude inclining rather to the academic, as one may see in *The Bath of Diana*, where nymphs and landscape form a decorative scheme; while in several portraits he revealed an interest in character which enabled him to present the individuality of his subject with an engaging sense of vitality. But his temperament was more truly that of the landscape painter, and it was landscape in its more romantic aspects that specially appealed to him. Happiest among the straths of the Scotch highlands, with their tumultuous waters and picturesque domination of characteristic trees, he would feel all the significant beauty of an ancient castle amid surroundings of romantic impressiveness; while

the scenic sentiment of a great city would call to him for pictorial record in a spacious and comprehensive vista. So, on a large and important canvas, which he called *The Heart of the Empire*, he painted London as he saw it under a troubled sky, looking westward from the top of the Royal Exchange. The mood of the sky invariably plays its influential part in Niels Lund's pictures, and in one capacious view of Newcastle a great sky of rolling cloud has a very dramatic effect on the aspect of the smoky city, seen across many roofs, with a patch of light falling upon the river against which a church spire is silhouetted. The Tyne has inspired the painter, in at least one canvas, to a charming pictorial intimacy with its busy aspect of bridge and craft-crowded river. In *The City of Durham*, which is one of our illustrations, we have, perhaps, the most impressively picturesque view of the city on the Wear, and, with the river flowing round the base of the eminence crowned by castle and cathedral, one of the most rhythmical of Lund's larger compositions.

In *Windsor Castle* the artist has let the historic pile take the sunlight with a gentle beauty, emphasized by the shadows on the "silver-streaming Thames" cast by the noble



"THE HAUNT OF THE ROE DEER"

BY NIELS M. LUND



"FALLS OF DOCHART." BY NIELS M. LUND

The Paintings of Niels M. Lund

clump of trees in the foreground, and in this charming picture his quality of scenic poetry has found happy expression. How often, one wonders, since Turner showed the masterly way, have artists essayed to interpret pictorially the beauty of Chepstow Castle, as it stands, in all its dignity of ruin, on the cliffs that bank the lovely waters of the Wye? Yet it is doubtful if any modern painter has given us a more beautiful vision than this of Lund's, illustrated here, with its warm glow of suffused sunlight.

Dignity of design became more and more a guiding factor in Lund's landscape as he came to a fuller pictorial understanding of the majestic forces of Nature, but a natural graciousness is never lacking. One recalls pleasantly the tender grace of that very early picture of his, *The Haunt of the Roe Deer*, with its lambent charm of sunlight; and then one remembers, with no less artistic satisfaction, the sadder beauty of *Departing Autumn*, which Lund might have painted under the stimulus of Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," so full is it of the "breath of autumn's being." This was one of the many diverse moods and aspects in which he depicted his beloved Perthshire, for that beautiful part of Scotland was certainly his

happiest pictorial hunting-ground. Here, especially in the neighbourhood of Killin, he found the subjects in which his soul most delighted and his art achieved its fullest and most individual expression. Here, in his pictorial mastery of the waters in their foaming tumult of torrent, fall, and swirl, he showed his greatest accomplishments as a painter. With extraordinary variety of interest and rhythm his brush seemed to make the waters live and move and roar. In many a picture of distinguished beauty he did this, but even when he painted other views of the same torrent he avoided anything in the nature of sameness or repetition. *The Falls of Dochart*, reproduced here, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1914, is typical of the kind of picture in which Niels Lund put forth all his powers, and here he is certainly at his best. But no less representative would be *Winter in the North*, *Spate in the Highlands*, *Falls of Turnwell*, *Yuletide in Perthshire*, *The Pearl Fisher*, *The Wilds of Rannoch*, and *Mid the Wild Music of the Glen*. Mezzotint and etching Lund practised less, perhaps, for their own intrinsic qualities of expression than for reproducing with the charm of black and white certain subjects of his painting.



"DEPARTING AUTUMN" (UNFINISHED)

BY NIELS M. LUND



"THE BATH OF DIANA"
BY NIELS M. LUND

(In the possession of
William Petersen, Esq.)

Miniatures in the Pierpont Morgan Collection

MINIATURES IN THE PIERPONT MORGAN COLLECTION. VI.—THE CHARDIN SNUFF-BOX.

[The preceding articles in this series appeared in our issues of November and December 1914, October 1915, July 1916, and July 1917.]

IT has been well said that the artist who can draw correctly is independent of vehicles. It matters not whether it is in water-colour or in oil, in enamel or in lithography, in pastel or in pencil, that he works; his productions are noteworthy, they constitute works of art. This very facility has at times, however, proved a danger, but at other times a delight, because a great painter loves to turn from one medium to another, and to experiment in some unaccustomed vehicle or technique. The treasure from Mr. Morgan's famous collection which we illustrate is one of such experiments, and in it a great master has proved his skill and his facility. It is, so far as is known, the only snuff-box ever decorated by Jean Baptiste Siméon Chardin, and it was executed for the jeweller Godefroy, who made the box, and whose children Chardin had represented in his two famous pictures of *The Child with the Top* and *The Young Man with the Violin*.

It was painted in 1740, and all the scenes upon it were the work of Chardin's own hand, so the tradition states. Chardin is said to have watched the production of a box somewhat similar in design, and to have wondered whether he could decorate one. Godefroy encouraged the idea, and in the jeweller's own workshop the box was painted, and from his heirs Mr. Morgan acquired it through a famous Parisian dealer. The story goes that it took too long to execute, and the work was found too tedious for it ever to be repeated, and so in this box Mr. Morgan claimed to possess an absolutely unique work.

Chardin in his own time was but little appreciated, and so modest was he that he set slight store by his own paintings—on one occasion exchanging an important work with a friend for a fancy waistcoat his companion offered him in return. In his lifetime and long afterwards his pictures sold for quite small sums, and only during the present generation has the world found out what artists always knew, that Chardin was one of the world's greatest painters.

Born in 1699 Chardin lived to the age of eighty. His father was a maker of billiard-tables, a hard-working, industrious man, who bore a high character for integrity and uprightness. Siméon proved his title to be an artist early in life. Beginning as a pupil to Cazes, in whose studio he at first performed quite menial tasks, he soon gave evidence of his skill, and then went to Coypel, from whom he learned to "paint with minute accuracy whatever his eye beheld." This lesson he never forgot. It influenced all his career, and Chardin's pictures are truthful representations, painted with a Velazquez-like realism and with honest intention to present them in every way as they actually are. He must yet, however, be distinguished from the Dutch and Flemish painters of still-life, inasmuch as his productions are marked by a human interest, a keen sympathy with the objects presented, which the Dutchmen often did not possess.

We have no space to deal in full with his career, or to do more than refer to his first marriage to the girl whom he courted when she was sick, and bravely married when she was poor and in weak health; to the loss of his wife and daughter; to the tragic end of his much-beloved son; to his second marriage with the widow who cheered and encouraged him; to his admission under dramatic circumstances to the Academy; to his terrible illness, and to his indomitable courage and pluck; but we must add to the record some words of admiration for the character of a simple-hearted, upright, honest artist, who won the esteem and affection of his colleagues and was regarded by all who knew him as a man of remarkable probity, tact, and courage. His life was not without its tragedies; poverty at one time came very close to him, and in his later years his sufferings were acute, but he was always fearless and cheerful. He worked up to the very last, and as has been well said, "the portraits of his closing years, in quite a new technique—that of pastel—betray no decline in keenness of vision or in power of expression." His knowledge of shadows and reflections was supreme, his truth and accuracy in drawing impeccable, his sense of colour extraordinary, and his power of grouping consummate. Mr. Morgan's fine box, if it does not show him at his very best, exhibits him in pleasing mood, and is a precious example of the art of a great master.

GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON.



SNUFF-BOX DECORATED
WITH PAINTINGS BY
J. B. S. CHARDIN.



Recent Prints by W. Lee Hankey, R.E.

SOME RECENT PRINTS BY
W. LEE HANKEY, R.E.

CAPTAIN LEE HANKEY'S development as an engraver has been full of interest as it has been marked always by experiment and advance. He has etched in bold firm lines; he has made monochrome aquatints of quality; he has been one of the foremost exponents of the colour-print from aquatint plates for the tints and soft-ground etching for the contours; and always he has expressed uncompromisingly his own vision; but it is with the intimacy of the direct touch of the dry-point upon the copper that he has found, perhaps, his most characteristic expression. His manner of handling the method is distinctive and admirably adapted to his pictorial conception. This is seen with particular charm in the group of prints which he has produced within the last two or three years. His period of active service in the earlier part of the war brought him in contact with various types of French and Flemish peasantry, and in the simple pathos of their humble, war-gripped lives he has found pictorial material which has made poignant appeal to his human, no less than to his artistic, sympathy. With a peculiar tenderness of expression, therefore, he has used his dry-point, visualizing his subjects with the ample tonal sense of the painter rather than with the etcher's suggestive reticence of line, albeit linear definition, artistically unobtrusive, invests the designs with essential vitality.

More than one of these prints has already been seen in THE STUDIO, notably *Her Sole Possession* (March 1917), a young French war-widow drawing comfort from the nestling of her infant.

Now we reproduce some further typical examples of this appealing phase of Captain Lee Hankey's art. There is something beyond artistic beauty in these prints: there is real human emotion. In *The Widow* the artist has concentrated himself on the utter sorrow expressed in the toil-worn face of the bereaved woman, with her sleeping baby held dejectedly upon her lap, while the wistful look of the child by her side seems to emphasize the poignancy of this moment with the outlook of long, sad, laborious years to come. Here the dry-point work is remarkably rich and luminous. A

Flemish Mother is a charming contrast, for here is hope expressive in the young woman's gaze—a little anxiety, too, perhaps, for the husband is doubtless in the firing-line; but the delicious baby on her knee is so much alive, and herein is a solacing joy. The composition is engagingly simple, the tender sentiment of the thing convincing. *Tant Difficile* gives us a pathetic glimpse into one of these humble little homes, from which the bread-winner has been drawn for soldiering, never probably to return. The poor room, with its tell-tale of difficult life for this young mother, has been realized, in all its small detail, with true pictorial harmony. It is characteristic of the artist that he appears to love plump babies and small children, in all their potent helplessness, even as Swinburne loved them, with such a tender vitality he depicts them, while delicately suggesting their relative significance and the sheltering mother-love. In *French Folk*, an aged peasant woman seems to be trying to comfort, with her sad, wise resignation, a young girl, maybe her grandchild, to whom the war has brought a sorrow doubtless that recalls an experience of her own in the long ago. The face of this old wrinkled woman, with all its expression of character and feeling, is a remarkable study that Rembrandt himself might not have disdained, and the aged hands with the claw-like fingers, how truly they are drawn! *Fading Light* also gives us a beautifully pathetic study of an old woman; but the light is going out of her life, and, as she lies on her death-bed, with her hands powerless, she gazes upward into some hopeful beyond, where there can reach her no longer any tidings of the war, that, with its horrors so near, has saddened her last days. How living, how intimate the scene is! With what tender, loving draughtsmanship the artist has realized it! A gladder beauty is that of *A Daughter of Spain*, a print, indeed, of charm, done presumably in the happy days of peace, when the artist's "active service" was to draw for delight's sake an attractive girl sitting with easy grace in the sunshine of her native warm South. Two other phases of Captain Lee Hankey's art are also shown here. *Sur la Neige*, with its delicate drawing of leafless trees in a sunny atmosphere, reveals his sensitive feeling for landscape; while *An Easter Egg*, done from four—or was it five?—plates, shows him quite at his best as a maker of artistic colour-prints.

MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.



"A FLEMISH MOTHER"
DRY-POINT BY W. LEE HANKEY, R.E.



"TANT DIFFICILE." DRY-POINT
BY W. LEE HANKEY, R.E.



Figure 1. A person in a dark, textured environment, possibly a cave or a dark room. The person is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, garment and is positioned in the center of the frame. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on the person's face and clothing, contrasting sharply with the dark background. The image has a grainy, high-contrast quality, suggesting it might be a reproduction of a painting or a low-quality scan of a photograph.







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Reviews

water-jars and incense-cases, some of them fetching several thousand yen. There were many excellent examples of the lacquer-ware with which the ancient homes of Japan have been enriched in times past. Among these mention should be made of a set of red lacquer boxes for food, with some exquisite carving of floral designs round the sides, which with the tray belonging to them fetched 8900 yen.

HARADA-JIRO.

REVIEWS.

The Dawn of the French Renaissance. By ARTHUR TILLEY, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of King's College, Cambridge. (Cambridge: The University Press.) 25s. net.—Practically completed before the outbreak of war in 1914, and for the most part printed in the year following, Mr. Tilley's exhaustive study of the causes and influences which contributed to the Renaissance movement in France will be welcomed by all serious students of the history of art and letters. It is of some significance to note at the present time, when many, including the author, appear to anticipate the advent of a Renaissance more general and more profound than any that has taken place in the past, that the movement of four centuries ago followed upon a long period of almost incessant war. The chief impetus came, in fact, from the Italian expedition of Charles VIII, who with his courtiers in their progress from city to city became deeply impressed by the evidences of the Renaissance in the country of its origin. With the various phases of the movement in Italy and this expedition of Charles VIII, as with other influences which helped to inaugurate the movement in France—conspicuous among them being that exercised by Humanists of the Low Countries—the author deals at considerable length in his opening chapters, reserving for the latter part of the book a detailed consideration of the movement as it affected the respective departments of letters and the major and minor arts—architecture, sculpture, painting, stained glass, enamelling, weaving, etc., and here the letterpress is reinforced by illustrations of well-chosen examples in the various categories. It is to be hoped that Mr. Tilley's treatise, embodying as it does the results of painstaking research and study extending over many years, may meet with the appreciation it deserves as a valuable

contribution to the history of one of the greatest movements in the progress of civilization.

Matthew Maris: An Illustrated Souvenir. (The French Gallery, Pall Mall.) £1 1s. net; special edition, £2 2s. net.—The recent memorial exhibition of the works of Matthew Maris at the French Gallery was an event of more than ordinary importance, and the interest it aroused was in itself an eloquent tribute to the memory of this remarkable artist. It was impossible for various reasons, and especially because of the difficulties connected with transport, to make this display as comprehensive and representative as desired, and so, in arranging this illustrated souvenir, the organizers of the exhibition have not restricted themselves to the work shown therein, but have included reproductions of important paintings and drawings that are now dispersed far and wide. The reproductions are over fifty in number, and many of them are in photogravure, nearly all the others being in half-tone, and the quality of the prints is excellent throughout. As a frontispiece there is included a photogravure reproduction of J. M. Swan's fine portrait of Matthew Maris, and the letterpress, besides a memoir and appreciation of him, includes an interesting note on his technique by Mr. F. Lessore.

Light and Shade and their Applications. By M. LUCKIESH. (London: Constable and Co., Ltd.) 12s. 6d. net.—The scientific analysis of the phenomena of lighting and the correlative phenomena of shade, which is the subject of this treatise—a companion to the author's work on "Colour and its Applications," already noticed in these columns—has an important bearing on the plastic arts, and in this connexion the chapters on Light and Shade in Sculpture, Architecture, and Painting are worth studying by those concerned in these branches of art, as well as by those who are entrusted with the arrangement of works of art in galleries and rooms. The discussion throughout is accompanied by illustrations and diagrams.

The Art Gallery Committee of the City of Bradford, Yorkshire, has issued a second and greatly enlarged *Illustrated Catalogue of the Permanent Collection of Pictures and other Works of Art in the Corporation Art Gallery*. The collection consists mainly of purchases and the majority of the works are by British artists now living or recently deceased.

Samuel Lewis



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10. The tenth part of the document discusses the importance of data innovation and research. It emphasizes that data can be used to drive innovation and research, and that there must be mechanisms in place to encourage and support data-driven innovation. The text outlines various ways to promote data innovation and research, such as data challenges, data incubators, and data research grants.





















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STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—Our frontispiece this month is a reproduction of *The Pool*, a characteristic painting by Mr. Anning Bell, in which his refined sense of colour and disciplined draughtsmanship are admirably exemplified. In these days, when the cult of colour tends to run to extremes and we are often called upon to admire paintings which have about as much right to be called works of art as a bit of "crazy" patchwork, it is necessary to

insist upon the significance of form as a vital element in pictorial productions. The correlative importance of colour and form in a painting was years ago emphasized by Ruskin, who certainly was no whit behind the ultra-moderns of to-day in recognizing the asthetic value of colour.

A few months ago we published a reproduction of a stained wood panel, *Madonna and Child*, by Miss Jeanne Labrousse, and we now supplement this by another charming example of her work—*Joan of Arc*, in which her decorative

instinct again finds expression. We have already mentioned that Miss Labrousse, who is French by birth, received her training in this kind of work at the Polytechnic Institute School of Art in Regent Street—the only school, we believe, that makes a speciality of it. Admirably suited as it is for achieving rich and varied colour effects through the medium of stains applied to wood, it is surprising that this very artistic craft does not receive more attention, especially as the technical difficulties are by no means serious. It is found that certain woods give much better results than others—sycamore and American white wood being among the best kinds—and also that the stain is apt to "run," but with practice this tendency is soon overcome. The important matter, of course, is the design and its suitability to the medium, and that is where the artistic instinct comes into operation.

The formal announcement made a few weeks ago of Mr. Joseph Duveen's generous offer to provide funds for the erection of a gallery of



DESIGN FOR A DRAMATIC AUTHORS' CLUB

(See preceding article)

BY W. H. BIRCH







THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C.





The first of these is the fact that the majority of the population of the United States is now living in urban areas. This is a result of the process of urbanization, which has been going on since the beginning of the industrial revolution. The second is the fact that the majority of the population is now living in the middle class. This is a result of the process of social mobility, which has been going on since the beginning of the industrial revolution. The third is the fact that the majority of the population is now living in the middle class. This is a result of the process of social mobility, which has been going on since the beginning of the industrial revolution.

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2. BY HARRISON S. MORRIS

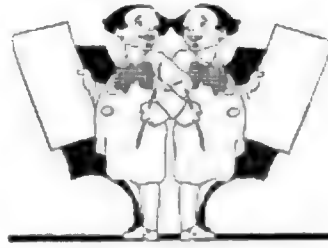
The high traditions of the original schools of art of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts ended with Eakins. These schools have come down from Sully and Charles Willson Peale to Scheussle and Leutzé, and Eakins had imbibed the sincere and thorough principles they had implanted. Theirs was an art founded on knowledge and imagination, an intellectual art that embodied beauty with truth.

Eakins received much of his instruction from the two latter painters, and finished it off under Bonnat and Gérôme in Paris. He naturally sought these masters of the delineation of the actual, because his mind was a radical one which went to the roots of beauty, to its noble structures and uncompromising justice, rather than to its superficial loveliness. What he sought with his searching brush was reality, because his cultivated intellect perceived that beauty rests in reality so deeply that nothing genuine can be ugly.

He became the chief inspiration of those schools in Philadelphia and led them for many years in sanity of teaching and in the spirit of enjoyment that forgets the hard work in art for its infinite returns to the soul. You can see the imprint of his forceful nature in much of the best painting and illustrating that was done in this country from the period of the Centennial Exposition down to yesterday. He himself worked with an enthusiasm that regarded everything as negligible but art; and he put into the minds and hands of his pupils a reverence for the principles of creative painting and sculpture that made them his devoted adorers and animated them with his own aims and often with his own technique. His dominating character overcame the weak; but into the strong it entered with a purpose so powerful as to leave its trace in much of American art as we know it. The graces are often of Gallic origin; the strength came much from Eakins and the traditions he carried onward from the old sources in Philadelphia.

But a reaction, as always, set in which, with polite views about art, saw in the virile teaching and manly productions of Eakins a shock to its fastidious conventions. The right man was lifted from the right place and gentler etiquette began a new kind of era. Eakins was thus liberated to paint the things which teaching had checked and he poured out a rich abundance of canvases and often of sculptures, that had its reflection in the group now shown in his manly memory.

I can conceive of few happier careers than that of Eakins. He was no fashionable painter avid of admiration. He went his steady way toward his goal and he attained it if ever man did. He had the happiness of achieving what he sought to do with brush and clay; he drew around him the companions he liked, whose ideals were his own; he lived a domestic life of tranquil comfort and intellectual interchange; he was respected and admired as an artist, though more beyond than in his own city; and he saw his faithful pupils rise and go forth to fame, to positions at home and abroad of enviable rank. He did what he liked, and what he liked was best worth doing in all our list of endeavour, for he was a great artist and he enriched our national possessions with masterpieces



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(Continued from page 8)



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AMONG THE AUGUST FICTION

TOWARDS MORNING

By I. A. R. WYLIE, author of "The Shining Heights," etc. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50 net.

The making of a German soldier has never been so affectingly told as in this latest book by Miss Wylie. That she knows the German character through and through there can be no manner of doubt in the mind of anyone who reads this touching story and follows Helmut's career from the early days when his mother, his dog and a wooden doll formed his small world, who were wrenched from him through Prussian discipline, to the terrible night when a hardened, callous, brutalized German soldier, he was ordered to a peasant's hut to debauch the solitary girl who lived there, and recognized in her the beloved playmate of his childhood. Then comes Helmut's soul-awakening. The soul the iron hand of Prussianism had well-nigh crushed to death is saved by a woman's love. To his old parents, Helmut's end means ruin and disgrace, to the girl who loved him, it means the morning light of peace and victory.

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trenches of two million sets of drawings by Raemaekers which show Germany's forty years of preparation for the war.

Here in this country, our artists have contributed immeasurably to the success of Recruiting, Red Cross, Food Saving, War Savings Stamps and Liberty Loan campaigns. Over 2,000 separate designs in posters have already been put out as the most direct means of carrying conviction to the minds of the people on the real issues of the war.

As the war has gone on, our artists have themselves felt more and more keenly the vital questions involved, and have expressed in their work more clearly and forcibly the things which were inspired by their own deep-rooted convictions. To the good technique and patriotic fervour that our artists have brought to their tasks, it is hoped that there may be added a little of the special knowledge of psychology and of advertising sense which should come from a study of some of the fundamental principles involved in the creation of pictorial publicity.

FOUR TYPES OF PICTORIAL PUBLICITY

Posters, window cards, cartoons and illustrations meet on the common ground of attracting attention where type alone would fail. These four forms of publicity do their work in different fields. This monograph is designed to cover the essentials of the poster.

The Poster—which appears in public places and usually out-of-doors—must attract attention in the face of a thousand distractions and competitors for attention, and must make itself understood by people who are usually moving and intent on other things. It calls for a large size, a forceful use of design and colour and a simple presentation of its message with the minimum of print.

The subway or elevated car card is a poster designed for a special place, and it is a place of which the publicity value can not be overrated. The passengers are less distracted than pedestrians or travellers on surface vehicles and, if not reading newspapers, have nothing other than the car card to interest them.

It may seem desirable here to make a distinction between posters and window cards, as both are widely used at present by the Division of Pictorial Publicity.

The Poster must attract, tell its story forcefully and at once. It must be so designed as to be seen in its entirety from a passing motor car. If the message is rendered in a way too complex for this instantaneous view, there is too much in the design.

The Window Card need attract only up to the point of declaring its presence in the window at close range. It may even possess enough poster value to attract from across a street and draw the passer-by up to the window. Having done this, it may contain much detail—even complexity—considerable text—even considerable matter for study—for it is the vehicle for conveying matter too involved for presentation in the necessarily pyrotechnic flash of the poster.

The Cartoon—which appears in newspapers or periodicals—easily attracts

(Continued on page 13)

Notable New Works on Art, Architecture and Decoration

TO APPEAR IN AUGUST

The Studio Year Book of Decorative Art, 1918

Edited by CHARLES HOLME. Profusely illustrated. 4to. Paper, \$2.50 net. Cloth, \$3.00 net.

As in the case of previous numbers, this thirteenth annual number contains articles dealing with the artistic construction, decoration and equipment of the home as exemplified by the work of the leading architects, designers and craftsmen of the day. A series of three articles written and illustrated by Mr. M. H. Baillie Scott discussing the designing, planning and decorating of a country cottage, a small country house, and a suburban house will be found an attractive feature of the volume. In addition, there are numerous illustrations of exterior and interior domestic architecture, interior decoration, furniture, mural decoration, metal work, pottery, embroidery, textile fabrics, intarsia, painted fans, etc.

Life and Works of Ozias Humphry, R.A.

By GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON, Litt.D.

*Printed on hand-made paper, with about 150 illustrations in half-tone, color, and photogravure.
Edition limited to 400 copies for England and America. Demi 4to, \$20.00 net.*

This book was in preparation in 1914, and held over on account of the war, but, owing to the interest aroused in the artist by the "Romney Case," it was decided to publish it at once.

Hitherto Ozias Humphry has been little known outside the ranks of connoisseurs, but the famous case has drawn attention not only to his name but to his considerable merits as an artist. Apart from his importance as a miniaturist and painter, Ozias Humphry's was a peculiarly interesting life. His love affairs were of the most romantic kind, and he knew practically everyone of note in his time, not only in the artistic but in the social and in the Bohemian world.

Dr. Williamson has made some extraordinary finds, both in the matter of unpublished letters and of miniatures; and for its material and illustrations alone the book should take high rank among lives of painters.

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In this volume Mr. A. J. Finberg, the well-known writer and art expert, traces the development of British landscape painting in water-colors, from the work of the earliest exponents down to that of the present day; while an article on the Scottish artists is contributed by Mr. E. A. Taylor.

A Singularly Appealing Romance from the Field of Battle

TO BE PUBLISHED IN SEPTEMBER

The Love of an Unknown Soldier Found in a Dugout

With an Introduction by Mr. JOHN LANE. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25 net.

The publication of documents as intimate as those printed in this little volume requires some explanation.

The manuscript was submitted to Mr. John Lane, London, by a young officer of the R. F. A., home from the front on leave. He explained that he had brought with him from France a bundle which he had found in one of the dugouts of an abandoned gun position. At first he thought they might be papers of military importance. This fact alone aroused his curiosity. When he had time to examine them carefully he discovered that he was prying into the intimate secret of a brother officer, who was in all probability dead. There was no indication of the writer's name or of his unit, and the name of the girl whom he had loved was never recorded, so the people most intimately concerned were left entirely anonymous. His first impulse was to respect the dead man's privacy and destroy the papers, but on thinking the matter over he began to feel more and more strongly that they ought to be given back to the woman who had inspired such adoration and courage. The difficulty of doing so, however, seemed insuperable. It was under these circumstances that he brought the story to Mr. Lane.

On reading the tattered manuscript Mr. Lane was from the first impressed with its literary value, but as he read on he became more and more deeply absorbed in its poignant human importance, especially in its importance to some particular American girl, who, all unknowingly, had quickened the last days of this unknown soldier's life with romance. He felt she must be discovered, and that the only chance of doing so was by publishing the documents.

Somewhere in France, where she is carrying on her work of mercy, this little book may stray into her hands. If it does, she will certainly recognize herself and remember those days of kindness that meant so much to a young British officer on leave in Paris. Should this happen, Mr. Lane wishes her to know that the original papers, which were meant for her only and rescued by chance from a crumbling dugout, are awaiting her in his London office and will be handed over as soon as she presents herself.

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(Extract from a letter to the publisher)

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JOHN LANE COMPANY, Publishers, NEW YORK

September Novels

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A dramatic story of the first year of the war, of the attitude of America and her growing sense of the challenge, culminating in the emotions roused by the sinking of the "Lusitania."

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"An international romance—with a war tinge," perhaps best describes Mr. Gibbon's new novel. It deals with the love affairs of an Oxford man and a Chicago girl in Germany, England, the United States, Canada, and then England again, later, under the stress of war.

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CHARON CROSSING THE STYX

(See leading article)

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people are not kept in contact with good music; it is impossible to form by means of poor models a taste and a love for any art. And children prefer good songs to bad when they are given a fair chance to discriminate.

To supplement this singing there should be, I think, lectures on music by means of which the same people who come to sing could be helped to understand great compositions. These lectures would be similar in character to those given on painting, etching, etc. The arts are all related together; they obey the same laws; they reflect the same dreams. The Museum is specially suited for such lectures, since a talk on a Beethoven symphony would be much illuminated if the lecturer had on the platform a piece of sculpture or a painting by means of which he could draw comparisons and make analogies. The real difficulty that a long piece of music presents to a listener is that of making sense of it as a whole. He hears short passages that he likes and understands, but he does not put them together. Yet the plan of a symphony is a finely co-ordinated thing; it is much more highly organised than the plan of a novel can ever be; it is more like architecture than like literature. A blackboard for the bare skeleton of the form, a story that the audience knows, a painting—all these can be used to show how music forms itself. Such lectures as I describe would create intelligent listeners for whatever public concerts were given in the city. This activity should stimulate musical appreciation and quicken the musical life of Cleveland, and in no sense would it be a substitute for them.

In connection with these lectures, concerts might be given in the Museum. The best means of giving a large number of people good music would be an organ upon which music by Bach and Handel and César Franck and other great composers could be played. The organist, it is hoped, would be invisible; we should try to make the music, and the music only, the object. An occasional string-quartet concert might supplement the regular recitals. In any event we should try to have the same music played several times so that our audiences might become familiar with it. And it would be wise to keep out of the Museum the atmosphere of the virtuoso.

These plans, if properly carried out, would make of the Museum a place where all the people could join together in a common activity. They would become more intimately a part of the institution. They would learn what music really is; music would become a sociological factor in the city; it would educate the people, and it would help to eliminate racial and social distinctions.

What an inspiring thing it would be to sing with hundreds of others in so noble a place! How splendid the setting! Surrounded by forms of beauty, the people could make new and delicate music-forms go echoing through the great halls. We might make of the art a solvent; we should get away from the artificiality that often surrounds it; we should learn to love it simply and naturally.

The war has brought a tremendous awakening to the value of music. The world is aghast and civilisation is trembling in the balance. There is little



The Princess and the Pea

SOMEONE slipped a lonesome little pea under the princess' pile of twenty feather mattresses. And next morning—so the childhood fable says—the royal body was all black and blue.

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LAKE WORTH AT TWILIGHT. (Illustrated.)

UNIFORMS WHICH AMERICAN WOMEN HAVE ADOPTED FOR THEIR WAR WORK. (Illustrated.)

TOUCHSTONE HOUSES.

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Home Treatment of Shell-Shock

to be published in the next seven issues, beginning with the October number. The first article is

The Occupation Cure for Shell-Shock

By Dr. M. Allen Starr

LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Neurology, Columbia University.

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The Art of Boris Anisfeld

and their capacity for an enhanced expressiveness.

Anisfeld evidences in his work a great interest in the experiments of the last decade or two. But he is not a purely experimental painter of absolutely abstract art theories and formulæ. Though, occasionally, one of his canvases may pretend in its title at some literary idea, he is not an intellectual or a moralist, a learned scholastic or a sermonising preacher. He is in truth a painter-poet who responds to the world as the weavers of Oriental rugs, the singers of pure lyrics, the composers of symphonies respond to it. He translates his direct impressions, his memories, his moods into visions of loveliness. Those who would quarrel with a painter's joyful pæans to the glamour of an enchanted world, may as well attack the Psalms themselves.

The art of Anisfeld is quite simple in its emotional purity and intensity, but it is not on that account lacking in the elements of thought and will. His energy and fecundity of creation is of the Rubens order, and his absorption of the best in contemporary as in ancient art proves him to be swift in his grasp of essentials. The delicate gray harmonies of Whistler, the glowing flesh tones of the Italians, the plastic painting of Cézanne, the abstract beauty of pattern in Picasso, the fertile invention and variety of colour mood in Oriental art have all left their mark. Anisfeld is a modern and has accepted every hint, every suggestion which free communication with all countries and all ages affords the modern. He has not denied his heritage, nor has he been bewildered by it. He has accepted its rich bounty and has made it wholly his own. He is not a singer of a single note. His success has not been built like that of so many of our celebrities of the brush upon a single picture endlessly repeated. Though only thirty-nine, he has lived through a number of distinct phases in his style.

His earlier canvases, landscapes painted in Russia, are restrained and somewhat gray in colour. Even an autumn day is tender and delicately tinted, hushed and muted in its tones, but the restraint is, to an extent, the restraint of the colour of nature itself in the region of the Neva. In 1910, a series of paintings of still life, mostly of fish, enriched his palette. To render the glistening surfaces, the metallic sheen of their externals, is excellent training for the future painters of dreams and fantasies. This may sound naïve, but light is quite without any sense

of man-made values, ethical, social, literary or economic. It is only associations which make the play of light on gold seem more beautiful than its play upon the scaly planes of fish or upon the leaves in the early morning dew.

In 1911, Anisfeld went to Italy, where each painter who enters comes under a wealth of influences and, if he is strong, chooses according to his nature and his needs. Anisfeld found in Titian and Giorgione hints of that glowing warmth and inner radiance of colour which reside in pigment.

In the *Danaë in Green* one may see the impressions made by these masters and their gradual liberation of his own colour feeling. There have been many painters who, worshipping the rich harmonies of the Venetians, became slavish copyists of their technique. Others, like Reynolds, even risked the rapid decomposition of their work in their eagerness to achieve through varnishes the glow of colour which they so emulated. Anisfeld was saved from such excesses, partly by virtue of his clearer understanding of pigment, his suspicion of chemical aids to a rapidly waning effectiveness, partly by the increasing influence of his theatrical work.

For Diaghilev had been employing him for some time to design settings for the Russian ballet. The themes were Oriental, Arabian, Persian, Egyptian, Indian. He turned to the art of the East, and what a mine of treasure he uncovered! Here were colour chords before which the art of Venice paled, a richness of invention and fancy, a profusion of the most exquisite detail of lace-like patterns and jewelled surfaces, supported by areas of richly covered ground.

A close study of his pictures and their dates, prove that for a while Anisfeld lived in two worlds. On the stage he yielded himself completely to the spell of his fancy and of his enlarged palette. His Oriental nature revelled in the opportunities afforded by the *Marriage of Zobeide*, *Sadko*, *The Seven Daughters of the Ghost King*, *Egyptian Nights*. But his early easel pictures are still either personal transcriptions from nature or, in the case of his more purely decorative compositions like his designs for the Wourgaft home, they are modified by the traditions of Venice. In his landscapes painted in Capri in 1911, the fuller range of Oriental colour chords begins to be felt. It is as though he found nature's verification of the palette of the East.

The Art of Boris Anisfeld

The evolution of his style as a freely imaginative painter is interesting to trace. In *The Golden Tribute*, in which old women bring flowers as their offering to a reclining nude, there is still evidence of the Salon picture, the *tour de force*, the deliberately literary subject picture. *The Blue Statue*, much more free in its decorative intention, is, nevertheless, somewhat reminiscent of the Secessionists in its straining for effect. The realm of imaginative painting is not to be stormed by sheer will-power. In *The Garden of Eden* the mark of Persia lies rather obviously upon the surface. Its luscious passages of colour in trees, birds and flowers suggest a theatrical drop transcribed as a glorified easel picture.

But the artist's search for his fullest expression continues. *The Garden of the Hesperides* marks a great step forward in the rich gamut of its colours, ranging from the most restrained low tones to the fullest intensity of a golden yellow, the whole canvas aglow with a varied and subtly graduated warmth. Here can be felt the dawning realisation of the fullest capacities of pigment, which is the painter's medium. The suggestion of volume through the juxtaposition of warm advancing colours and cool receding colours, the abstract pleasure of the pattern of warm and cold colours, the appeal of textures, the graduation of a hue through its intensities from grays to full tones, or through intermediate colours into related or even complementary hues, the pleasure of the eyes in the play of line movement—all these are employed as a composer of a symphony might employ every resource of instrumentation.

A more recent series of paintings of still life are so many beautiful exercises in this richer orchestration of his art. Though many are beautiful and complete in themselves, they prepare him for his latest triumphs in the art of pure painting. *The Golden God*, *The Mandolin* (its tones are 'cello-like'), the *Buddha and Pomegranates*, combine the most sensitively delicate and refined colour passages with the full richness of spectrum hues. *The Exodus* is a sudden sally, an interesting variation of treatment, dry in texture and linear in conception, but powerful in its sweep of space and its rush of action.

There may be many who prefer a historical text-book art, learnedly resuscitating the past; or an art of story-telling, illustrating some ancient legend or modern moral; or an art of allegory, demonstrating, for example, that *Hope*, with

eyes bandaged, still listens to the strumming of the last remaining string upon her lyre; but for those who appreciate the splendour of these exotic autumn days, glamorous in the soft warmth of a mellow sun, the art of Anisfeld will come like a reminder that to surrender oneself to the magic of nature's colour fantasies is to enter into one of the purest pleasures known to man.

IN MEMORIAM

THE scourge of Spanish influenza has claimed many victims of late amongst the artists, but none of greater promise than the Italo-American sculptor, C. S. Pietro, who died on October 9th at the early age of thirty-two, sincerely mourned by all who were privileged to know him. It is no exaggeration to assert that in Pietro this country has lost a sculptor whose career has been phenomenal, and whose work, had he been spared, would have added lustre to American achievement in sculpture. For upwards of a year he had been working lovingly, incessantly upon a great monumental design with most important architectural features, a design that fortunately has been carried to a point where other hands may complete the task and so perpetuate the memory of a singularly brave, sincere, lovable man who has been spirited away upon the threshold of success.

Although steeped in prodigious work which, commencing at early dawn, was frequently protracted into midnight, Pietro enthusiastically accepted the suggestion that he should decorate a Liberty window in the great patriotic exhibition of paintings and sculpture along Fifth Avenue, but by some mistake of measurement the excellent sketch in plaster that resulted was too large for its appointed window and had to be placed upon a trestle outside where, notwithstanding, it aroused unusual acclaim for the short time it was permitted to remain there. It is to be hoped that a more fitting environment will be found for his last work, which reveals not only a master hand, but a soul poignantly athrob with sympathy for the Allies in the great struggle.

The work of Pietro in the domain of portraiture has often been reproduced in the pages of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, and marbles and bronzes by him are owned by numerous museums, public institutions and universities throughout the country. His deep sympathy for Belgium produced a very memorable two-figure group of an

THE ÆSTHETIC WORLD
BY MERTON STARK YEWDALE

It is one of Nature's phenomena that a revolution in the fine arts preceded and, in a measure, presaged the present world upheaval. In the early part of the nineteenth century Turner, Delacroix, Courbet and Daumier (in the words of a modern critic) "entered the sacred temple, tore down the pillars which had supported it for centuries, and brought the entire structure of established values crashing down about them." In the latter part of the century Strauss, Schoenberg, Reger, Debussy, Ravel, Stravinsky and Scriabine completely repudiated the classical traditions of music; Moore, Turgenev, Dreiser and Conrad sounded the realistic note in fiction; Lowell, Masters, Pound, de Boscshere and others established the art of *vers libre*, and Epstein, Archipenko, Gaudier-Brzeska and Brancusi inaugurated vorticism in sculpture.

Unquestionably the keynote of the modern movement is that of strength not only in a physical but in an intellectual sense. Art is no longer regarded as a delicate instrument to be played upon only by men of refined instincts, nor is it considered to be a medium for the interpretation of only the delectable side of life. In fact, art has gone to the other extreme in portraying phases of life that a hundred years ago would have been universally condemned. It is not that the moderns are any less high-minded than the old geniuses so much as that life to-day is infinitely more vigorous, forceful and fearless than it ever was, and for its realisation demands therefore a form of art whose strength can fully resist the urge of life directed against it. For example, a man may begin practising with one-pound dumb-bells, but as soon as his muscles become stronger, he finds the dumb-bells too light and obtains heavier ones that will furnish a more equal resistance to his increased strength. The same process of reasoning applies to the modern tendency to portray the phases of life that are threatening rather than comforting.

No longer are we satisfied with art that merely decorates life with tinsel and baubles. We require that life be handled with courageous confidence, and that it receive direct artistic treatment whether objective or subjective. Tales with a moral and a happy ending, music with tinkling melody, painting with anecdotes and

pretty colouring, and sculpture chiseled with scrupulous fidelity to life may have satisfied a previous generation that regarded the purpose of existence as a struggle to attain moral perfection, but these minor manifestations of art, having little or no application to life as we see and live it to-day, fail now either to move us or stand their ground when we move against them. Modern art, therefore, with its almost bourgeois mass and strength, is not only a sign of the high tension of the age, but a new medium by which our intensified aesthetic emotions can be realised.

The chief difficulty in understanding and appraising any new movement is that there is too frequently the disposition to judge the present achievement by comparison with the past, and in the case of art this is particularly true. Academicians are almost invariably prone to this weakness and frequently maintain their hostility to the new even when the public is beginning to evince an intelligent interest. There are critics who still understand the purpose of painting to be purely decorative, that of music to be a source of moral improvement, that of literature to inculcate moral lessons, and that of sculpture to be commemorative of men and events, and the reason therefor is that these men consider art to be bound up inseparably with the effects of conventional life. Assuredly art has its utilitarian side, but its true domain is as far removed from the conventionalities of life as an invisible star is from the earth.

It has truly been said by an American critic that "the thoughts of the creative artist when coming into contact with the physical world take on a philosophical significance; and the art to which they give birth either interprets the concrete world abstractly (as in literature and music), or expresses the abstract world concretely (as in sculpture and painting)."

In a concrete sense, art is the great stimulus to life, and in the presence of great art we have a sensation of enhanced power, a compelling desire to rid ourselves of a certain state of tension, a measure of blindness and deafness to the outside world, and an eagerness to reciprocate the force which the artist exerts towards us through his genius. In other words, every bit of emotional and intellectual power in us strives to react in equal measure to the artistic strength that assails our consciousness, and art therefore is the great buffer of life.

The Aesthetic World

Likewise, art is the supreme resistant to the intense nervous force of the creative artist who recognises the terrible and uncertain character of existence and the inability of man to bring any lasting order out of the almost constant chaos.

In an abstract sense art opens up an entirely new world. When we read one of the great novels of Balzac, or listen to a symphony of Beethoven, or view the masterpieces of Rembrandt and Michelangelo, we seem to fall into a trance in which the body becomes inert, the will becomes deadened, while the brain expands and pulsates. In the distance a curtain appears to rise before our eyes, and the mind rushes forth into a strange, silent world beyond which all is dim and unspeakably vast. We lose all sensation of time and space, and massive ideas float before us like dark clouds. There is no sound, yet subconsciously we seem to hear, grinding ruthlessly and inexorably, the machinery of the universe. The feeling is that we are above life and poised in an ether in which all human values are neutralized. Here is the vast reservoir in which are stored positive and negative, right and wrong, good and evil, black and white, and all the other opposites of life.

For a moment our eyes turn towards earth, where all is confusion worse confounded; for that which is right in the East is wrong in the West, and that which is good in the North is evil in the South. Nowhere is there permanent law and order; all is hopelessly mixed up by man in the attempt to oppose his will to Nature's law of opposites. From this huge reservoir man draws his moral values while Nature looks on with complete indifference as man confuses himself in trying to bend these moral forces to man-made orthodoxy. We see that with Nature all is change though everything is permissible and possible. Yet Nature is the supreme discourager of life in that she permits all to rise but eventually forces everything to earth again.

Soon the curtain falls and the mind returns to the body which is still inert. The senses are still steeped in languor and a feeling of lassitude steals over us. Memories of the past loom up and a voluptuous sadness permeates our entire being. As our faculties are again assembled, we see once more that Life is the great delusion and Art the supreme counter-agent to existence.

Not everyone has experienced these thoughts and feelings while under the stimulus of art,

for it requires not only an appreciation and understanding of the best in art, but a philosophical knowledge of life. Manifestations of art are so many and so varied that a certain culture is necessary to recognise those of true significance, and this cannot be achieved without some knowledge of the principles of aesthetics.

Art may be classed as that which has too much feeling and too little thought; too much thought and too little feeling and as that in which thought and feeling are equally balanced.

As feeling is more primitive than intellect, it is only natural that the public should react best to that form of art in which feeling is the dominant quality. Likewise the creative artist in whom feeling predominates almost always treats art objectively, and more often than not introduces ideas in his work that are alien to pure art but in direct relation to the conventionality of life.

In painting, Millet is an example; in music, Mendelssohn; in literature, Dickens. Though the genius of these men is incontestable, it is obvious that their works are memorable largely on account of their documentary and anecdotal significance, for whatever their aesthetic merit, we remember them for their depictions of the surface aspects rather than the deep truths of life.

Nevertheless this dual form of art is of great importance. In fact, it is the only form in which the public can get any insight into art at all, and it is undoubtedly true that were it not for the genre paintings, simple melody in music, a moral purpose in literature, and an exact portrayal of life in sculpture, the public would have no connecting link between life and art, and would be wholly without understanding or confronted with abstruse aesthetic problems too complex to grasp without an inordinate amount of study.

Of all creative artists those in whom feeling is in excess of intellect are as a rule the most citizenly. Not infrequently they are orthodox in their beliefs and humanitarian in their endeavours. As a rule they employ art for the ennoblement of man and the moral welfare of the race, and in their work they give birth to ideas that will assist man to a solution of the practical problems of life. The tone of their art is generally optimistic, and even when pessimistic, is for the purpose of exciting pity or calling attention to some abuse that needs correction.

It is only fortuitously that art serves also as a medium for moral propaganda, yet few will

The Aesthetic World

deny the coincidence to be a fortunate one, considering the reforms that have been instituted through the work of such men as Dickens and Reade. Nevertheless the supreme function of art is only to satisfy the aesthetic thoughts and emotions, and as such fails of its purpose if it is overcharged with feeling.

The second form of art is that in which thought exceeds feeling, and it is rare as compared with the first form. In a strict sense, there never have been creative artists whose vision was at all times without feeling, and in consequence there are but few specimens of art in which thought takes precedence of feeling. The principal examples are to be found among the works of such painters as Botticelli, Blake, Whistler, Watts and Macdonald-Wright, of such sculptors as Gaudier-Brzeska, Epstein and Brancusi, of such litterateurs as Poe, Coleridge, De Quincey and Swinburne, and of such musical composers as Strauss, Brahms and Schoenberg.

The chief accusation brought against the work of these men is that frequently it is too abstract and shows a lack of feeling, and in a way this charge is sustained. Some of Whistler's work is nothing more than an aesthetic arrangement in colour, some of Gaudier-Brzeska's but a definition of masses by planes. The *Ulaume* of Poe is a euphonious grouping of words almost without documentary significance, and the music of Schoenberg is musical mathematics.

It is strange that abstract art is almost always produced by men with little human emotion. Nature seems to have endowed them with keen apperceptions but denied them human feeling. It has been said of Brahms that he felt with his head and thought with his heart. Coleridge, in writing of the beauties of Nature said: "I see, not feel, how beautiful they are," and De Quincey wrote: "From my birth I was made an intellectual creature, and intellectual in the highest sense my pursuits and pleasures have been."

To look upon life as a child before it has applied thought to experience, to see objects without relation to their surroundings, to live in the aesthetic world and apperceive its beauties without being moved by natural emotion—this is the heritage of these men. To them the visible world is the unreal world, and their visionary dreamland, the real. Life is a gorgeous pageant that passes before them but in which they have no part. Their destiny seems to be that of

silently watching and recording the aesthetic images that arise in their sensitive consciousness.

These are not the adventurous souls of the earth. They may think and will themselves into action but they have not the foundation of human feeling to sustain their resolves. Neither are they lovers of Nature. Their sunsets in paint satisfy them more than the natural phenomenon. Their literature is a medley of harmonious phrases and euphonious words, their music recalls no human emotions and their sculpture is an appreciation of masses in relation. They are wholly detached from life and live in an ether of aesthetic speculation.

A preponderance of intellect over emotion tends to destroy our estimate of conventional values. When thought is too far removed from feeling the issues of life tend to neutralise and thereby lose their importance. Some such state of mind exists in men like Whistler, Poe and De Quincey. Drugs and alcohol may intensify this condition but they are not the cause of it. The problem is one of psychology and genius.

In analysing the works of these men we find first of all that they are abstract for reasons already given. As the images which arise in their minds are too abstract and ethereal for artistic solidification, the only recourse for capturing these fugitive impressions is to create an abstract aesthetic structure from which a spiritual image will arise. Hence it is that these creative artists are always so avidly concerned with technical excellence. Every one of them experimented constantly with form, organisation, rhythm, colour, planes, masses, metrics and harmony in the hope of recording the sensitive impressions that, like pleasant dreams, hardly ever return. As perfection in technique at the expense of subject matter gives to art an almost unearthly buoyancy, and as there is no perceptible bond connecting purely intellectual achievement with life, we receive the impression that such art hangs in mid-air surrounded by an aura as delicate and sweet-smelling as a floating banner of Oriental incense. Art without substance is like gold without an alloy, and its effect resembles the essence of an over-aged wine that escapes in a fragrant aroma when the cork is removed from the bottle leaving behind only the tasteless dregs.

The third kind of art is that in which thought and feeling are equally balanced, and the four men whose immortal works meet this test are

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Balzac, Bach, Rembrandt and Michelangelo. There are others whose works occupy places of honour in the archives of time, but none that surpasses the creations of these four giants.

The cardinal excellence of great art is perfect balance, and it has been said that "in all true genius there is an almost complete equilibrium, psychological, ethical, philosophic, actional and emotional—an harmonious polarity whose cycles of thought never lose poise, and that only when the concrete and the abstract, the personal and the impersonal, come together in perfect conjunction can there issue forth a work of genius." Likewise the greatest geniuses are those who draw harmony out of discord, and who benefit all things by the gift of their artistic power, inner balance and harmony. Their preference for the tragical is the sign of their great strength, and their approval of the whole cosmos by a justification of the terrible, the evil, and the unknown is the mark of their courage and philosophy.

To understand and appreciate art we must be possessed, first of all, of aesthetic thought and feeling, for without this form of intuitive culture no authoritative appraisal is possible. Up to a point we can apply certain well-defined principles to determine the merit of a work of art, but in the final analysis, and especially in new art, the cultural instinct commands the verdict.

Aesthetic thought and feeling apply solely to art and have nothing in common with conventional thought and feeling. When we say that without a balanced union of thought and feeling on the part of the artist no great art is possible, we refer to the feeling that selects the theme, the thought that effects the organisation, and the will that determines the rhythm or construction. In like manner when we say that without that same aesthetic balance no understanding of art is possible, we allude to the thought and feeling that enable us to recreate the work of art and literally rebuild the aesthetic structure by the same successive steps followed by its creator. For aesthetic thought and feeling when active (as in the case of genius) produce art, but when passive (as in the case of the critic) are merely interpretative of that art.

The bases of all art are form, organisation and rhythm, and an examination of the fine arts reveals a striking analogy so far as the fundamentals are concerned. Whatever views we may hold of the ultra-modernists in general and of

their sponsor in writing, Willard Huntington Wright, there are occasions on which the attention is worthily arrested for instance, where he writes as follows: "Form reveals itself not as an objective thing, but as an abstract phenomenon capable of giving the sensation of palpability. But form to express itself aesthetically, must be composed; and here we touch the controlling basis of all art: organisation. Organisation is the use put to form for the production of rhythm. The first step in this process is the construction of line, line being the direction taken by one or more forms. In purely decorative rhythm the line flows harmoniously from side to side and from top to bottom on a given surface. In the greatest art the lines are bent forward and backward as well as laterally so that, by their orientation in depth, an impression of profundity is added to that of height and breadth. Thus the simple image of decoration is destroyed and a microcosmos is created in its place. Rhythm then becomes the inevitable instrument of approaching and receding lines, so that they will reproduce the placement and displacement to be found in the human body when in motion."

In literature, form is the creation of the characters. The author gives an account of their hereditary traits, their environmental influences and their natural predilections, and describes the characters in physical detail, giving us the sensation of real flesh-and-blood people moving as free agents in the universe.

After the characters are established (which are nothing more than a group of aesthetic forms), the novelist traces their lives through various vicissitudes by the relation of events and description of places, and thus supplies the organisation or composition of the forms. By bringing the characters into relation with each other, and by relating events, a compact mass of human relationship is established which is rhythm.

In music, the themes constitute the forms, and the organisation is effected by mounting them on a chordal substructure (as in the case of homophonic music), or leading two or more independent parts or melodies rendered simultaneously and combined harmoniously, necessitating not only that every voice should be a complete melody in itself, but that each should contribute its share in the elucidating of the one idea; not singing for itself alone but answering its fellow voices, and accompanying and commenting as

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it were, upon the passages by them (as in the case of polyphonic music). The aesthetic rhythm is established not by the conventional tempo, but by balancing the chordal substructure with the melody or by establishing an interbalance between two or more themes according to the laws of counterpoint. The complete microcosmos is established in painting by lighting, in literature by thought, and in music by tonality. As sculpture offers only the simplest aesthetic problems, it may be dismissed from consideration.

These are the principles of aesthetics, and by them all art must be tried. The works of Rembrandt, Rubens, Balzac, Michelangelo, Bach and Beethoven are not immortal by chance, but by a rigid adherence to the principles that govern aesthetic beauty and by the power of genius that interprets causes rather than depicts effects.

It will perhaps be asked how these principles can apply to the art of to-day, and the answer is that basically they must apply. The art of Brancusi and Zorach, which is sometimes perilously near the phallic, the sex novels of Dreiser, the daring prose and poetry of Joyce, and the cacophonous music of Schoenberg must all have form, organisation and rhythm or they will go down to oblivion. Though the subject-matter is of secondary importance, we must recognise that it may offend quite as much by an over-emphasis on excessive salacity as on sentimentality. To create great art with an unattractive subject is assuredly preferable to creating mediocre art with a delectable subject, for it is the treatment of the subject and not the subject itself that determines the aesthetic success or failure, but in the final analysis the true test of art is that somewhere it must meet with approval, since without a public to patronise the works of genius creative effort is futile.

Old values are collapsing and temporarily all is chaos. The voices of the academicians are becoming weaker and weaker, and their work feebler and feebler. Can it be that, for this age at least, there is nothing more to be said, painted or sung in praise of the so-called good? And if the so-called evil offers better and more unused material for the further elucidation of the aesthetic principles, may we rightfully object?

Every artist cannot react to the conventional good. A painter may be deeply moved by an unconventional subject and wish to use it in his canvas. Have we a right to ask him to choose

some other subject more pleasant that perhaps leaves him perfectly cold and unresponsive?

We must ask ourselves the same questions regarding literature, music and sculpture. There is a fascination in the tragical and the tragic masterpieces of the world attest to the fact that frequently genius has been moved more by the terrible in life than the assuring and comforting.

Whatever the reason, modern artists react best to those subjects that in the past were tabooed, but no true lover of art will question the right of the artists to interpret in their work those phases of life that best develop their aesthetic natures. If the subject-matter, by its sensational appeal, overshadows the aesthetic part of the work and outrages our delicate sensibilities to the point of abhorrence, we have only to decline absolutely to tolerate the work. Art is one of the easiest things to boycott, and where there are a few instances of art having outlived early opposition, no one knows how many instances there are where art was irrevocably buried. It behooves us to be slow in our judgments and not to condemn merely because the outward aspects of the new art works are at variance with the conventions. The same spirit of freedom that we so earnestly desire in our daily lives should also be accorded to art, for democracy in life and autocracy in art are unthinkable and unworkable.

The principles of art remain unchanged: only the surface manifestations in modern art creations have changed. Academicians may inveigh against the modern movement, but they never can crush it, for not only is it a protest against that which perhaps was only a convention in the old art, but it has come to serve as a reaction against a severe restriction that in the old days allowed the artist to develop but one side of his nature. The new does not necessarily replace the old; it may only crush that part of the old that has become worn out and useless.

The modern movement has not only enabled some of the older men to round out their aesthetic lives, but it has made it possible for the new ones to raise their voices who could not sing in the key of the old school. The new form of art may yet be crude and even repellent to many, but that it reflects the dynamic spirit of the age and has strength and power, no one will deny, and if any period in history ever was significant of power both physical and intellectual, it is the one in which we are living.

Of Life's Wide Margins and the Metropolitan Museum

OF LIFE'S WIDE MARGINS AND
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
BY MURIEL PIERS

" . . . Nor was it his (Sir William Petty's) value or inclination for splendid furniture and the curiosities of the age, but his elegant lady could endure nothing mean or that was not magnificent. He was very negligent himself and of a philosophic temper: 'What a to-do is here!' would he say. 'I can lie in straw with as much satisfaction.' In a word, there was nothing impenetrable to him. . . ."

—Evelyn's *Diary*, 1675.

IT is strange and interesting to ponder on the impulse that brings—in these autumnal days of 1918—so many young soldiers and sailors in the uniform of the United States to the galleries and showcases of that glorious and erudite institution, the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Yet it is more than probable that if your curiosity is aroused and you follow in the wake of the majority of the khaki-clad figures you will notice their purposeful drift toward the great North Wing, where in wonderful sequence is installed the Pierpont Morgan Collection of reconstructed French rooms. Never an hour of the day that you do not find here groups of two and three stalwart and composed young men, soberly scrutinising these remarkable ebullitions of the Gallic temperament. There is no languor in the grave air with which they go through the rooms—no attempt at evasion in the conscientious attention they devote to the haughty and distressingly elliptical labels that take so much knowledge for granted.

"French Empire,"—is the curt announcement of a chair; a statement that plainly and promptly awakens incredulity in the bosom of a Cockney member of the Royal Flying Corps, who is being escorted round by two gently-blushing youngsters from Mineola.

"Mind you, I 'aven't got nothin' against the Frenchman," he elaborately explains—" 'e's all right as a fightin' man but 'e 'asn't got no empire, and don't want none." The youngsters murmur soothing words and draw him away to look at two fine globes on stands, marked "French. Late Eighteenth Century"—but, alas! after a short examination he explodes again. "They ain't no more French than I am," come the aggrieved tones, "a Frenchie don't say 'America' same as it prints there; 'e says 'Amer-eeck,'"—and as they

pass still reverberating out of sight, you are free to wonder whether four years ago the speaker's powers of observation were, as to-day, so co-ordinated that he could have convicted of a slip the most magnificent and most carefully studied collection in the world of history and knowledge. For, indeed, these globes, like the pair in the Jumel Mansion, were made in London in 1807 and announce themselves emphatically in English as presenting "the New World according to the fearless discoveries of the late lamented Captain Cook." . . . Fascinating objects, extraordinarily decorative, and becoming nowadays wonderfully difficult of acquisition in the antique marts of the cities!

Presently the great Museum exerts its blessedly catholic appeal; it engulfs your khaki-clad friends, leaving you to stroll across the corridor into the English and Early American rooms, where your eye will probably at once be caught by a chair of Queen Elizabeth's time in friendly rivalry with "the oldest table of American make," an honest board on straightforward trestles, found behind a door in an old house in Boston and dated 1650. Would that we had as its foil and antithesis the contemporary piece thus described by a diarist in London in 1645: . . . "there I saw a conceited chair to sleep in, with the legs stretched out with hooks and pieces of wood to draw out longer or shorter." . . . It is sad to think how little authentic furniture there is antedating Charles II, although recently antiquarian circles have been stirred to violent emotion by the discovery in a decrepit garden-outhouse in Lincolnshire of an oaken chest, now pronounced on learned authority to date from 1250 at the latest—it may well have been made for one of the admirably contumacious barons who stood by and witnessed King John's reluctant signature to the Magna Charta! Generally speaking, Tudor pieces are scarce enough and sparsely scattered in museums, whilst of Plantagenet, Angevin and Norman days we have nothing at all, unless we can consider as interior furnishings the knights' stalls in cathedrals and abbey churches. Yet here in modern New York is a fald-stool, or monk's chair, of the time of the Spanish Armada, in pitch-black oak more than three hundred years old, shaped much like our camp-chairs of to-day and looking as eager for human companionship as they do. No one notices this sturdy little chair; in the surfeit of

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beautiful things its dog-like appeal goes ignored. Is not that always the pathos of a museum: that the pieces once made by man for his convenience and personal pleasure—to-day, their era past, their usefulness outgrown, still cry to us mutely from their shelves for commendation, or at least for recognition of their past services—and our self-absorption is blind to their pitifulness? In the museums we number as intimate friends, shall we not make a point of murmuring words of appreciation to—(and sometimes, be it whispered, even of touching with the lightest pat of praise!)—a different and separate piece on each of our visits, so as to hearten them all, and leave none out in the cold world of jealousy, beyond the pale of affection? For, indeed, they brighten so visibly under flattery; they have so much human in their character and personality!

Look, for instance, at the Duncan Phyffe dinner-table and chairs in the Colonial room, and especially at the beautifully-drawn and supremely well-made Duncan Phyffe secretary of mahogany and brass mounts—a marvel of harmony and balance. These pieces, made in lower New York City about 1800, derive from English Sheraton and French Directoire, yet there is nothing either monarchical or Consular about them. They have the neatness of Jefferson, the wit of Alexander Hamilton, the poise of James Monroe, the decorum of Abigail Adams—they have even a haunting touch of the audacity of John Paul Jones!

If that table and those chairs were yours, do you not see them in a room—probably with two corners cut off by Colonial built-in china cupboards—a room papered with a fine landscape paper, perhaps by some rare good luck even the priceless “Scenic America” itself, the wall-decoration that a good American should prefer to the finest Titian that ever came upon the market, since Titian can be imitated and “Scenic America” emphatically can not. A Samuel Willard timepiece stands upon the mantel, which latter feature, you implore, shall be a copy of one of McIntyre’s Salem masterpieces; the steady glow of your wax candles is reflected in gleaming pin-points from your diamond-paned casements, outside which the dusk descends and floats like a gold-grey moth; the air is full of the scent of myriad-coloured sweet peas massed in your Colonial Lowestoft bowls—what lovelier setting for your dreams than a Duncan Phyffe room, wax candles, old china and sweet peas?

And now, as an ironic consummation of your dinner-party, let me conduct you down the Museum stairs to the long South Corridor devoted to the Greek votive tablets, and there commend to your attention the fragmentary epitaph inscribed by a wealthy and epigrammatic host in Thessaly when the world was young, to his newly-dead cook-slave: “O Bacchis!” he cries in an outburst of lyric woe—“thou in arts of Cookery ever found sufficient, this plot of ground now holds fast in Death! . . .”

But, indeed, if you look into the shadowed Past within these stately walls, you find innumerable points at which it touches our anguished present. Go to a small case in the entrance-corridor to the Dutch furniture rooms; lean over it and see if the whole tragedy of Northern Europe is not epitomized for you in a slender little stick, no more than nine inches long, hung with faded blue silk lappets and miniature silver bells, with a playful little Toby frill of grey threads round its upper end or neck, which in turn is surmounted by a shrewd, humorous nutcracker-jawed small head under a peaked peruque, most patiently carved in black walnut. The little stick bears the label: “Jester’s Bauble. Flanders, 17th Century.” . . . Who shall jest in Flanders now?

Not all the glass cases are so piteous, and undoubtedly every frequenter of the great Museum has one or two particular shrines at which he worships. Have you ever been in the Vandyck Room at closing time, when the Curator comes to take the glorious Rospigliosi Cup out of the case where it spends the day, and lays it reverentially away in the safe beneath where it spends the night? that immortal, unapproachable masterpiece of wild and reckless beauty, where pearl and ruby and emerald are piled on gold and enamel, mermaid and dragon, in a heaven-aspiring flame of splendour! Since the world began, no one but Benvenuto Cellini could have wrought such a miracle of loveliness—and he only wrought it once. It is probable that all the kings in Christendom might be held captive by Saracens, and the sum total of their combined ransoms would not purchase the Rospigliosi Cup. . . .

But if it were mine, I would take it down the stairs to the gallery of Architectural Monuments, and there lay it in the hands of Ilaria del Carreto, sweetest maid that ever lived and now is dead. She could not have been more than twenty-three

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I was in Paris too when Octave Mirabeau died, who also received the tribute of the Republic. Gallant France, even when at war, fighting for her very existence, she still can be herself and still can find time to do honour to her artists and men of genius. True, a great artist in war-time might not be worth a great general; but France, whatever her preoccupation or her mood, never loses sight of the deep truth that they who wield the pen or the brush or the chisel are contributing as much in a more enduring way to the national defence as those in the munition factories and the trenches. And many of them have contributed in both. Soldier-writers have written excellent books; soldier-artists have painted excellent pictures. The Salon des Armées, where thousands of drawings, sketches, paintings, cartoons and art objects in wood and brass were exhibited, is a healing balm to one who had come from a Cubist exhibition. It was to me another delicious surprise. The genius of France in the trenches, behind the guns, under the storms of fire and steel, continues to pay her tribute to the Muse. To be sure, there were no masterpieces in the Salon des Armées; but here were notes and side-lights on the Great War sketched in haste when the guns were silent or at the hospitals in a respite of pain by artists of real talent, and artists who give you the impression that at last, and by force of arms, they made their way into a Salon. The exhibition as a whole, however, is a masterpiece of the French spirit. And it is most remarkable, considering the circumstances under which it was produced, for the good humour it reveals: not a picture, not a drawing, not a note in it of gloom and depression. For a moment, these artist-soldiers detached themselves from the terror and danger in which they lived and of which they were a part, and lo, there is revelry in the temples of Mars and of the Muse. And there is humour and pathos, lyric beauty and charm, comedy and satire, laughter, genuine laughter, and here and there an attempt at the sublime. It is also noteworthy that not one of these artist-soldiers, who have witnessed and helped to achieve the most heroic deeds, seems to be self-conscious or self-centred; for one of the French miracles of the present day is to have divested heroism of its rhetoric and glamour while going through the most heroic period of its history—to have preserved in deed and sentiment a grandeur of proportion and added the quality

of unconsciousness to the practice of the most sublime virtue. Hence this exhibition which is an apotheosis of equanimity and good humour. It settled a question in mind: the artist, like the Sufi, is capable of detachment under any circumstance.

But whether he produces anything worth while in this state of detachment is another question. Of course, in the Salon des Armées the war as a subject prevailed; in the Cubist exhibition it was conspicuous by its absence. The artists there, one gets the impression, are making a mighty effort to ignore the war; and in their attempt to give art a new but enduring expression, they succeed only in expressing, neither beautifully nor forcefully, but always cryptically, capriciously, the limitations of the human mind and their own dissembled despair. They are afraid, it seems, to talk to us in a language we understand for fear they would betray themselves. The position they take or the pose or the drift is pathetic and amusing at times, attempting as they do to drag Art and the Ego from the effacing atmosphere of the war.

But there are other artists who neither repudiate the war nor pay immediate tribute to it—famous artists who have, as the saying goes, arrived and who, for one reason or other, are still living in their studios and working—or only pretending to work. I wanted to ascertain this and to see what effect the war is having upon them and their productions. I thought first of Rodin. But I learned that, though only recently married, he was, alas, preparing "the funeral's baked meats." And so I tore up the note I had written to him after reading in the papers that same morning of the death of his wife. But Bourdelle, who worked with him for fifteen years and then set out to build his own temple to the Muse, was willing to show and discuss his work. Matisse too, who had deserted his Paris studio and was living in the country, had a little time to spare. Picasso was sick in bed—no wonder, Cubist that he is. Van Dongen replied saying that he had no coal and did not wish to give us a cold reception. So he suggested our coming to the studio of one of his friends who is a favourite both of the Muse and of Fortune, and whose fire, figuratively as well as literally, is seldom extinguished.

These artists, I had it impressed upon me, had all arrived. Very well. But what is it to

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paint fast enough to get a certain effect of light and atmosphere, for instance, that his so-called Impressionist picture confounds the critics and defies classification. It may be too that because he did not follow strictly the code of his school that he produces a masterpiece—and incidentally a new movement.

New art movements, forsooth! How they sprout, develope, multiply, divide, and finally dwindle into dead roots. Genius alone remains. Indeed, despite the movement that gave him birth and not by reason of it, the great artist survives. Here, for instance, are the different revolutionary movements that followed the French Impressionist school of 1870: there were, to begin with, the Post-impressionists and the Neo-impressionists, who were followed and swallowed by the Divisionists, the Pointillists, the Intimists, the Cubists, etc. And they all, we are told, aim more or less at truth to nature; they all try to surprise nature in her *négligé*, as it were, and they shun her in her make-up. Hence the research magnificent that they institute into the colours of light and the colours of shadow—hence the shadow painted in various colours, the colour in various lights, detecting purple in grey, yellow in green, etc.—catching nature in her various sleight-of-hand tricks, following her in her lightning changes to the very end in the hope of getting at the heart of the reality of her being. But every time a new trick is detected a new tone is invented for it and a new movement is born. Which sends the critics to their manuals for a name, a label, a new classification.

After all, it is genius that counts. And individual genius in an artist is worth a world of polychromic beauty and another world of chiaroscuro schemes. What does it, therefore, matter if Cézanne was an Impressionist or a Post-impressionist? "He expressed in terms of colour the eternal variety of things"; he saw nature with his own eyes in her various transformations and informed it with his own individual genius. But Cézanne and his school were responsible in a great measure for the bewildering futilities of "true-to-nature" painters who lack genius and inspiration. Those who follow a certain master are apt to imitate his superficial mannerisms and his defects rather than his qualities. Cézanne the father of Post-impressionism is implicated with Gauguin the father of Fauvism; and if you study the work of any of the artists who are said to be

the natural offspring of Gauguin, you will get an idea of inverse evolution in art. For a defect raised to its highest power becomes creative and is fathered by some one who deliberately sets out to have a family of his own.

I quote from the Book of Genesis of Modern Art. Monet begat Pissarro, Pissarro begat Gauguin, Gauguin begat Matisse and Serusier. . . . The missing link I can not supply, for I do not know the parent of Picasso, who begat Hebrin, who begat Delauny, the father of Orphism.

Or this, from the same chapter, which better illustrates the idea of inverse evolution. Impressionism begat Post-impressionism and Neo her sister, Post-impressionism begat Divisionism, Divisionism begat Fauvism, Fauvism begat the twins Cubism and Futurism, Cubism begat Orphism, which was made barren by the Lord. I disclaim any further knowledge of the latter-day chronology of Art. But any one visiting the Paris galleries these days, be he a layman or an art critic, can see with his own eyes how Impressionism and Naturalism and their various offspring pullulate. Every now and then, however, a real personality, healthy and strong, appears, makes itself felt, is riotous, rebellious for a while, elbows its way out of the House of Art, jostles through a multitude of pallid and nervous paint-fellows in the vestibule, brutally knocks down a few of them at the door, and, seeing again the sun, breathing again the open air, finds new sources of inspiration and power. Monet, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Matisse too, in a way, and Van Dongen are such personalities.

At various times and places—in the Petit Trianon, at the studio of his friend, on our way to Matisse, in the midst of Bourdelle's statues and monuments—I had long, interesting chats with Monsieur Kees van Dongen, who is a Hollander with a penchant for the Orient and the sun. He is a man of the world with something in his face that hints at a heritage of other-worldliness. He has an engaging personality, moves with perfect assurance, speaks in soft, measured tones, is witty, satirical, brilliant and sometimes frivolous. He talks to a woman of her soul while he is painting her in black stockings and red slippers. "Art," he writes in a whimsical preface to the catalogue of his exhibition, "may be a sublime lie born of Despair; Love may be an illusion born of Art." But he continues, while

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ing from it the eternal truth as revealed in woman, his principal chosen medium of expression. As a realist, he reminds one in literature of Maupassant; as an idealist with gentle irony and charm, he suggests Anatole France.

Life is not an object of play, said the Prophet Mohammed, who only worshipped one image, that of Allah, and was religiously devoted to only one woman, Khedijah. But while we to-day look upon life from a scientific point of view, even as the Prophet did from the viewpoint of religion, we nevertheless believe with the artist that it ought to be made to yield us some joy. A miracle is good to wonder at, to pray to, to invoke; but we must have some diversion at intervals or, to be logical, cut our throats in a spiritual ecstasy. That is why I think Van Dongen would amuse himself in painting even as he might have done in making prayer-wheels and amulets in his previous incarnation. He himself still remembers—may his memory never fail him—when he was a juggler in the court of Hanuman, a priest in the temple of Buddha, whose souvenirs he continues to cherish; remembers too that he was once mixed up with Jesus of Nazareth and that he used to play checkers with the Prophet Mohammed. And now, in a fit of despair, he clutches at the brush and paints a nude Parisienne in black stockings and a hat of point-lace, a bewitching Sevilliana in a gorgeous mantilla shawl, a negress in native buff and native repose or an alberian *Carmen* that provokes the Paris police. This is what I mean by spiritual reaction. Or it may be the price he is now paying for the privilege of having played checkers with Mohammed.

"Here are some tableaux," he writes in an amusing introduction to his first exhibition. "*Lascivious Dancers, A Woman Passing, A Pretty Boy, A Mother Suckling Her Child, Flowers, Music, Colours, Green*, which is the optimism that heals. *Blue*, which is light and peace. *Royal Yellow*. A few colours of forgetfulness and all the colours of life."

Which we had the pleasure, one cold January evening, of seeing at his home in Villa Said, off the Champs-Élysées, overlooking the Bois de Boulogne. What a setting for his temple of art! What pictures, both of the East and West, these very names evoke. Van Dongen does not speak when showing his work. And so, silently we make our way through the various studios, which are most artistically decorated and sumptuously

furnished with enormous low divans and cushions and tapestries the colour of the tableaux that hung therein, till we reach on the second floor the Hall of Midnight Revelry, an Oriental dream of voluptuous splendour, where Sardanapalus himself would have felt at home. The house in Villa Said is a picture gallery of the *Arabian Nights* and of Paris Midnights. Women, women, women everywhere. Women that are essentially Parisian, Baudelairian—powdered, painted, passionate, nervous, lascivious; women with enormous, marvellous eyes made more mysterious with kohl; with seductive, destructive mouths made more voluptuous with rouge; with long, lithe limbs made more fascinating in an undulation satanic of lines and curves; dancers, singers, love-makers, demireps, equestriennes, acrobats; adorable and dangerous women who combine the latest Paris manner, gesture and social disease with the most primitive elemental instinct. They are moreover pensive, melancholy pensive women, the sort we meet frequently in the music halls, the cafés, on the race-course or on the boulevard. They are pensive because they have, I suppose, intelligence; and they are painted because they are rebellious—rebellious against Fate and Time. And this is their tragedy. They may have a soul too, but it is a vegetating soul that cultivates the seductive allure and affects the conquering air. Here and there, we find one who has finally capitulated and who seems to be reading Rabelais or Mardrus' translation of the *Arabian Nights* while playfully splashing her feet in a fountain of silver spray.

Van Dongen has a kind of ironic sympathy for these women—the sympathy of the philosopher that addresses himself to his kind. But what place have they to-day in the scheme of things? What place will they occupy in the future? For the present at least, the war has given them a *grand congé*. Van Dongen's *A Woman Passing* is a symbol, eloquent and significant. For the Suffragette, the social worker, the serious-minded, earnest-souled, emancipated, self-supporting, man-companion woman is fast becoming the dominant type of her sex. But this type, I was told, does not lend itself to artistic treatment. Which is sad and discouraging. But if Art can only thrive on degeneracy and social disease, then I say let us do away with Art.

In his Egyptian tableaux, however, Van Dongen has proven the contrary. Here he expresses

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beautifully the grandeur, the calm, the simplicity, the nonchalance, almost animal-like, of the Oriental woman. A young Egyptian, standing erect, straight and sombre as a cypress-tree, carrying a water-jug on the palm of her hand, wrapt in majestic repose, revealing in her eyes a sublime calm, a serene dignity, is a striking contrast to the poor, painted Parisienne, restless, nervous, perverse, lascivious, mysteriously pensive, brooding in the bluish glare of the electric light, contemplating perhaps suicide. And here is a courtesan, modestly dressed and veiled in black, sitting in sombre silhouette in a garden of gorgeous flowers with a rose on the palm of her hand—her offer of bliss to man—a gesture graceful and discreet—to come and taste of her delicate caresses, even as the woman in the *Book of Kings*, a courtesan, indeed, who can read a lesson in poise and demure charm in serene contentment and peace to her Occidental sister. The comparison is irresistible. But what is the cause, one will ask, of the restlessness and perversity of the one and the preternatural serenity of the other? Intelligence and lack of intelligence? No, it can not be. It can not be that intelligence is responsible for such refined unhappiness, such exquisite misery; it can not be that a woman is wretched because she has understanding, or is happy because of the lack of it. True, the Oriental woman may not have as much intelligence as the Occidental; but she has spirituality and she can compose herself in pious contentment even in the midst of the most riotous sensual desires. Elsewhere I shall have an opportunity to touch again upon this subject.

We proceed through the enchanted house in Villa Said, passing from one magnificent studio into another. Van Dongen paints in vivid, passionate colours. His blood-orange reds—to borrow an epithet from the learned critic—and indigo-blues and royal yellows and lilacs and greens all sing to us of southern climes, of tropic suns, of Oriental gardens of delight, of bulbuls flitting in orange-groves, of murmuring palms and purling fountains, of wisterias and mimosas and jasmine blooms. And the seduction of his nudes is not always in the flesh or the lines, but often, nay, principally, in the eyes and the expression—in glance and gesture. Whether in the natural and easy grace of a woman from Seville or Tangier or Cairo as contrasted with the artificial seductiveness of a Parisian woman, this is always true.

Born to dance, to sing, to love, to deceive, to suffer, his brush finds a tone and a shade for every one of her moods and he is curiously unconscious, while painting the allurements of the flesh, of the tear that lingers in the eye, the tear that takes the lustre from the kohl. He is not as unconscious, however, in some of his libidinous caprices, his satanic fantasies, which are lighted with a touch of Rabelaisian humour. But he has spontaneity and charm to bolster up his erotic imagination, and sometimes in a satanic delirium he attains savage grandeur. Brutality, to my mind, he has not. The tricks of his profession he knows and—what shall I say? Once or twice I wondered, as we shivered through his Halls of Eros and Nooks of Harlequin, warming our imagination, at least, on the tableaux therein, whether he did not at times indulge in arbitrary deformations that are neither expressive nor decorative, that are neither beautiful nor true; or whether he did not, in a moment of violent spiritual reaction, of terrible despair, paint a few tableaux especially for the police. I saw the one that was removed by order of the Secretary of Fine Arts from the Salon d'Automne and I do not think his art or his reputation will suffer at all by the loss.

(This article to be continued)

BOOK REVIEWS

SKETCHES IN DUNELAND. By EARL H. REED. (John Lane Company.) \$2.50.

BESIDES being an etcher of very great distinction, Earl Reed has followed the family tradition of expression by the pen, this book being a sequel to *The Dune Country*, where he takes his readers many a wild walk along untrodden paths beside Lake Michigan. Added to a poetic temperament which his nature etchings reveal so abundantly, Mr. Reed is gifted with good psychological insight and a keen sense of humour which he has brought to bear upon the human derelicts he loves to mingle with in their solitary retreats. Many of his characters live again in these pages whilst new characters of equal interest charm us by their unwonted attitude to life and surroundings as the city-bred understands them. The volume besides being very readable is enlivened with sketches of the aborigines and transients who figure in the recital and several reproductions of etchings that have helped to make this artist-writer famous.

Germany and Art

GERMANY AND ART BY RAYMOND WYER

PERHAPS there is no department of human activity in which there is so much sophistry resorted to as in the domain of art, particularly when there is a desire to inflict unmerited blame or praise. The very sensitive nature of art in its relation to human temperament, owing to the varying degrees of knowledge and uncertain standards that exist, makes this possible. One can present an imposing array of evidence to prove anything under the sun, however fantastic or illogical—a condition which provides opportunities for the grinding of little personal axes. The result is that much art and many artists have reputations based on conditions unrelated to art, and many a picture and many an artist is shelved or doomed to temporary oblivion for the same reason. There is much more evidence to convince the uninitiated that Alma-Tadema is a master than there is to prove the same of Michelangelo, for the reason that Alma-Tadema has been acclaimed in the forums understood by the people of a material age. It is surprising that true art has recognition in a world that affords so many opportunities for political and other sophists and in an age when so many artists are endowed with business instincts. The fact that true art is recognised in spite of all this is eloquent testimony to the imperishable power of truth.

On an occasion prior to the war, when the writer of this paper was occupied with the formation of a public collection, he was confronted with the criticism that German pictures were conspicuously absent. As a matter of fact, it would have been difficult to find any, for they were not much in evidence among the dealers, even those in Germany electing to sell solely the art of other countries. Catalogues from Munich and Dresden firms included English, Italian, Dutch and French canvases, but nothing German, their national pride being unequal to the task of trying to dispose of the art of their own country when it was easier by far to sell that of other countries.

Patriotism makes but scant invasion of the German conscience when commercial advantages intervene to its prejudice. Like militarism, commercialism with the Teuton must be freed from the apron-strings of sentiment. It is not neces-

sary to speak in this connection of the adaptability of the German representative, because it is matter of general knowledge how more than willing he is to cater to any taste, inasmuch as he has no desire to improve taste, nor the irritating though more commendable attitude of the Englishman who rightly or wrongly believes so implicitly in articles of British manufacture that he refuses to sell any other. This is of course bad from a business standpoint. There is, however, another reason which predisposes the German dealer to exploit the art of other countries, namely, the knowledge that German art is fabricated to please the German mind—in fact, is part and parcel of their system.

The Prussian military régime is the determining factor in the education of the child and has been instrumental in evolving a type of national mind which is docile, arrogant and orderly, and particularly adapted to military exigencies. This sinister militarism is the foundation and guiding spirit of every institution and activity, and is visible throughout the country, being particularly noticeable in city building, which, while conferring certain benefits upon the people, has ever necessitated heavy taxation, making possible the programme of conquest. Had it not been for city planning and an excellent municipal régime, these taxes that paved the way for the war would have infallibly fostered revolt. And this oppression has proved an insuperable obstacle to the development of original German art and thought.

While referring principally to modern expression in art, it cannot be postulated that Germany has been responsible in any appreciable extent for the authorship of original art since the days of Dürer and Holbein, for even their poster art which has been their pride and boast is taken from England. In addition to a spurious attempt to revive the art of painting religious pictures there was a certain movement in Germany in the nineteenth century that aspired to emulate everything in which France excelled. And the underlying idea that made her strive to give the French spirit to German art prompted her to make Berlin a greater Paris, and to introduce French humour in her periodicals, the results of which are ludicrous and elephantine. Germany has converted herself into the most unoriginal nation in the history of the world, and the outcome has not been solely to kill originality but to leave naked and unashamed certain racial characteristics

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which are noticeable in the very beginnings of German art—the only modification of these in modern times being due to the exploitation of alien ideas stolen with the intention of imbuing their national expression with a quality that can only be attained through inspiration founded on an absolute belief in one's spiritual self. Even going back as far as German primitive art, it does not escape notice that the Madonnas and Infants often betray a cruel and invariably unsympathetic spirit. In 1907, Mr. Reinach wrote, "German art rarely achieved either truth or beauty, but it succeeded in rendering, with a fidelity that was often brutal, the character of the German people immediately before and after the Reformation."

There can be no universal outlook in nation or individual that is swayed by egotism or by unrelated local standards of life. It is the pronounced provincialism of Germany that has minimised her art to a condition of mere self-utterance, consequently, examples of this art have met with slight support beyond the Rhine.

Unable to observe a mote in the eye of the Fatherland, German writers time and again permitted themselves to discover decadency in other countries, especially Great Britain and France. It was a case long before the war of fitting the shoe to the wrong foot. A nation's vicissitudes find their counterpart in art which invariably reflects the mental attitude and dominating thought of a people and the period. Decadent art manifests distrust on the part of the artists of the possibilities of their period or their country. Germany has either forgotten or ignored the fact that the vital condition of enduring art is harmony between the channels of its expression and the standard and character of the best universal intellect of its time, passing likewise over the fact that intellect is partly racial and partly the natural product of contemporary conditions.

German soil is prejudicial to art owing to unnatural conditions of life based upon military expediency. Thus have other than humanitarian principles been inculcated, with the obvious result that their ethics or art have been totally unrelated to the ideals and imagination of democratic civilisation. Culture and civilisation have been commercialised and rendered sordid in the furtherance of military aims, and the nation in consequence has grown, creatively speaking, more and more impotent. None but a German born

may understand German "superiority." To quote Adolf Lasson, Professor of Philosophy at the Berlin University, "A man who is not German knows nothing of Germany. We are morally and intellectually superior to all, without peers. . . . In a world of wickedness we represent love and God is with us."

The true greatness of national expression, whether it be in art, science or literature, is that while retaining its racial spirit, its catholicity renders it valuable and intelligible to all civilised races and periods. The fact that a nation's art is devoid of this quality simply reflects the character of its citizenship. A country that is not understandable to the outsider is incapable of creating art which has anything in common with those beyond its borders. Modern Germany has not contributed to art. It will be interesting to observe whether a humbled and chastened Germany may eventually produce any art of significance.

ALLIED WAR SALON

AN Allied War Salon, shown under the auspices of the Division of Pictorial Publicity of the Committee on Public Information and the Committee on Arts and Decoration of the Mayor's Committee on National Defense, will be held at the American Art Association, Madison Square South, December 9-24.

Mr. Albert Eugene Gallatin, chairman of the committee on exhibitions of the above Division, and also chairman of the Committee on Arts and Decoration, has collected the pictures for this exhibition, cooperating with Mr. Duncan Phillips of the American Federation of Arts and Mr. Augustus Vincent Tack of the Liberty Loan Committee. After being shown in New York, the exhibition will be broken up into units and shown throughout the country, under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts.

The drawings by our official artists in France, who are commissioned captains in the Engineer Corps, will be shown for the first time.

A selection, about fifty in number, of the finest paintings and sculpture made for the recent Avenue of the Allies, as well as several new pictures, will also be shown, as will a remarkable collection of French, British and Italian posters, as well as a representative group by American artists. Among the artists who have contributed

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ART AND THE DOLLAR SIGN
BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

I WAS calling the attention of a journalist to the notoriously high prices brought by American pictures in the Hearn sale, and he said to me: "Why is one always talking about how much a picture is worth? One never hears anyone talking about how much a poem is worth—or a symphony or a sonata." I couldn't find an answer for him.

The interrogation touched to the quick of one of the most salient of those innumerable anomalies and deviations and distractions that we encounter in the art of painting. Art and the dollar sign!—how inextricably woven together the one with the other. Almost inevitably, quite automatically, we associate a picture in our minds with the price paid for it. We recall the price a certain picture brought in such and such a sale: we wonder what the picture is worth to-day, what it may be worth to-morrow.

I should stultify myself if I did not acknowledge that in my writings on American painting I have consistently emphasised this phase of the matter. I have done more than emphasise it, I have literally shouted it upon every occasion; but the necessity for doing so was, I aver, forced upon me. A painter whom I need not name regretted the insistence with which I underlined the financial aspect of American art. "You may do an incalculable harm," he said, "in directing the public's attention to this matter of auction prices, as though the price that a picture brings in auction were a just criterion of the picture's intrinsic artistic value. It isn't." The painter's point of view was not comprehensively accurate, but it was, in the main, an authentic one; and I tried to explain to him the reasons that had prompted me to turn reporter and propagandist where I should infinitely have preferred to remain an observer and recorder of the sheerly æsthetic problems and gratifications inherent in the beautiful if somewhat inanimate art of painting.

And these reasons were and are—I hasten to record them by way of a sort of apology—the thousand and one stupidities, perversities and general incapacities of judgment that have gone to the making up of ninety-nine per cent. of the comment on American painting. In reviewing the art activities of this country for, let us say, the last quarter of a century, we have witnessed,

as I have repeatedly pointed out, the unprecedented and incongruous spectacle of a native art, competent always, superb often, supreme in certain isolated instances, consistently ignored by casual criticism and editorial comment. The issue has been everlastingly muddled by factitious obfuscations and stupid irrelevancies. The explanation of this may be traced to the fact that the majority of persons writing on art in this country are, if not alien in birth, alien absolutely in education and in point of view. The motives of these people are, no doubt, unimpeachable (although their incompetence is unpardonable), but, in the very nature of the case, they cannot react to the essential gist of things with a satisfying degree of accuracy of perception and of estimate. To-day even, in our own country, and nearly a quarter of a century after the death of Inness, our "critics" of painting are telling us there is no such thing as an American painting. As I look through the occasional article that appears on the subject of painting, I am impressed by the fact that everything is recorded except the things that really possess an original significance. I am entertained by exquisite subtleties of ornate and sophisticated elaboration, but concrete facts are ignored. For example, one of the most consequential of our publications will offer us an appreciation of the mechanical art of Degas or the delicate artificialities of the American, Davies, but I look in vain for a recording of the fact that Inness's *Wood Gatherers* brought thirty thousand eight hundred dollars in the Hearn sale, and that three American painters, Wyant, Blakelock and Murphy, sold at prices ranging from fifteen to twenty-one thousand dollars as against the eight thousand two hundred dollars paid for Daubigny's *On the Oise*. It is incompetence and evasion of this sort that compels one to abandon the legitimate delights of a sheerly æsthetic discussion for the cudgels of statistics and the uncouth but quite inescapable significance of the dollar sign.

In recording conditions of a local and, it is to be hoped, a remediable character, I am not forgetting that a critical incompetence and evasion is one of the fundamental and universal peculiarities inherent in the art of painting. It is true, unquestionably true, that painting, unlike its companion arts, music and literature, owes practically nothing to the perspicacity of the critic, and practically everything to the per-

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spicacity of that indescribable type of inspired intelligence which instinctively, instantaneously and undeviatingly detects and appreciates the essential trend of things. I have constantly emphasised this fact. With the exception of Ruskin's famous proclamation of the genius of Turner, we find practically no instance of an artist accurately appraised by the criticism of his contemporary critics. The great poet and the great musician, strangling to death in the pitiless desert of spiritual isolation wherein all splendid achievement is confined, look up for succor to their soul-fellows, the poet, the musician and the critic: here, like alone understands like. Not so the painter. French art, for example, owes more to M. Durand-Ruel than to all its critics put together; and the sharpest, keenest judge of a picture that America has produced is that extraordinary character, Mr. Thomas B. Clarke. Why? Because this man holds in impeccable equilibrium an infinite capacity for artistic reaction and that kind of speculative sixth sense which buys Steel common at 22 when the rest of the community is buying Government bonds. The indispensable importance of this sixth sense should be recognised. Lacking it, a man, however superbly adequate his capacity for sheer æsthetic reaction, can never hope to succeed as a judge of pictures. In so far as I am aware, no writer on art in this country has combined these two points of view, diametrically opposite both of them in their origins and yet to an equal degree essential. The result is that no one of our writers has accomplished the unique task of "calling the turn," so to speak; in other words, of appraising with unerring and prophetic accuracy the potentialities of American painting, taken individually or collectively. In a word, what one may call the bump of reality has been missing. While Mr. Caffin was telling us that Tryon was the culmination of all landscape painting, and while Mr. Cortissoz was covertly projecting Weir into our consciousness, and while Mr. Kenyon Cox was instancing both Hassam and Weir, and while other notable reviewers were talking about Gauguin and Cézanne and spectrism and synchronism and Scandinavian art and so on ad infinitum, the most original and valuable painter of our immediate time, J. Francis Murphy—the greatest landscape painter this country has produced save Inness—remained practically undetected by the critical gentry. In proportion

to the degree with which this painter's commercial value was increasing, critical consideration of his art was becoming scantier and scantier, until it had practically deteriorated into a chronic disparagement actuated by motives of a questionable nature. Of course, in view of the developments of the last few years, it is very easy to say "I told you so." But as a matter of fact no one did tell us so. I well remember the abysmal depth of short-sightedness and incredulity I encountered some six or seven years ago when I persisted in emphasising the importance of this painter, and predicted the present Murphy boom. I mention this merely as an indication of the incredible and quite deplorable lack of initiative and inspirational foresight that hampers and stultifies the general run of critical comment. Even so short a time back as a year ago, approximately, *Vanity Fair* published an article telling its readers that there was no art in this country. The same old refrain! No art! No patrons of art! And so on. A year has worked wonders for this point of view; for, lo and behold! J. Francis Murphy is, according to the June issue of this publication, the most valuable of all living painters in this country or elsewhere—and so on. This article appears *after* a Murphy has brought fifteen thousand six hundred dollars in the Hearn sale. Instances of a like nature might be submitted by the hundreds; our point is that, as in the case of Inness, whose art was originally apprehended by a man of shrewd, sharp, *practical* divination, Mr. Clarke, so in the case of Murphy, his illimitable potentialities have been partially estimated by the Lewisohns, the Hudnuts, the Hearn, and so on, rather than by the rare and exclusive "cognescenti," gentlemen, one and all of them, of academic cultivation and of intellectual finesse, but lacking somewhat in that something of *nth* degree capableness, that something wherein we find a miraculous fusion of the very utmost of æsthetic and emotional reciprocity with a plain, hard, tenacious common sense which does not mistake idiosyncrasy for progress, nor the truth of beauty for the illusion and affectation of beauty.

But useful as statistics and the dollar sign are in our attempts to refute the inordinate radicalisms of Greenwich Village on the one hand, the conventional obtuseness of editorial incompetence on the other, it is yet obvious that, in the long run, this matter of dollars and cents is a deplorably injurious excrescence, a parasitic growth infesting,

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polluting and distracting art's entire organism. Of this there cannot be the slightest doubt. It is impossible to do away with the sort of covert contempt that one feels in the presence of an art so tainted, through and through, with the adulterations inherent in the activities of commercialism. There are many other disquieting considerations that make us suspect painting of a fundamental inferiority as a medium of expression, but in this insidious matter of dollars and cents we touch a factor that ultimately works for the complete disrupting of all equitable standards and fine integrities.

It is undoubtedly true that there are numerous instances in painting (just as there are in all the arts) where an intrinsic one hundred per cent. artistic worth goes hand in hand with a popular appeal. Corot is perhaps the supreme example of this, but the list could be indefinitely prolonged. (For example, Daubigny, Mauve, the Monet of the Thames series.) In these instances, the financial value of these pictures stands in equitable relationship to their æsthetic value, and vice versa. In this country, Inness and Murphy are salient instances of this fortunate equilibrium. The point is, in other words, that, over and above the indubitable and pre-eminent merit of these men from the sheerly æsthetic standpoint, their art contains a large measure of something or other that makes for popularity. This something or other may be, indeed is, an affirmative quality (that is to say, a valid and substantial quality). The appeal of a Corot, a Daubigny, a Mauve, a Monet, an Inness or a Murphy is not (as we are sometimes told by certain superior persons) merely a pretty intriguing of our capacity for sentimental reciprocations. To the contrary, it is a legitimate appeal, based on certain sensitive reactions of ours to the artist's recognitions and recordings of the infinite loveliness of wood and sky and field and stream. So far so good. But, unfortunately, this equilibrium of commercial and artistic values is not consistently maintained. As a matter of fact, we encounter it very rarely. In other words, the genuine and the equitable appraisal is less in evidence in painting than in any other of the arts. By genuine and equitable appraisal I mean that kind of appraisal which reaches and maintains its decisions through the workings of a sheerly abstract consideration.

Of course it is obvious that painting ought to be viewed from the vantage ground of immaculate

æstheticism common to all the other arts. But, as a matter of fact, it isn't, and until it is, painting cannot be accorded the degree of respect with which we view the other arts of, say, drama, prose, poetry, music and so on. What I mean to say is that so long as a painting is at the mercy of the ulterior matter of "how much it is worth" it cannot receive the benefit of the abstract scrutiny that is accorded the poem or the sonata, and, by the same token, the persons interested in art cannot hope to attain to any degree whatsoever of the mental and spiritual status of the reader of poetry, the listener to music. The man or woman who sits down to their piano and plays a Chopin etude or a Debussy prelude is actuated by nothing whatsoever ulterior to the driving power of a sheerly emotional and artistic impulse. No subordinate and material influence alien to the intangible matter of spiritual and emotional dynamics intrudes its distracting and deteriorating power between the average listener at a symphony concert and the appeal of the music. It is likewise obvious that when a line of Keats or Swinburne or some other of the great tribe of vocal visionaries rises all unpremeditatedly to the surface of one's mind and pleads for utterance on one's lips—in other words, when one finds oneself murmuring all unconsciously,

"Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never
known,"

it is quite obvious, I repeat, that the origin of this act is buried deep down in the layers of one's unconscious accumulations of impression and one's innate, automatic craving for expression and for beauty. But when Mr. Jones buys a Titian or a Rembrandt or a Corot or an Inness or a Murphy, the odds are a hundred to one that the actuating impulse back of it all is the spirit of covetousness disguised adroitly, and when Mr. Smith asks you in to see his collection of So and So's, you can rest assured that he is experiencing a considerable degree of the delights peculiar to the spurious pride of possession and a very inconsiderable degree of the delights peculiar to a fine capacity for intellectual and æsthetic candours, integrities and idealisms. So long as a picture is a material rather than a spiritual possession just so long will it be subjected to the contaminations of material considerations, and just so long will these material considerations con-

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tinue to exert their vulgarising influence in the art world.

Hundreds upon hundreds of cases in point present themselves, all of them tending towards a disclosure of the fact that art, by its very nature, offers a facile field for the corruptions and facile activities of the speculator and the notoriety seeker. I would also call attention to the disproportionate amount of influence that can be exerted by individual idiosyncrasy, as opposed to a disciplined finesse of perception and discrimination. I submit the following as a salient instance: In my comments on the Hearn sale I took the liberty of regretting the price paid by ex-Senator Clark for a picture of Murphy's. My reasons for regretting the conspicuous price brought by this particular picture were not based on a mere idiosyncrasy of irresponsible prejudice. It should be the intention of all comments on artistic activities to formulate, proclaim and maintain a standard of values based on intrinsic qualifications and as free as possible from the distractions of fallible human preference. Now I repeat that it was an unfortunate thing that over fifteen thousand dollars was paid for this picture. Why? Simply because this picture no more represented the highest development of the art of Murphy than *Rienzi* or *The Flying Dutchman* represent the art of the Richard Wagner of *Tristan* or *The Ring*. The art of every artist is, in its early stages, largely and avowedly imitative. We all know this. As a general rule, its precious and incomparable essence is revealed to us only in its later manifestations. The great Turners and Innesses are the Turners and Innesses of the last period. The indispensable Manet is not the Manet that copied Goya, Hals, Velasquez; it is the kind of Manet that was exhibited some years ago at the Durand-Ruel Galleries—the Manet of the Parisian boulevards. Murphy's art previous to 1900 was an imitative Murphy, an adroit compound of Wyant and Inness. The pictures of this period contain a quantity of a kind of sumptuous beauty both of sentiment and of colouring that is lacking in the Murphy of to-day. They deserve the fullest recognition by collector and critic, for they are undeniably and spectacularly beautiful.

Unfortunately—and here is the point—a commercial value has been put upon the pictures of this period all out of proportion to their intrinsic importance in relation to the rest of Murphy's

work. Dealers are paying enormous prices for these pictures, knowing that they can dispose of them easily to their customers because of the obvious appeal of this phase of Murphy's work and the accumulative impetus given to it by auction-room records. And yet, when we put aside all considerations other than those that have their origin in the abstractions of æsthetic estimates, we realise that these pictures are no more the essential, unprecedented Murphy than the *Boy with a Sword* is the essential, unprecedented Manet. In other words, they do not represent that inestimable thing, the new vision, the new way of doing and seeing and feeling. The Murphy that a future consideration will single out for supreme recognition is the Murphy represented by, let us say, Mr. Lewisohn's *Upland Pastures, Morning*, Mr. Hudnut's *Brow of the Knoll*, Mr. Burton Mansfield's *November Morning*, Mr. Baldwin's *Showers* recently purchased from the Macbeth Galleries, or the landscape purchased by him from the Hugo Reisinger sale and, above all, the *Indian Summer* owned by Mr. Shepherd. As unique as Whistler (duplicating in their own inimitable way that something of rare grace and that indescribable something of a very delicate strangeness so intensely the cardinal characteristic of Whistler's art), these pictures represent the most precious quality of craftsmanship that landscape painting has known since Corot. Ex-Senator Clark's picture is a charming composite of other points of view; the *Indian Summer* is a new beauty coming into the world. The one is a beautiful replica; the other is an absolute originality. If ex-Senator Clark's Murphy is worth fifteen thousand, Mr. Shepherd's Murphy is worth twenty-five thousand. This in so far as an artistic scale of values can be reduced to the concrete terms of dollars and cents. The great, predominating, essential aspect of Murphy's art is its inspired inspection and superlative handling of the arid, the desolate. His rendering of naked, barren uplands is a new note in art. The conventional vision, accustomed to a more obvious prettiness and ornateness, does not appreciate the masterful elimination of the greater Murphy, and yet it is on the strength of these pictures that Murphy's claims to be considered a great original painter rest, and not until a collector shall have paid five or ten thousand dollars more for the Shepherd Murphy or the Hudnut Murphy or the Mansfield Murphy than ex-

Art and the Dollar Sign

Senator Clark paid for the Hearn Murphy shall we have recovered our balance and our sense of proportion.

The sum and substance of the matter seems to be something as follows: A high price means, in the long run, a good picture, but a good picture does not necessarily mean a high price. Instances by the thousand could be cited. The Murphy and the Inness in the Hearn sale were good pictures and deserved recognition. But, high as they sold, there are other Murphys and other Innesses that, according to an equitable appraisal based on the artistic fitness of things, should sell from fifty to a hundred per cent. higher. In an ideal scheme of things, the collector should strive to formulate his decisions through the exercise of a sheerly impersonal consideration of the artistic merits of a picture. I am not so fatuous as to believe this possible: human nature is against it.

I merely suggest as much as a sort of criterion. Under such a scheme of things art would be relieved of the distracting and demoralising corruptions and influences of sentimental preference and commercial calculation. As it is, painting presents us with a maze of discrepant valuations, the greater number of which are established by peculiar combinations and accidents of material circumstance and undisciplined inclination. That immaculate idealism of outlook necessary to a fine comprehension of art cannot be maintained in the face of covert shrewdness and sordid calculations.

For example, how many collectors are there, do you suppose, that would not rather own a Murphy signed in the '90s to a Murphy signed in the 1900s? Why? Simply because, under present conditions, the early Murphy is about five to eight thousand dollars more valuable than the late one.

The fact that the late Murphy is about fifty to eighty per cent. more valuable artistically than the early one is not, as it should be, the determining consideration. The egregiously inaccurate statement has been made that a picture is worth what it will bring. This is not true.

Intelligent inspection will disclose the discouraging fact that artistic effort and achievement of any kind whatsoever find favour with the public because of some quality in it extraneous to its sheerly artistic quality. This is axiomatic, whether the matter in hand be a landscape of

Murphy's, the voice of a Caruso, or the piano playing of a Paderewski. We shall always be compelled to take this factor into consideration. Unfortunately, in painting, this extraneous something or other exercises a predominating influence. One would not, even if one could, do away with sincere differences of opinion, and, as a result, there will always be a valid justification for certain degrees of difference in price. Our point is that when these differences in price assume the monstrous disparities to which we are accustomed we may assume that they have ceased to represent a just estimate of relative artistic values. I remember once standing with a foreign painter—a man of quite eminent significance—before a tiny little picture of Bruce Crane's. My friend's admiration for the picture was very keen. Note the significant fact that the picture attracted him solely on its merits as a piece of painting. He didn't know whether it was worth five dollars or five hundred dollars. One of our collectors, coming upon the picture, mistook it for a Murphy and turned towards it with animation. As he walked across the room to look at the picture, someone told him it was a Crane. He showed no further interest in the picture; and I cannot help believing that the explanation lies in the fact that the picture, signed by Crane, was worth about fifty dollars, whereas, if it had been signed by Murphy, it would have been worth about eight hundred dollars.

I could prolong this discussion indefinitely, but it seems to me the little incident I have just reported very nearly sums up the entire situation. Of course the answer to all I have said is the insurmountable fact that rarity and individual preference are and must remain the determining factors in art. This must not, however, deter us from an attempt to develop a capacity for unprejudiced appreciations. It is perfectly obvious that the American painter cannot function legitimately or develop any degree of individuality if the dollar sign is to maintain its supremacy as an ultimate test of merit. So long as the "saleability" of a picture is a determining factor, so long will our painters continue to turn out sterile replicas of their "popular" work, and so long will Continental culture continue to ridicule our American painters. The collectors and art dealers of this country must purify their point of view. They must try to see painting as an art, not solely as a business proposition.

A History of Italian Furniture

the Græco-Roman productions, of which Italy was so full, made the complete adaptation of the imported principles impossible. The same phenomenon happened in France when, in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, the Renaissance style, imported from Italy, tried to supplant Gothic art in the country where this art was born, where it attained its highest development and from which it spread all over the world. The same reluctance or rather reserve was shown by the French before they finally adopted the Renaissance style, as was nearly three centuries earlier shown by the Italians when from France Gothic art was brought into Italy.

A curious example of the persistence of classical traditions in Italy is the chest of the early fifteenth century here shown, of which the carved motifs of the upper part are entirely in the Gothic tradition of the northern European countries, while the lower part shows interior work and geometrical patterns so characteristic of Italian productions. Italy never understood the organic construction of the Gothic style but as a highly cultured and artistic country it knew how, in a most charming way, to combine the imported style with its own artistic inclinations and so created a style of its own in which both tendencies are delightfully combined. This can easily be seen in the carefully selected pieces of furniture which Mr. Odom reproduces in the first chapter of his book. In reading it we can also realise how scarce furniture was at this time. Furnishings consisted then principally of cassone which served many purposes, of benches, stools and a small quantity of chairs. On the other hand, however, the interiors were highly colourful, the walls and furniture painted, some of them by the most famous artists. All these details and many other important items are brought out clearly and in a picturesque way in Mr. Odom's work.

In the second chapter the author takes up the early Renaissance period in which the essential qualities of the Italian genius and his natural artistic inclinations triumph over the imported elements of an art which was not his. As Mr. Odom rightly says: "The general interior of the early Renaissance palace shows a marked development in unity of decorative work. The classic architectural schemes of the exterior invaded the principal apartments of the interior as well."

And always keeping in mind the close relationship existing between the forms of architecture

and the forms of furniture he further says: "As the design of the house precedes that of the furnishings, so the furniture design of the early Renaissance naturally follows that of the architecture, to which it conforms."

Another item which it is important to keep in mind and which the author brings out so well is the ecclesiastical preponderance of influence in the Gothic and early Renaissance periods upon household furnishings, showing a close resemblance to contemporary ecclesiastical design. It is only later when the number of palaces built increased in number that this influence little by little ceased.

The third chapter deals with the products of the High Renaissance of the first half of the sixteenth century, the period of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo, generally considered as the golden age of the artistic career of Italy. It was a period of prosperity and luxury, palaces were built and their interiors richly decorated. The general trend of ideas of this period leaves a decided mark upon the furniture itself. Articles needed for house furnishings became more numerous, their decorations became richer and of a more vigorous type.

"In summing up the furniture design of the early sixteenth century," says the author (page 161), "it may be said that it has the simplicity and ecclesiastical dignity of that of the early Renaissance, with greater care given to the refinement of its detail. Proportion was perfected; moulds, pilasters and caps were of more classic purity and decorations of carving, intarsia and painting were of exquisite design and execution. Just before the middle of the century the influence of Michelangelo is evident in the tendency toward boldly modelled and sometimes exaggerated scale in moulds. . . ." These exaggerations, which will soon lead art into the baroque style of workmanship, will become more noticeable in the second half of the sixteenth century, with which Mr. Odom deals in his last chapter on the High Renaissance productions. As for pieces of furniture which still show the artistic tendency of the early Renaissance productions, the armoire which is reproduced on page li is a beautiful example. The form of this piece is extremely simple and its painted decoration, consisting of grotesques, putti, human masks and garlands, is of a fanciful and beautiful character. It is greatly influenced by Raphael's decorations in the Vatican

The War Zone in Graphic Art

and designs of that kind have in their turn greatly influenced the decorative elements in France as well as elsewhere.

In the last chapter, dealing with the High Renaissance in the second half of the sixteenth century, the author, among other items, speaks of the supremacy of Spanish power in Italy, which "turned the art and social life of the Italians away from the intellectual freedom and adventure of the Renaissance into the narrower channel of a stilted and haughty Spanish society despising industry and commerce and the ease and freedom of Italian social intercourse. . . ." He further says how "under Spanish domination there was no longer the old intimacy between patron, artist and humanity, while wit and talent were not held in the same high esteem. . . ." "The result," adds the author, "of an impoverished society, demanding a pretentious display was naturally an inferior and more ornate expression of art."

That art at this time was rapidly declining is evident. Exaggeration and exuberance superseded little by little the highly finished touches of the earlier productions. There are still, however, masterpieces to be found and a table, for instance, unfortunately not shown here, evinces fine workmanship.

Owing to the lack of space it is impossible to take up in detail the criticism of this most valuable publication. The general plan adopted by Mr. Odom in his study is worth noticing. He first of all studies the objects themselves; he afterwards turns to miniatures, engravings and paintings of the time to reconstruct the furniture in its former setting. He thirdly consults chronicles and letters of the time to give to the objects a true personal touch. The book thus compiled is of great interest to the general public as well as to students.

It has a human interest, but it has, also, a scientific background. There are attributions leading to discussion, and one also feels a certain regret that the author did not go deeper, and did not devote more time to discussing the objects themselves. As a whole, however, Mr. Odom's book is a very important contribution to the history of Italian furniture and it is with eagerness and real pleasure that we await the publication of his second volume dealing with the furniture productions from the seventeenth to the early nineteenth centuries.

THE WAR ZONE IN GRAPHIC ART

THE Prints Division of the New York Public Library has arranged, in the print gallery (room 321) in the main building, an exhibition of somewhat timely interest, to replace the one illustrating "The Making of a Lithograph," and to extend into January, 1919.

The posters of the new show bear the large-type title "The War Zone in Graphic Art," with a parenthetical explanation: "Etchings and other prints illustrating Eastern France and Belgium during the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries. The pictures shown are not a selection from the Library's collection of views, but prints from the print room's portfolios, the modern ones mainly from the S. P. Avery Collection, that never-failing source. Which implies that the cases in the print gallery are filled with the works of artists of repute. So we are brought, naturally, face to face with the expression of personality, and the exhibition, besides its obvious interest of subject, serves the print lover and those interested in art in general.

Naturally, on the basis of selection indicated, one will not look for illustrations of all of even the important places lying within the present war zone. In other words, it is the choice exercised by artists in days—and generations—before the present war that fixes the limits and extent of this exhibition.

Yet the very fact that the subject was the primary cause for admission brought in so wide a range of prints that not only original etchings were included, but reproductive ones as well, not often exhibited since the days of their vogue, as well as etchings and lithographs.

Here are shown localities that have become household words through the stirring events of the last four years, seen through the eyes of artists of various countries and periods. Here one may visit Antwerp with Wenzel Hollar, who depicted the pomp and circumstance of the conclusion of peace between Spain and the Netherlands in the market-place in 1648. Or one may go back a century farther, and see Dürer's sketch (shown here in facsimile, of course) of the city's waterfront, done with a remarkable grasp of Whistlerian expressiveness in empty space, and an evident appreciation of the pattern of interlaced rigging recalling to us some of

The War Zone in Graphic Art

Whistler's London plates. And there are nineteenth-century plates of bits of the city by Belgian artists, Henri Leys and Verhaert; by the Frenchmen, Maxime Lalanne, that accomplished technician; Gaston de Latenay; Norbert Goeneutte, that most summary of modern etchers; Jongkind, who shows the *Scheldt* or *Escaut* at Antwerp, at sunset, and by our own Samuel Colman. Come to Bruges under the guidance of the noted etcher of architectural subjects, A. H. Haig (*Belfry*, 1913), or of F. H. Armington, or Beurdeley, or J. Celos (*The Dead City*, 1911). Across *A Bridge Over the Nethe at Lierre* with Marten van der Loo. To Malines (which Hollar depicts in an architectural drawing and Marten van der Loo shows in *A Thaw*); to Ghent (where Frank Brangwyn has found interesting *Old Houses*); Tournai (Ernest George), Dixmuden (*Church of St. Nicholas*, by Brangwyn), and Tervueren, Boulenger's painting of which is interpreted by Theophile Chauvel, that master of reproductive etching and lithography. Hollar etched buildings and women's costume in Brussels, Dürer sketched the *Zoo* there, and J. T. J. Linning, a Belgian artist, shows a mill in the quartier Leopold in 1866. Philip Zilcken, the contemporary Dutch etcher and writer on art, did about a dozen plates in and near Brussels, Dinant and Verviers, the *Rocher Bayard* near Dinant, a bit *Near Namur*, the *Waterloo Road*, *Near Brussels*. So the artists, escaping at times from architecture and town-folk to the quiet of country life, will take you outside the city walls, into the open, to hamlets and fields and orchards not on the war map at all. With them one wanders through the land, seeing *Tamise on the Scheldt*, *Vilvorde*, *Calmphort* and *Venlo* with C. Storm van Gravesande, who also takes us along the Meuse.

Then across the border into France, to see a *Morning on the Marne* painted by Charles Daubigny and etched by Lucien Gautier; a scene on the Marne by Noel Masson (who etched although his two hands were missing), another on the Oise, by Daubigny, etched by C. A. Walker; another on the same river by Brunet-Debaines, and a *Moonlight on the Oise* and other scenes in original etchings by Daubigny. *On the Marne*, painted by Karl Daubigny and etched by Gaston Rodriguez; *Sunday on the Marne*, wood engraving in colours by Paul Colin; *Banks of the Somme*, a lithograph by Jules

Dupre, and *Banks of the Somme, near Amiens*, by Alphonse Legros, show peaceful days on two rivers that have now witnessed such momentous battles. The charm of waterways for the artist is farther shown in such etchings as the two of the Doubs (one a view of Verdun) by Brunet-Debaines.

So the list goes on. There are Rochebrune's *Pierrefonds*, George T. Plowman's *Hotel de Ville, Arras*, Norbert Goeneutte's *Cayeux* (Picardy), Lalanne's *Château-Thierry* and *Château de Chaumont* (Haute Marne). Some of these places have figured in the war reports, others may have escaped direct contact with the conflict. Amiens luckily did, although, by making the term "war zone" a little elastic, it was easily brought within a line not so very far off. The etchings of its cathedral by A. H. Haig and Camille Fonce, and the lithograph by J. D. Harding, justify the inclusion. Similarly, Strasbourg, at the other end of the line, finds a place here. Hollar etched its cathedral; so did Haig and Octave de Rochebrune. Samuel Prout lithographed picturesque buildings there. And Goeneutte sketched the entrance to Mortefontaine, in Lorraine. Rheims Cathedral is here, of course, interior and exterior, in etchings by Haig, Henri Toussaint, Vincent Randolph and George T. Plowman. There is another cathedral building, the famous Notre Dame of Paris. It is the only landmark of Paris appearing in the present show, for while bombardment for a while brought the city within the dangers of war, her etched glories might well claim an entire exhibition. Such a one was indeed held by the Library's prints division when it was still in the old Lenox Library building. So then Notre Dame alone was selected on the present occasion, but it appears here as seen by a number of artists—Callot, F. T. Simon, Haig, Toussaint, Rochebrune, Lalanne, Plowman, F. L. Warner, and, of course Charles Meryon, whose beautiful *Abside* stands unrivalled.

With that we have come to what, next to the subject of the prints (as to which no pretension to completeness is made here), forms the interest of this exhibition. That is, the illustration of such national and individual differences in point of view and expression as form the very essence of art. And the illustration, furthermore, of the adaptation of personal style to the medium in hand in such manner as to exemplify the eternal law of appropriateness. The presentation of such basic principles and characteristics, in

properly chosen examples, is, after all, the aim and object of print shows of this nature and extent.

THE Department of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, announces four exhibitions opening Thursday, November 21. An exhibition of the private collection owned by Mr. Herbert Du Puy of Pittsburgh, a group of etchings and drawings by M. A. J. Bauer, thirty paintings in oil by Henry Salem Hubbell, and the Ninth Annual Exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh.

THE METROPOLITAN PURCHASE (See page xlv.)

THE importance of the purchase by the Metropolitan of such consummate art as the thirteenth-century French Gothic statue of the *Virgin and Child* cannot be overestimated, nor could the moment have been better selected seeing that the money obtained by sales of French art goes to Rheims, Verdun, Château-Thierry and other stricken regions whence these treasures have been derived. It is to be hoped that other museums and collections may profit by the example so as to become enriched by specimens of the golden age of sculpture—an age that will never return. The ideals and spirit that invested the cathedral builders have departed and if we are ever to have a great art once more it can have but little relation with an art so replete with abstract beauty and reverence expressed in a manner so unsophisticated. The figure is life-sized in stone and contains traces of polychrome adornment, is extremely graceful, beautiful in design, and the face wears that enigmatic smile only to be seen in statuary of this period. The beholder must regard this precious statue as though it were in a niche or portal of some cathedral and not in a New York museum. Like the Sufi, one must be able to detach one's mind, thus creating the right atmosphere in order to enjoy great art.

THE Ninth Annual Exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh included 146 paintings by local painters. The honours were awarded to *Louise* by Malcolm S. Parcell, *Hydrangeas* by Elizabeth L. Rothwell, and *Isle of Springs from Westport* by Charles J. Taylor. Mr. Charles J. Taylor is also represented by a special group of his illustrations that have appeared in *Life*, *Judge*, *Harper's* and other publications.

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BOOK REVIEWS

DECORATIVE TEXTILES. By George Leland Hunter. (J. P. Lippincott Co.) \$15.00.

SINCE the history of textiles is so intimately interwoven with the history of the world, the story of the decorative arts is a fascinating one, dealing as it does with the rise and fall of empires, with wars of aggression and the strife of oppression as well as the humble pursuits of peace. Hallowed by romance and knightly adventure and scarred, alas, by the corruption of courts and the degeneracy of potentates and kings, it forms a chronicle of all-absorbing interest.

Mr. Hunter's *Decorative Textiles* has just been published by the J. P. Lippincott Company, the subject becomes, as it is in truth, a veritable Arabian Nights' entertainment, carrying the reader by a series of vivid pen pictures through every phase of its development from the weaving of Coptic fabrics in Egypt down to those "made in America," which, incidentally, the author declares are destined eventually to hold a high place in the realm of modern decorative art.

The book, a large quarto volume, handsomely bound in indigo-blue linen, bearing upon the cover the title in gold and an interesting Renaissance damask design in red and gold, comprises twenty-one chapters covering a range of topics from damask to furniture trimming and is charmingly illustrated by 580 plates, twenty-seven of them in colour, which are the finest expression of the lithographer's art.

Written from the standpoint of one who is a master of technique as applied to decorative arts, the book is easily the most comprehensive ever put on the market. As a text-book it will be in great demand, while for reference or as a technical exposition of the subject it will, by its simple, direct appeal, find a large audience among lay folk who are eager for historic knowledge.

Mr. Hunter has not only covered his subject in a broad, general way from every possible angle but has succeeded in defining the interrelationship between the various phases of decorative art in a most instructive manner. The incentive supplied the textile industries throughout the ages by royal largess, the influence upon them of religion and religious beliefs, in particular those of Christian tradition, are a few of the interesting side-lights of this enchanting volume.

Book Reviews

In the preface Mr. Hunter explains that when he decided to publish his book on coverings for furniture and walls, including rugs and carpets, tapestries and embroideries, damasks, brocades and velvets, chintzes and cretonnes, drapery and furniture trimmings, the inevitable title seemed to be *Decorative Textiles*. Nor, said he, did the inclusion of wall-paper and illuminated leather render the title any less appropriate, because both rely for their success largely upon texture effects borrowed from textiles.

While holding fast to historic design, the writer has accentuated the importance of texture as being the most distinctive quality of textiles, a fact invariably overlooked by most writers on the subject, and yet it is one which might be said to be the crux of the whole situation. In the opening chapter, dealing with "those aristocrats of the shuttle—damasks, brocades and velvets," he avers that a summary of their virtues would involve the history of ornament in silk, a statement he verifies by chronological events.

He traces the history of China, Japan, Persia and the Byzantine-Roman Empires as they bear on the origin of the silk industry, which an ancient Chinese legend credits to Si-ling-li, wife of the great Prince Hoang-ti, who, for weaving beautiful cloths from silk she herself spun, was christened the Goddess of Silk.

The development of lace the writer attributes to Italy, just as entirely as the development of picture tapestry is laid to the honour of the French Netherlands and that of Gothic architecture and stained-glass windows to France. This subject receives particularly interesting treatment, illustrated with many striking types of Italian, Flemish and French laces.

Under the head of embroideries the writer covers those of Byzantine-Roman origin, Sicilian, English, Flemish, Florentine, American, East-Indian and Chinese, with specific illustrations of each type, from the ancient textiles of Babylon and Assyria down to the hand-decorated reindeer clothing of the Laplanders. As the most extraordinary example of ancient embroidery, the set of vestments and altar-hangings associated with the Order of the Golden Fleece is depicted, as also is the dalmatic of Charlemagne, now in the Sacristy of St. Peter's at Rome. The garments are said to have been worn by Charlemagne when, vested as deacon, he sang the Gospel at high mass on the day the Pope crowned him

Emperor. The Bayeux tapestry, done in petit point, one of the best known embroideries of the world, is also illustrated.

Rugs and carpets afford another opportunity for the writer's facile pen, involving as they do all the mystery of the Orient. Five chapters are devoted to the subject, which includes a consideration of hand-made Spanish, English, Axminster, Savonnerie, American and Arbusson specimens, with one chapter covering the European and American hand-made varieties. Embroidered rugs, from those of the Spanish Renaissance down to the humble rag carpet of the American Colonial housewife, are given due consideration, with special pages given to Chinese and Bokhara, Caucasian and Turkish rugs plentifully illustrated.

Gothic tapestries, so rich in historic suggestion and charm of design, are extensively treated, and in this connection the famous Beauvois or "peace" tapestry is described and pictured. The latter has a special significance to the world just now, since it was presented to the Cathedral of Beauvois in 1460 by the then Bishop of Beauvois, Guillaume de Hellande, in honour of peace. The word "paix" appears many times on the whole set and is expressive of the Bishop's joy at the termination of the 100 years' war.

To the development of tapestries in America, Mr. Hunter devotes considerable space expressing his belief that the field is one likely to be productive of big things in the future. He concludes the subject with the prophecy, "I believe the time has come for a rebirth of tapestry . . . in America on a scale equal to that of the Renaissance, provided only that we shun passionately the errors due to ignorance and inexperience."

FAMOUS PICTURES OF REAL ANIMALS. By Lorinda Bryant. (John Lane Company.) \$1.50.

Mrs. Bryant has added one more little volume to her series of art books for the people. That there is need for such books, the popularity of preceding volumes by this author testifies to the full. Considering that the best painting and sculpture of animals has been executed in England during the last half century and some of the most brilliant achievements in the last two decades, one misses mention, excepting an indifferent example of Sorolla, of contemporary works. Even then does the author imagine that in the field of the creation of works of art in which the depicting of animals plays chief part, that there

SHARON

35.
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STOP

INTERNATIONAL STOP
STOP

The first of these is the
fact that the world is
not a homogeneous whole
but a collection of
nations, each with its
own history, culture, and
interests. The second is
the fact that the world is
not a static entity but a
dynamic one, constantly
changing and evolving.
The third is the fact that
the world is not a single
entity but a collection of
nations, each with its
own history, culture, and
interests. The fourth is
the fact that the world is
not a static entity but a
dynamic one, constantly
changing and evolving.
The fifth is the fact that
the world is not a single
entity but a collection of
nations, each with its
own history, culture, and
interests. The sixth is
the fact that the world is
not a static entity but a
dynamic one, constantly
changing and evolving.
The seventh is the fact
that the world is not a
single entity but a
collection of nations,
each with its own
history, culture, and
interests. The eighth is
the fact that the world is
not a static entity but a
dynamic one, constantly
changing and evolving.
The ninth is the fact
that the world is not a
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THE BRITISH OFFICIAL ARTIST IN WAR-TIME BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

WITHIN a very few days some 240 paintings, showing the scope of Great Britain's spirit and achievement in times of stress, will be on public view at the Corcoran Galleries, Washington, whence they will visit different centres, including of course New York. Mr. Raymond Wyer, Director of Worcester Art Museum, is responsible for the circuit which is under his guidance and control. His enthusiasm which has made this possible would, however, have been unavailing had it not been for the patriotism and enterprise of the trustees of the Museum, who have been eager to support the idea, and in this connexion is clearly evinced the importance of the Worcester Museum, which was first considered by the British authorities when they decided to send this exhibition across the ocean.

There is no intention on our part to offer a critical paper upon British war art, more especially as the exhibition in question has not yet been seen by the public, but rather to give a few explanatory notes relieved by quotations from the catalogue which contains a foreword by Mr. Wyer and an introduction by Dr. Christian Brinton. And in speaking of the catalogue it may be added that something of a lasting character and of intrinsic merit has been accomplished by Dr. Brinton, who felt that the occasion required an unusual catalogue worthy to find place upon the bookshelf and attractive enough to sell readily, for every dollar realised will be turned over to charity.

It cannot be claimed that militarism has produced a new art, but the unusual conditions prevailing in the many countries affected, and the novel features of conflict so utterly different

from past experience have completely reversed all precedent and have thus conjured up new forms of life to which the artist could only respond with what appears to be a new form of art; in a word, art has had to follow new channels. In England for the first time the Government turned to the artist to supply an artistic exposition of what Great Britain has done during the great period of conflict, and care was bestowed upon the allotment to each phase of the war of that artist who seemed in every sense best qualified to interpret it.

Art is never new, but undoubtedly it receives impulses from life which force it into unwonted forms of expression. Heretofore war has been depicted in a more or less impersonal manner and the results have been lacking in spontaneity and sincerity. Yet with the British exhibition of war pictures the public will be confronted with an amazing mass of graphic documents of a kind and quality never approached before for the reason that the great emotion which produced these pictures has been evoked by a common danger menacing civilization and the very existence of nations. Previous battles of recent times, since artists visited the firing lines, have been reported in the same spirit as might attach to the spectacle of fireworks at the Crystal Palace or a game of polo at Hurlingham. Here, however, Great Britain stood with her back to the wall fighting for very life and grimly conscious of a possible defeat as disastrous as the threat of Spain in the days of the Armada.

The best artists were officially delegated to the task of showing the world what part Great Britain had played in this immense drama, and it is interesting to note the care with which the different trends of thought and expression amongst the leading artists have been drawn upon so that each phase of the past four years of conflict might

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The British Official Artist in War-time

be entrusted to that artist most capable of giving it the truest impress. Academicians and radicals have been impartially selected, and in regarding the work of those newcomers in the field of art who see rather through the eye than with it, one cannot help realising how successful the selections have been. To the ultra-moderns who are patiently biding their time, this awakening to their methods will assuredly be a comforting and significant sign. When officially invited to join in such an enterprise as this, they can no longer be regarded as voices in the wilderness, especially as the importance of their contributions has so fully justified their appearance in canvases which more conservative painting could never have accomplished.

But let us quote Dr. Brinton:

"While there is scarcely a nation represented in the great conflict of nations that did not in some manner employ the fundamentals of colour concealment and protective mimicry, it must not be assumed that this is the only artistic innovation directly traceable to the war. Fresh ground has been broken along several different lines and sundry precedents have been overturned. The most significant departure would, however, seem to lie not in the adaptation of artists and art formulæ to the rigorous exigencies of war, but in the recognition accorded the artist as the true historian, the veritable interpreter, of war in all its visible aspects.

"The immediate vogue and utility of the British recruiting posters designed by such master draughtsmen as Mr. Frank Brangwyn and Mr. G. Spencer Pryse afforded concrete proof to the Government of the value of art as a means of furthering the cause of war. In due course a number of men of the highest professional position, including Sir John Lavery, Sir William Orpen, Mr. George Clausen, Mr. Augustus John, Mr. Muirhead Bone, Mr. James McBey, were commissioned to devote their time and talents to war theme. Those physically fit went to the front, while those unable to withstand the rigours of active service remained at home to chronicle the not less essential story of Britain's industrial, naval or agricultural achievements."

Of how the artists acquitted themselves Mr. Wyer remarks:

"Despite the fact that war was the ordered subject of their canvases, they trusted to the assertiveness of the conditions to imprint upon

their art the appropriate direction and spirit. And instead of a narrowing of their vision, it has developed a still wider range, a broader technique, a still more profound knowledge of essentials, upon which their art has emerged superior to mere incidents of conflict, thus bequeating to us both a new religion and a new philosophy." Noticeable also are his comments upon a national art and Governmental recognition: "Of great significance to artists and laymen of all countries who are interested in the development of a national art, is the fact that out of an issue so at variance with art as war, Governmental recognition has been accorded to the artists in the knowledge that their co-operation would be an educational and inspirational factor, and therefore of far-reaching benefit to all classes. It is perhaps the greatest tribute paid to art in modern times."

That the ultra-modern persuasionists may take heart of grace is proved by the action of the Government which called upon conservative and radical painters alike. In the words of Dr. Brinton: "One might readily have predicted that R. A.'s and A. R. A.'s would be assured of generous representation. That the list of official British war artists should, however, include the names of various painters of manifestly advanced persuasion—Cubists, Futurists, Vorticists and the like—will come as something of a surprise to the Transatlantic public."

And finally, to quote Mr. Wyer, "Artists of all schools have been admitted, yet the varying expressions include little that is mediocre—every point of view is distinguished, from the artist who paints the conventional composition in a subjective way, and the one who treats objectively but with more virility an incident in or a section of some military operation, to the ultra-modernist who expresses himself powerfully in abstractions and volume, ignoring entirely the more obvious evidences of warfare. And especially in connection with this last attitude it may confidentially be asserted that the modern desire to probe into the essentials, the why and the wherefore, spiritual conditions, in fact, rather than objective truths, has rendered it possible to record the war in terms of art only possible where the significance is paramount."

Much credit is due to the British Bureau of Information and to Mr. Walter Monroe Grant, Manager, Department of Exhibitions, for his assistance in securing the collection for America.

Made in America

weaving and its allied trades or in the distribution of the finished materials," the subject looms large as a matter of universal training.

The collection of American silks has attracted wide-spread attention, for, wearing the same gorgeous livery of the historic fragments from which their inspiration was drawn, they demonstrate in a peculiarly pointed fashion the remarkable strides that have been made in the past few years by the Jacquard looms, and their presence in the Museum collection constitutes a distinct triumph for the American manufacturers to whose skill and painstaking zeal their success is due.

To try and visualise the rare beauty of these exquisite woven fabrics is difficult, for certain examples—an old Viennese velvet, for instance—baffle description. The original fragment from which it was copied was once the vestment of a mediæval ecclesiastic, and presents that rare shade of red that is neither a rose nor yet a cherry, but rather a glorified combination of the two, such as is only seen in a cope or chasuble, or mayhap in the time-worn upholstery of a chair from the Doge's Palace, such as has been handed down in a private collection.

The romance of silk gilds the history of the world, for it is a maker of history. Wherever the rich product of the loom appears both romance and history follow, and many of the brocades or other designs had their origin in events which shaped the lives of nations. China contributed such a wealth of tradition and fancy to the manufacture of silks that the elaborate brocade of the Chien Lung period shown among the American fabrics in the Museum holds especial interest. It depicts the symbolic "cycle of the lotus" design with the imperial phoenix, conventionalised, and other symbols of good omen mentioned in Buddhistical writings.

There is something very alluring as well as sad in the brocade copied from that in the boudoir of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette in the Petit Trianon. It has a soft pink background with scrolls and musical instruments in an equally delicate yellow. A delightful material for a similar wall-hanging shows a French design of the time of Louis XVI in old pink and white with a ribbon that catches up a bouquet of flowers in the symmetrical and gentle style of the period.

From Persia came the swan motif on a plum ground with silver cupids and a gold thread running through. One style was copied from the

robe of a Spanish grandee suggestive of castles in Spain and all the attendant romance. Another, an Italian brocade of the sixteenth century, probably of Milanese origin, shows the typical vase and flowers suggestive of the Italian Renaissance influence. An uncut velvet from Avignon is full of rich beauty.

Then there are reproductions of famous Sicilian silks with their wealth of symbolic meaning from Byzantine as well as Saracen sources in which the jacinth, tulip, eglantine, pink and peach, the favourite flowers of the Mohammedan Persian patterns, figure so conspicuously. And lastly, there is a marvellous new creation of the Cheney looms in which the pineapple design figures prominently. The inspiration for the design came from a fragment of brocade brought "from an ancient château in sunny Provence," for although, as the manufacturers state, the pineapple design is Italian and some of the elaborations Hispano-Moresque, the combination is French and points directly to Provence.

In bringing back to life the many beautiful historical designs which have for the most part been preserved in Museum collections, the Cheney Brothers are not only exhibiting a fine patriotism in increasing American prestige in industrial fields, but they are conferring a benefit on the world as well in perpetuating the wealth of historic design to such a great extent lying fallow in our museums and private collections. The Cincinnati Museum itself is also deserving of the highest praise in the development of their textile department, and in their evident desire to give American products the benefit that they so richly deserve.

YALE

ANNOUNCEMENT is made at the Yale School of the Fine Arts that Assistant Professor Kingsley Porter, Lecturer on the History of Art, has been called to France by the French Government to act with the Commission des Monuments Historiques and is now on indefinite leave of absence from the University.

Assistant Professor Everett V. Meeks, head of the Department of Architecture in the Art School, has been appointed Assistant Director of Fine Arts to act in New York for the Army Overseas Educational Commission, acting in that capacity on those days of the week not spent in New Haven.

Confessions of Carroll Beckwith

C ONFESSIONS OF CARROLL BECKWITH

[A FIRST-PERSON article resulting from a conversation with Carroll Beckwith in 1910, by Harriet Washburn Stewart. The editor of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO has seen letters from the lately deceased artist expressing entire approval of this "admirably and charmingly written" matter, also wishing it might be published after he had "gone on," when the public would be keener to know what had influenced his work.]

It is, indeed, a very real joy to have been born a painter. I can conceive of no other gift or heritage which carries with it so rich a measure of abiding satisfaction. And when one who has been touched, be it ever so lightly, by a live coal from the altar, takes his staff and scrip, and journeys away with light heart and eager spirit to explore the wonders of other lands, what wealth of development he gathers in those "wander years"—what inexhaustible inspiration to achievement!

The value of travel may not be measured by the curios the traveller brings back, nor by the strange stories of distant lands with which he may charm away the hours, nor even by the exact information which he may gather by the way. Rather the "wander years" open a new window in the chamber of life through which the world of beauty and of art is seen in wider prospect, and splendid cargoes of impressions are brought home which furnish inspiration for a lifetime.

In recalling the great examples of the various schools of art which have by their overmastering power influenced my own life-work, I find that I stand upon the threshold of an intimate revelation of myself. The vital influences which are sufficiently keen to find expression in the product of the man who has been dominated by them, are not to be carelessly cried aloud in the marketplace. The pictures whose silent messages have in a measure inspired my brush have not been those which catch the eye for the moment; my deepest, richest experiences in studying the masters have been marked by an instinctive avoidance of the famous paintings which are known to the world as those of general influence; nor are reproductions of these favourites of mine to be found upon the street corners. Indeed, not distinctive pictures,

but the individuality of distinctive painters, has left the strongest impression upon me, and no doubt more or less subconsciously determined the character of my own productions.

There is a picture in the *Stanze* which I still consider the finest example of all that gallery of glory contributed to art by Raphael. It is a mural decoration, *The Deliverance of Saint Peter*, and in splendour of design, in simplicity of composition, in perfection of drawn form, it is to my mind distinctly the greatest work of the master hand which created it. Next to it, and while still in the Vatican, there stands out sharply in the foreground of memory—I see it now in fancy—the ceiling of the *Sistine Chapel*, which has cast its magic spell upon me as it has upon thousands of others who have followed the profession of art through generations past, and as it will upon thousands yet to come.

These first are indelibly impressed upon my thought. Homage once rendered where it is due, my heart goes out to the work of the Venetian Renaissance. Tintoretto, Veronese, Tiepolo—since my boyhood student days, they have always been factors in my artistic growth. It has been my happiness to spend long, fruitful hours before their radiant canvases—in the Museum and the Ducal Palace at Venice. The walls of the Palazzo Labia, too, are glorified by Tiepolo's immortal *Antony and Cleopatra*, and there I copied, with what fidelity I might, its sumptuous elegance and marvellous detail. Tintoretto, although less often upon the smatterer's lips, has influenced me far more than Titian, with all his riot of colour and flesh. In the *Scuola San Rocco* there are movements of figures of such wonderful grandeur and poise that this one creation of Tintoretto's has, I think, never been equalled by any other painter.

His *Presentation of the Virgin* has always been to me a joy in art, the heroically moulded woman at the foot of the steps pointing out to the child beside her, the Madonna's luminous figure in the distance—in quality of colour and reflected light is comparable to few canvases in existence; she is the ideal of all that is splendid in Venetian art.

Like a precious jewel within its casket, the *Santa Barbara* of Palma Vecchio shines upon Venetian walls. How often have I made pilgrimages to the little Church of Santa Maria Formosa to sit, all unworthy, at her feet. When the afternoon sun filters through the window by the altar

Confessions of Carroll Beckwith

over which she hangs, she seems to live and breathe out her grand Venetian soul. Few artists of any school, perhaps none to me, have lent greater charm to their depictions of the Virgin than Bernardino Luini, and his name is always associated in my mind with the perfect type of the Holy Mother.

Velasquez and Van Dyck are the two men of later date whom I profoundly admire. I can never tire of the swing and poise of the seated figure in *The Spinners* in the Prado at Madrid. Only the brush of a Velasquez could evoke it! *The Lancers*, by the same master hand and in the same gallery; the young *Prince Balthazar* on horseback; more than one of the heads of *Philip IV.* (of which the Spanish master painted no less than sixty-two)—these are works that in colour effects as in technical achievement have won my lasting appreciation.

Many critics speak of Van Dyck as trivial and effeminate in his art. To me he was peculiarly gifted by God as no other artist has ever been. The marvellous output, the tremendous quantity of masterly works scattered throughout the museums of the world, have enchained my admiration for the *man*, as his conceptions—both in portraiture and in allegorical composition—have been one of the chief delights of my life. Were he known to America only by the *Stuart* of our Metropolitan Museum collection, that single work would have been enough to have crowned him with the laurels of an immortal. The same museum contains other paintings which are among my ideals of technical composition, notably Rembrandt's *Man with the Hat*, one of the gems of the Marquand collection, and Franz Hals' seated woman, smiling out at the spectator with the chain bracelets above her clasped hands.

The eighteenth century has left its inheritance for later generations of artists to mark, to wonder at, and to build upon. For myself, Gainsborough, Lawrence and Reynolds have spoken insistently to me by their marvels of accomplishment. Watteau's *Fête Champêtre* possesses all the alluring charm and grace which can be conceived of by the most vivid imagination. Certain of the Fragonards, also, not only in colour but in drawing, *en pâte*, are amazing examples of dexterity whose influence must be felt by any thoughtful artist. Baudry, in portraiture as in decoration, haunts the memory and impresses my own work. The generosity of Mr. William

K. Vanderbilt has made it possible for our New Theatre to possess for the ceiling of its *foyer* a very beautiful example in Baudry's happiest vein.

Among the modern Frenchmen, none has painted more ably nor impressed his distinctive individuality more forcibly upon my own manner than Carolus Duran, the master under whom I studied. His method of handling pigment I know has been excelled by no other modern artist—it was indeed *la belle peinture*. Nor must I forget that from Constable's canvases, more especially in the little landscape known as *The Cottage*, which hangs upon the walls of the Louvre, I have drawn many an hour of inspiration. Years ago, in my student days at the Beaux Arts, I made a careful water-colour copy of *The Cottage* which I still cherish among my choicest treasures. Constable's landscapes have meant much to me, and, wherever I have found them, it has always seemed as if the man himself spoke to me through his art.

As I reflect upon the surpassing genius which has expressed itself through the centuries by means of brush and colours, and as I review the keen sensations—sometimes of the deepest fascination, sometimes well nigh akin to repulsion—which it has awakened in me, my mind always reverts to the men themselves who have possessed for me an overpowering charm.

Let me review them briefly, this illustrious list: Phidias, Michelangelo, Tintoretto, Veronese, some of the Raphaels, Giorgione, Franz Hals, Van Dyck, Ingres, Delacroix, Couture, Baudry, a Fragonard or two, my own master, Carolus, and my wonderfully gifted schoolfellow, John Sargent. These are a few of the victors toward whom my heart expands in homage. I may be criticised for not including in this "Roll of Honour" many pictures and painters that loom large upon the artistic horizon, but I am speaking of the art which *I love*, the painting which has thrilled and inspired *me* to higher endeavour, and which has sent me to my studio with the joyous desire to paint well for the love of my divine mistress. So I have studied these men whom I name, not to build myself in slavish imitation upon them, but to drink deep from their fountains of beauty and perfect workmanship that I, too, may perhaps be permitted some day to join the ranks of those ideal painters who

. . . each in his separate star,
Shall paint the thing as he sees it,
For the God of things as they are.

APE.



In the Collection of A. L. Gallatin, Esq., New York

CARICATURE OF WHISTLER BY "APE"

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1893

THE

THE

THE

A Sixteenth-Century Chasuble and Dalmatique

form of a dove and below, under a canopy, is standing St. James the less, to whom was probably dedicated the Church for which this chasuble was made. The four major prophets—Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel—are also standing under canopies. One of them is represented below St. James the less and the Crucifixion, the other three are on the front orphrey. Architectural details surround the personages.

The embroideries are executed in coloured silks and gold.

This chasuble belongs to a very large group showing the same workmanship and characteristics. Among the most important examples are: A cope in the collection of Lady O'Hagen, which shows the same seraphs standing upon wheels, the same fleurs-de-lis and conventional flowers surrounded by tendrils and rays dotted with spangles, but instead of the Crucifixion the Assumption of the Virgin is represented and on the hood the figure of St. Paul. On the orphreys are canopies with figures of apostles and prophets.*

Similar to our example, also, is a chasuble lent to the Burlington Fine Arts Exhibition by Mr. G. Troyte Chafyn-Grove which is of white cream damask embroidered with much the same devices.†

Published by the Burlington Fine Arts Club are several other chasubles belonging to the same group. One of them is of green velvet with embroideries executed on linen. It comes from the Church of SS. Peter and Paul in Brailes and was made from a portion of a cope.‡ Another is in red velvet with orphreys embroidered in gold and silver, and coloured silks upon linen; as in the Caruso chasuble the back shows the Crucifixion with angels holding up chalices and the Holy Spirit above the Cross, with standing figures under canopies.** Then, too, there are a cope and a chasuble from the Oscott College, Birmingham—the first in brownish red velvet with orphreys embroidered on linen, the second in rose coloured brocade.***

The South Kensington Museum in London contains several specimens of the same character.

* Reproduced in Burlington Fine Arts Club—Illustrated Catalogue of English Embroidery, 1905, pl. 10.

† Reproduced in Burlington Fine Arts Club—Illustrated Catalogue of English Embroidery, 1905, pl. XI.

‡ Burlington Fine Arts Club—Illustrated Catalogue of English Embroidery, 1905, pl. XV.

** Ibid. pl. XV.

*** Ibid. pl. XXI.

One is a frontal for an altar made out of a cope in "tawny-coloured velvet with ornaments embroidered on linen," the ground of which is powdered with radiating floral devices with the representation of the Assumption of the Virgin in the centre. Another is a cope of purple velvet with hood, orphreys and ornaments embroidered on linen showing the ground ornamented with six-winged seraphs standing upon wheels, with fleurs-de-lis, roses and other floral devices. In the centre is seen the Assumption of the Virgin and on the orphreys figures of apostles and prophets. Another example is a chasuble of tawny-coloured velvet strewn with figures of angels and floral devices, and on the orphreys figures of apostles and prophets. Still another is of purple-blue velvet strewn with floral devices and six-winged seraphs and with orphreys showing the Crucifixion and apostles under canopies. In the same collection there are two other chasubles of dark blue velvet showing a similar decoration and several other pieces of the same character.*

Outside of England similarly decorated copes and chasubles are scattered in museums and in private collections. Among them are three pieces in the Cluny Museum in Paris,† a cope in the Historical Museum in the Chambre of Commerce in Lyons,‡ a cope in the Brussels Museum,** one from the Spitzer Collection,*** one from the Soumée Collection called in the catalogue, Flemish, fifteenth century,**** one from the Farcy Collection,***** one from the Victor Gay Collection,***** etc., etc.

The dalmatique in the Caruso Collection, reproduced Fig. 2, belongs to a group of English embroideries of a quite different character. It is of the late sixteenth century and belongs to the Elizabethan period—a time when the Reformation practically put an end to ecclesiastical embroideries. However, embroideries intended for cos-

* See Catalogue of English Ecclesiastical Embroideries in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, 1916, pl. XXI-XXVI.

† De Farcy: *La Broderie du 11-16 centuries*, pl. 67.

‡ Cox: *L'art de décorer les tissus*, pl. 32.

** Isabelle Errera: *Collection des Broderies anciennes au Musée Royal de Bruxelles*, p. 20, No. 26.

*** Catalogue de la Collection Spitzer, 1893, vol. V, pl. VIII.

**** Catalogue de la Collection Soumée (vente 1904) vol. III, p. 15, No. 771.

***** De Farcy: *La Broderie du 11 siècle à nos jours* pl. 68.

***** De Farcy: *La Broderie du 11 siècles à nos jours*, pl. 69.

Twachtman—An Appreciation

TWACHTMAN—AN APPRECIATION BY DUNCAN PHILLIPS

THE art of John H. Twachtman is unique. His method of painting landscape was founded upon the method discovered by the objective Claude Monet, but, in his very personal perceptions of æsthetic subtleties, in his ardent rather than accurate analysis of the emotional elements of tone, and in his pursuit of the spiritual secrets of nature, it was Whistler he most resembled. Whistler, however, was the perfection of the "connoisseur," the fastidiously selective, daintily Epicurean devotee of abstract art. Twachtman was nothing of the kind. He was just an intensely sensitive and creative dreamer. His almost fragrant delicacies of imagination and his almost melancholy luxuries of mood were his own—to be made the most of. He held no "brief" for them. He might have painted differently if he had known how.

His *morbidezza* (and it is undeniable) was more European than American, yet the man was thoroughly American and in his paintings we find at times a typical New England reserve, only to discover later that his brush was imbued with the candour and elemental directness of our Far West. When he painted the splendour of gorgeous canyons and mighty cataracts, the greatness of nature seemed to pass into him and speak through him. This veneration for the grandeur of mountains and of waterfalls refreshed him for his more habitual *concentration* upon those obscure phases of abstract beauty born of unlikely elements which he and Whistler delighted to discover.

But Twachtman was unwilling to abandon the most celebrated beauties of his native land to makers of chromos and tinted photographs. He was deeply thrilled and repeatedly impelled to interpret reverently "scenes," and "views," which the wiser, more sophisticated Whistler studiously shunned. Of course he did not try to copy or to compete with the Rocky Mountains. How frail would his lovely art have seemed if he had tried! His attitude was like that of the Oriental painters, who worshiped Nature by means of art. Twachtman felt that his relation to the peaks and canyons was in proportion to that of the tiny philosophers who meditate half way up the ancient Chinese mountain landscapes on the littleness of man in the vast scale of created Forms. It was the para-

dox of this art of Twachtman's that it grew out of the so-called "impressionist" movement, which had stressed the evanescent appearances and physical aspects of the visible world, yet it matured into a lyricism which proclaimed its faith in the invisible and the eternal.

And so Twachtman rejoiced in nature with the many, while he communed with Nature alone. He was in sincere accord with the awe-struck tourists in the Canyon of the Yellowstone and he was equally absorbed in what those same tourists would have called "a God-forsaken spot." The solemn trance-like stillness of an ice-bound brook in a frozen valley yielded him a pleasure in the phosphorescent, ghostly tints which he visioned out of sunlit frost.

In his earlier period Twachtman's cold colours and refined drawing, but by no means remarkable brushwork, gave little indication of the original and distinctive style which he later developed. He had studied at Munich, but it had done him no harm. In Paris he saw the light! The influence of Monet and his higher key of colour and his truer scale of values, made Twachtman a convert to the "Luminist" technique. In his hands, however, the method underwent a change—truly into something rich and strange. For mystery came into it, the mingled "curiosity and desire for beauty" which Walter Pater knew to be the inseparable elements of romance in art. The French method became for the American poet-painter a language for lyrics of light, on the delicacy of spring buds, on the crystal transparency of sky-blue water, joyously flowing and leaping over rocks, on turquoise pools in opal sands, on sunlit orchards and glittering fields of snow.

With equal zest Twachtman sketched the soul of Niagara and of the Connecticut farm on which he lived. His methods varied with his subjects. Sometimes he loaded rich impasto, more often he used dry films of colour. His designs were by turns elaborate and austere. His art was alternately of the most delicate, far-sought "nuance" and of the most refreshing spontaneity—giving a sense of musical improvisation. Not as comprehensible nor as universal a painter as his friend Weir, lacking also Weir's wonderful beauty of surface and mastery of medium, Twachtman is destined nevertheless to rank among our most original painters and among our greatest artists.

Water-Colour and William Jean Beauley

upon this very versatile craftsman was published but at that period he had paid scant homage to water-colour. This paper is intended to view him solely as a water-colourist and the writer, who has just been privileged to see some thirty specimens of recent work soon to be publicly exhibited, does not hesitate to predict a great future for him in this particular art.

Where so many fail, both in oils and water-colours, is due to the fact that they too often make a big subject small, instead of trying to make a small subject big—*i.e.*, significant. It is that power to select the essential and infer the rest that gives importance to a theme, however commonplace, if the painter has vision. Beauley possesses in high degree the ability to eliminate all but the actual impression he wishes to impart. The language of his palette is expressed in sharp, crisp, commanding terms freed from all extravagances of diction and redundant phraseology. What could be more simple and complete than *The White Cloud*? In another sketch higher in tone than all the others he shows *Police Headquarters*. There is no topographical interest evinced but merely the desire to demonstrate in gay colour what might be expected to be dull and drab. Looking westward from 42nd Street, Beauley with a few deft brush strokes confronts us with the picturesque quality of the "L" Station with the Bush Terminal towering in the background. Another water-colour reproduced here is entitled *Receiving Day, Academy*. Instead of a well-dressed crowd mounting the steps of the Fine Arts Building, as the caption might lead one to suppose, he has depicted a two-horse dray from which a man is lowering a marble statue at a side door. The light on the statue against the sombre tones of horses and van is very ably done. Still another subject is a coal wagon in dark silhouette, unloading, the deep tones of horse and cart contrasting harmoniously with sunlight suggested by a few washes indicative of streets and sky. It is this gift of reticence and reserve that makes his pictures strong and full of character. In his landscapes, especially his moonlight sketches, a lyric sense of beauty and the mystery of nature make themselves felt, a desire to know what lies beyond. Beauley is one of a small band of artists at whose hands by degrees New Yorkers will begin to realize that they are the privileged inhabitants of a very beautiful city willing to expose its charms to all who view

her with sympathy and æsthetic intelligence. The collection is not, however, entirely confined to New York and environs. Noticeable is a bit of Melrose Abbey, whilst in another *A Bursting Shell* takes us across the ocean, but the picture reveals no locality or landmark. One is mainly interested in the tone and quality of the light on the houses. *The Window Box* is a figure piece, a vendor of flowers plying his trade;—*Chairs for Six* is a complicated subject in which the difficulties have been squarely met. Just an interior of a sunny room, with table and chairs treated in a decorative manner, reflected lights being interestingly dealt with.

To sum Beauley up in a few words, he understands his medium, works with great freedom in a big broad manner, is original and always entertaining. When treating architecture, which he knows so well, he is able to give the spirit of it and divest it of all semblance to the kind of thing known as an architect's drawing. A sense of humour lurks beneath his brush but is always controlled and consequently subtle and distinguished. A water-colour may be described as a series of intentional accidents, and Beauley knows exceedingly well how to profit by them; some have to be religiously preserved and others hastily converted, upon which procedure depends to a large extent the success of the sketch.

Beauley is a most successful exponent of "snap" and "sparkle," which are the very life-blood of a picture performed in this most elusive of media. Advice which we once tendered in this magazine may be repeated here: The water-colourist needs presence of mind and absence of body. The use of body colour, though perfectly legitimate and desirable, will never achieve, in our judgment, the same charm as where the paper itself sponsors the highlights, and we maintain that at exhibitions the sheep should be sondered from the goats, the painters in gouache and those in pure wash should occupy different walls. William Jean Beauley may be seen to advantage in both camps.

It is announced that Yale Art School has succeeded in procuring the services of Mr. William Lawrence Bottomley of New York to lecture once a week on the History of Renaissance Architecture. As Mr. Bottomley is of the better known and most successful young architects in New York, his coming will be awaited with unusual interest.

An Old Master

AN OLD MASTER
BY JULIE C. GAUTHIER

Editor's Note.—The following article is published with no intention of supporting the facts and theories of the writer, nor to assist in finding a customer, the picture not being for sale. The reason for the article appearing is to make public the romance of this copper plate that once concealed a stove pipe cavity, and to show the tremendous enthusiasm of an owner who instead of rushing to the nearest millionaire or auction room has spent years of research and study in a noble effort to authenticate her discovery.

The subject here represented is painted in oil upon a hand-beaten plate of copper ten by thirteen and a half inches, and is an unusual phase of the Annunciation. The Virgin sits in the near foreground upon the portico of a dwelling, the interior of which forms a dark background to the figure. Dressed in full flowing draperies she is in the act of sewing on the layette, meanwhile reading from the *Book of Hours* upon which is plainly printed in brush letters "Ecce Virgo Cōcipiet," which may have been intended to give the title to the picture. The book rests on a rack on the top of a bookcase, and a vase of flowers is beside it. A curtain in the doorway is drawn back, disclosing a couch with a brown cover, white pillow and very dark baldachino hung from the ceiling.

Upon the balustrade is a basket of white clothes, and two white doves are at the Virgin's feet. Steps from the portico descend to a walk which leads up the side of the picture towards a gateway; beyond this are two castles upon the top of mountains; and above, occupying about one-quarter of the picture, is a beautiful blue sky with cumulus clouds in which is a group of five small figures. The angel of the Annunciation, holding a lily, kneels in profile at the feet of the Father Almighty and looks in His face as He points to Mary with His right hand; in His left He holds a blue ball which symbolizes the world. Three angels are in the attitude of adoration of the Virgin.

Turning the picture so that its right edge becomes the lower, one reads this inscription, faintly done in dark brown brush letters upon the less dark couch drapery: "1526—M—A—Cor-regio" and also what appears to be two small, entwined hearts. Upon the riser of the platform

upon which Mary sits is written in fine script "Roy Francois."

The colour, composition and technique are masterly; the sentiment of the face and figure of Mary is that of calm contentment and happiness. The entire figure is painted with the utmost care, one colour being laid over another in scumbles and glazes; in the case of the dark blue over-garment the shadows were put on with thick opaque colour and glazed over with transparent darks. In other parts of the picture, particularly in the gate and throughout the clouds and group in the sky, transparent pigment was painted on thinly for the purpose of giving distance and lending richness by allowing the warm tones of the copper to show through. Other parts, like the fingers of the small angels, the doves, flowers, etc., show direct brush work, unretouched, apparently done with the brush without previous drawing.

The present condition of the painting shows the colours clear and rich; but it evidently received rough treatment at one time, for the paint is nearly worn off in places by having been scrubbed with a heavy cloth or brush. A small spot of paint has scaled off just under the Virgin's ear, and some fly-specks have eaten their way through the paint. After many cleanings it was again allowed to get soiled and then a very fine varnish was spread on—certainly over two hundred years ago—that has preserved it in excellent condition since. An analysis of the couple of drops which ran down the back of the picture would probably establish the age of the varnish.

The picture was discovered in Canada in the old home of a distant relative of the writer, in a small town on the Lower St. Lawrence, in the summer of 1907. It was not prized, but was hung near the ceiling; and the only reason it had not been thrown away was that it served to cover a stove-pipe hole.

Asked concerning the picture, my relative's husband's old foster father said he could not remember how it came into his possession, but was certain it had not come through his own people. After a sleepless night, due to my importunities, the old gentleman recalled that when he was a lad of twenty he opened a shop as tinsmith and brazier; that his first piece of work was a brass snuff-box which he presented to an old friend, the "rich woman of the village" who, as a widow of fifty-six, had just married a hand-

An Old Master

some young fellow of twenty-two. The gift was acknowledged, and the lady said that in return she would give him a piece of remarkably fine copper, that he might make himself another box. Some time later she went to his shop with the "copper"; with a nail he made a couple of scratches upon it, and noted its superior quality. When the lady had gone he turned the copper over and saw "some pretty colours," also noticing a halo he supposed it to be a representation of Christ, so putting a little fire-gilt beading around it, he carried it to his home and never again thought of it until questioned by me sixty odd years later.

As the "rich widow" died twenty years after her second marriage without issue, her husband inherited her property. A daughter of a second marriage succeeded to the inheritance. This woman, when asked about heirlooms, said that when she was a child she often played with a sheet of copper nearly a foot long, upon which was a very dark picture. Also that there was a very beautiful transparency of the Ecce Homo painted upon glass. These two paintings she had given away a dozen years before to an artist who had boarded with her. She then showed me an old cake basket of Sheffield, from which the silver had mostly disappeared, a very heavy silver soup ladle, also of English make and a few pieces of flat tableware with old harp and thistle hall-marks, and other personal property left by a brother-in-law, a priest. His lineage was then traced back four generations to the first couple who went from France into Canada in 1660.

During research in France I was able to trace the family back to the middle of the fourteenth century, when the head of the family left Italy for France, where his descendants became celebrated as financiers. The member with whom we are concerned was appointed *Tresorier generale des Finances de France* from 1524 to 1532. His titles and possessions descended to his eldest son, and then to this one's eldest son, who became ambassador at the court of James I of England from 1611 to 1615, and possibly another term to 1620. The ambassador died without issue in 1632, and his widow in 1649; the heirs were the children of the brother and sisters.

The inscription, "1526—M—A—Corregio" is barely visible. "1526" undoubtedly is the date when the work was done. Corregio, who was born in 1494 and died in 1534, commenced the

great dome of the Cathedral in Parma in 1526. "M" probably stands for Mantua, twenty-five English miles from Parma, and the home of the Marquis of Gonzaga, who married Isabella d'Este, generally conceded to have been the greatest woman of the Italian Renaissance. She was the friend and patroness of the artists and men of letters of her time, and was a good and true woman but of inordinate ambition. She succeeded in having her eldest son crowned Duke of Mantua in 1530 by Charles V, and another son made a cardinal. Ariosto wrote odes to her, and Leonardo da Vinci, Luini, Lorenzo Costa, Titian and others painted her portrait.

Upon the recommendation of her friend, Veronica Gambara, wife of Ghiberto, lord of Corregio, she sent for the painter Corregio, who was then a boy of fourteen, to come to see the works of Mantegna; this artist with Giulio Romano, Primaticcio, Costa and others had decorated the great Corte Reale and the summer Palazzo del Te at Mantua for the family of Gonzaga. Isabella became the patroness of Corregio, and history says that "She and her son ordered him to paint many pictures which were given to kings and popes." It is likely, then, that she ordered him to paint the picture in Mantua, although during that entire year Isabella was in Rome. Her son Federigo remained in Mantua.

"A", double A, is probably the artist's monogram. His name was Antonio Allegri, but he was called "Corregio" after the village where he was born. A contemporary of his, Andrea d'Angelo, signed his initials in much the same manner. "Corregio" is written with a brush into some very dark pigment which was glazed over a less dark colour and still wet; for on the downward stroke of the capital letter the hair of the brush separated, loading the colour to either side and leaving the under colour to show between. This precludes any possibility of the inscription being of a later date than the picture. Moreover, although only one of his acknowledged paintings (the *Madonna of St. Francis*) is signed and dated, there are many documents—receipts, contracts, etc.—which bear his signature, and these agree perfectly with the lettering on this painting. In some instances he wrote "Regio" above a poorly drawn heart to signify "Cor" or heart. Sometimes he signed a heart with a crown upon it, as a rebus for "Cor Regio" or "Royal Heart." The two hearts might point to

An Old Master

love or friendship; and more than likely it was done for Isabella d'Este, or one of her family.

The entire group of letters and figures was purposely written in an obscure place and cannot be seen unless the picture is turned on its side. This agrees with the known modesty of the artist. He may have been requested to sign the picture because it was to be a gift to a king, or he may have done it of his own accord because he was especially proud of the production. The name "Roy Francois" is finely written with a quill or pen. This was probably inscribed by the king's secretary when the picture came into his possession.

There are many ways whereby the picture could have gone from the hands of the Gonzagas or the d'Estes to those of the French king. Francis I was a great admirer of Isabella's, and once asked Claude, his queen, to pattern after her and other Italian ladies in matters of dress and carriage. When in Milan in 1516 Francis asked Isabella to send him a doll dressed like herself, which he wished to give to the ladies of the French court as a model of style. He then invited her son Frederick, who was sixteen years of age, to return to France with him. During his three years' stay at the French court Frederick wrote to his mother for money, and also asked her to send gifts for the people who had been kind to him. There is a letter in which the queen sends thanks to Isabella for a dainty lace cap received, and it is said that the French queen warmly appreciated the gift of a dozen pairs of gloves sent her as a Christmas present. In June of 1510 the Ambassador Jacobus d'Atri wrote to Isabella d'Este to thank her in the name of the Queen of France for the painting of a Holy Family by Lorenzo Costa. The queen said that the Madonna resembled Isabella, Joseph, her husband the Marquis, and the Holy Child their son Frederick.

Francis I spent some time in the palace at Mantua during the campaign in Italy against Charles V, for Isabella—called the greatest diplomat of the greatest diplomatic age—managed to remain friendly with all parties, during those troublous times of war and intrigue. He was taken prisoner at Pavia in 1525 and was released in January, 1526. In August of 1527 Lautrec entered Italy and renewed the alliance of France with the Pope, the Duke of Ferrara and other rulers, and a marriage was arranged

between Ercole d'Este, nephew of Isabella and son of Alphonse, Duke of Ferrara, and Renée de France, the daughter of Louis XII and sister-in-law of Francis I. This marriage, which took place in 1528, was of international importance as Renée had some rights to the French throne which she relinquished to the king in consideration of many chateaux and lands.

When the wedding party arrived in Italy the Duke of Ferrara—whose wife, Lucretia Borgia, had died in 1520—requested his sister Isabella to take charge of the festivities. She received the cortège at Modena, where the gaieties lasted for a couple of weeks, and then were continued in the ducal palace at Ferrara. It is likely that the picture was sent to France at this time by an ambassador of either Isabella or the Duke of Ferrara. It is known that gifts were exchanged, and as Francis was a lover and patron of the fine arts, what is more likely than that a painting by a great master should have been given him? It is said that "Isabella commissioned Corregio to paint pictures which she gave to the King of France, Charles V of Italy and the Pope." In 1531 the Duke of Mantua (son of Isabella), at the request of Francis I, sent Primaticcio, the painter, to the court of France. When Cellini left Paris in 1537 to return to Rome he was taken prisoner, accused of appropriating diamonds belonging to the Pope during the sacking of Rome in 1527; he was liberated through the intercession of the Cardinal of Ferrara, son of the Duke Alphonse and nephew of Isabella. This cardinal was installed in the archbishopric of Lyon with quantities "*de riches benefices*" through the intimacy and good graces of Francis I.

These are some of the many points in history showing the relations between Isabella d'Este's family and Francis I, King of France.

History states that Francis was very extravagant, hence it is not at all unreasonable to think that he may have given away or sold a picture to his treasurer general.

The ancestors of the family in Canada who owned the picture were during three generations great financiers, and the one who probably acquired the picture from the king held three positions in succession, the highest of which was Treasurer General of the Finances of France, from 1524 to 1532.

The Calendar of State Papers. Domestic. 1611 to 1618. Published, London 1858, page 164, has

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this note: "Memorandum of the quantities of plate given to certain foreign ambassadors (chiefly French) from 21 Eliz. to 10 Jac I, and of that received by Sir George Carew when ambassador in France." This would account for the English, Scotch and Irish silver which found its way into Canada.

The poiçon or mark stamped into the copper on the reverse side of the picture is probably the artist's monogram. The letters are so clear cut and well made for that period as to suggest the work of Benvenuto Cellini, especially as they bear a marked resemblance to the peculiarities of the same letters on the Bembi medals, and those of Pope Clement VII done by the artist.

Benvenuto was patronized by the d'Estes and Gonzagas at this time. At Isabella's palace at Mantua in 1527 he made several medals, and in 1528 he made a reliquary. Previous to this, Ippolito d'Este, Cardinal of Ferrara and nephew of Isabella, obtained a pardon from the Pope for Benvenuto, who had escaped from imprisonment in the Castello at Rome; the Cardinal also induced him to go to France, where he acquired great fame by his work for Francis I.

It was Isabella's custom to order the canvases for her portraits and other paintings, and to give minute directions concerning the compositions. She may very well have given the order to Benvenuto to cut the die, and prepare the plate for Corregio, who spent much time in her castle at about this time, going from there to Parma to work upon the dome of the Cathedral, his greatest work.

Corregio was an original genius, and he was never known to repeat himself, nor even to put a figure twice in the same position; hence it is not to be wondered at that there is no other picture just like this; but there is similarity in the details of drawing and colour to much that he has done. In the first place, the handling is that of a master familiar with the drawing of the human figure rather than that of linear perspective. That is evidenced by the drawing of the building, where the lines are scratched into the copper; in some instances the painting does not correspond to these lines, showing that as the artist worked he modified the composition; this, with the fact that many of the less important parts are done in direct, unretouched strokes, indicates that this picture is necessarily an original; for no copyist—no matter how skilful—could have copied another's work with such telling strokes, nor would

he have changed the drawing of the perspective. The figure of Mary has been painted over, perhaps many times, with much care, but the work does not appear laboured.

From the book on Corregio by Corrado Ricci, Director of Art in Italy, and formerly Director of the Parma Gallery: "The use of the brush was marvelously delicate. His tones were obtained by building up successive layers of colour or glazes which enabled him to correct his drawing as he painted. His aversion to everything which tended to make his colour dense and opaque was so strong that he preferred to leave the traces of correction perfectly apparent. . . . A painter before all things, it is evident that he not only corrected with his brush but that he made free use of it in drawing innumerable details in his pictures; especially the extremities are rendered entirely by gradations of colour, and show no definite outline."

Authorities agree that the best of Corregio's Madonnas are reminiscent of the da Vinci heads. This one is so, with the sweetness and contentment of the best of the Raphael Madonnas. This was observed by the great master who is in charge of the Museum at Parma. Looking intently at the photograph he exclaimed many times "C'est beau! Molte bella! This," pointing to the head, "is Raphaelesque; the rest very Corregesque." Giovanni Morelli, a critic, who died in 1891, said that nothing was painted on copper prior to the seventeenth century. But this, like many other things said by him, cannot be taken seriously, since Vasari, himself an artist of the Renaissance, in writing of the artists of that period, said, "Piombo (1485-1537) painted upon sheets of copper and slate, and I am told that it is possible to paint upon silver, tin and other metals." Several paintings upon copper by Piombo, Bronzino and others exist in the galleries abroad.

Corregio was especially fond of two colours—a soft straw yellow, and different tones of a peculiar blue. The picture contains these colours: the yellow in the lower gown of the angel Gabriel, and the blues in the sky and mountains, and the over-draperies of the Lord and of Mary. The rose colour of the gown is also seen in several pictures, but with a lesser scale of values. The mountains and lower sky are much like the glimpse of landscape in the *Danae* in the Villa Borghese in Rome.

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The heavy blue drapery about the knees of the main figure in colour and form is like that of the *Adoring Virgin* in the Uffizi in Florence; the yellow-browns which occur in the picture are also duplicated in the two pictures mentioned, and in a number of others. The swing of the drapery about and from the figure gives much the same effect as in the *Madonnas* in the *Repose in Egypt*, which is in the Uffizi gallery, and the *Madonna della Scodella* in Parma.

The face is evidently that of the model used in the best of Corregio's *Madonnas*, but it shows more real sentiment and character. The Father Almighty resembles the St. Joseph in the *Repose in Egypt*, and the same model was evidently used for one or more of the apostles in the churches in Parma and for St. Jerome.

To sum up, I believe the foregoing statements establish the fact that the painting of the *Annunciation*, called *Ecce Virgo Concipiet*, was painted in Mantua in 1526 by Antonio Allegri (called Corregio) for Isabella d'Este, and presented by her or some one of her family to Francis I, King of France, probably in 1528, and given or sold by him to his treasurer general whose descendants went to Canada in 1660 with their treasures, and that it there remained practically unknown, at least for the last century.

RESOLUTION

A THE following resolution has been drafted by Mr. Duncan Phillips and sent to the President of the United States by Mr. Albert Eugene Gallatin, formerly chairman of the recently defunct Committee on Arts and Decoration for the City of New York:

Whereas, A victorious end of our war with Germany and Austria now seems assured through the triumph of our Allied armies in the field, so that the Allied Governments may now, with a solemn sense of obligation to humanity, prepare for the tremendous task of making peace secure; and

Whereas, The dispensation of justice as well as the maintenance of order among nations large and small has been proclaimed as our essential purpose and is to be the basis for our creation of a new code of international law; and

Whereas, Germany and Austria, apparently humble suppliants, may soon be granted peace before their lands have suffered, as other nations

have been made to suffer, through the unrestrained and officially sanctioned violence of German and Austrian soldiers; and

Whereas, These savage practises of our enemies the Huns should not be permitted to pass unpunished, lest it be said of us in reproach that we have done less than our duty in thus allowing the criminals among nations to escape the penalty of their crimes; and

Whereas, The wanton destruction in Belgium, Italy and France of works of art embodying men's loftiest dreams and aspirations can never be repaid in money, since the loss is fundamentally spiritual; but,

Whereas, We believe that at least partial reparation might be made by Germany's and Austria's surrender of such works of art now held on German and Austrian territory, as the vandals, by their own acts, must be judged incapable of appreciating, and unworthy of continuing to have and to hold; be it therefore

Resolved, That we do herewith petition our people's representatives, the President of the United States, and others who may be vested by him with authority, to suggest to the representatives of the Allied nations when they assemble in council and consider upon what terms Germany and Austria may obtain peace, that an Inter-Allied Commission of Artists be empowered to select such works of art as will be demanded from the German and Austrian Governments, not in revenge, but in justice, as part of our war indemnity, and as partial reparation for those beautiful cathedrals and other monuments which the forces of evil in Germany and Austria have deliberately caused to be desecrated and destroyed.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS

The annual and sketch exhibitions of this organization will be held at 215 West 57th Street from February 15th to March 2nd, when the following prizes will be awarded: The National Arts Club Prize given by Mr. John G. Agar for the best work of art in the exhibition; the Helen Foster Barnett prize for sculpture, and the sketch exhibition prize given by the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors. Also the National Association medals for landscape and sculpture.

A Treatise on Chinese Porcelain

be seen when the vessel is filled with water or held up to the light. Is there anything more exquisite, more dainty? And civilized Europeans during this time were drinking out of wooden tankards.

To the Kang Hsi period, 1662-1722, we are indebted for the perfection of the potter's art. The paste had reached its zenith, the blue was improved, which had failed at the end of the earlier period. In their drawing they attained perfection, presenting a style of their own. It is in this period that the famous Viceroy Lang Ting Tso, one of the most cultured and learned men in China, invented the famous sang-de-bœuf, or ox-blood red, and the apple-green glazes, which have no superior for brilliancy, richness and depth of colour, adorned with a crackle as small as fish roe and as large as a crab's claw, and which was named after him, Lang Yao. Also in this period peach bloom was introduced and it is the celebrated imperial factory at Cheng Te Chen which produced these inimitable peach-bloom amphoras, which have not been surpassed and probably never will be. Also the exquisite clair-de-lune, coral-red, powder-blue and many other monochrome glazes which have gained world renown for their elegance of tone. I do not dwell so much on the history of the potter's art, because, as I have stated earlier, more comprehensive and lengthier works than this have already done that. So I fall back upon my brief notes. It was also during this period that the five-colour decorative porcelain, Famille Verte, as it is called, attained its highest mark. The paste could not be better, the drawings delicate and artistic, the enamels and glazes magnificent. The black hawthorn, the most distinguished production of the Chinese potter, with three and five colour decoration upon a black ground coated with a green glaze; is there anything more suggestive? One only has to examine the Altman Collection at the Metropolitan Museum in New York to realise what a poetic and artistic nation the Chinese nation was. It was in this period that Europe was first able to acquire Chinese porcelain through the Portuguese traders, and later through the various West India companies. The Europeans also later sent their own designs, which the Chinese copied on their ware.

The Yung Ching period, 1723-1735, and the Chien Lung period may be conjoined, as Emperor Yung Ching only reigned the short term of thirteen years, and there was not much change

wrought in his period. But nevertheless they excelled and invented many commendable colours. This period was particularly active in the manufacture of imitations of the Ming vases, and was quite successful in its production, so much so that at present there are many collections which have the Yung Ching imitations labeled as Ming. It was in this period when we heard first of the famous rose colour, which is derived from gold, and the wonderful ruby red, which reaches its highest mark in the latter period. Monochromes reached their zenith, and it was this period that introduced the Famille rose enamels and the flame and soufflé glazes.

The Chien Lung period, 1736 to 1795, is the distinguished period of the Chinese ceramic art. It was after this period that the manufacture of porcelain began to decline. This celebrated Emperor reigned peacefully for sixty years, and was one of the most enlightened and cultured emperors that China had ever been ruled by. He himself was a poet and an artist, and when he died the epoch of the manufacture of fine porcelain ceased. There was a short-lived revival in the Tau-Kwan period, but it did not arouse any interest. To this period belong the famous rose-back plates. Some say that they are of the Yung Ching period, but if so, these plates are not so fine as those of this period; by that I mean the first half of the Chien Lung period. These gems with their egg-shell bodies are embellished with five and seven borders and medallions containing scenes in the most delicate drawing and the finest of enamel. No wonder that the collectors pay such fabulous prices for them and the remarkable ruby-back saucers with similar adorned cups. No surprise obtains that the Chinese use powdered rubies and gems to produce their glazes; there is nothing too good if one can produce such elegant and magnificent colours. Is it surprising that the connoisseur goes into ecstasy over these glorious god-like gems, the production of man?

The earliest celebrity among national collections of porcelain is that of the Chinese palace at Dresden. This was founded by King Frederick August I, who purchased the building and enriched it with a quantity of Chinese porcelain obtained from Holland, and whose love of porcelain carried him so far that he exchanged his finest regiment of dragoons with Frederick William of Prussia for a score of large vases.

The Chinese having discovered the commercial

In the Galleries

value of their porcelain both in their own and other countries began to imitate the antique, for there was a great demand for them, and consequently much of their artistic individuality, which gave so much charm to their fine porcelain, was lost.

The amateur and collector may assure themselves that date-marks found in porcelain are no proof of their being genuine, and should the piece be genuine, the fact that it has a mark is no guarantee of its artistic merits and desirability.

Marks are by no means the only way to judge a piece of antique Chinese porcelain whether it be genuine or not; of course, they depict the styles and characters of their times and are only essential when the porcelain is genuine.

The amateur should remember that knowledge gained from books will be of little assistance to him in the training of his eye to colour and form, which is the most important part in the judging of antique porcelain.

To acquire the training one must keep on comparing quality and colours of the best and next best. The difference is so slight that the untrained eye is not able to tell them apart. Much may be learned by constant examination of distinguished collections at the museums and exhibitions.

In conclusion I just wish to say something about buying at auction. It is always advisable to see and examine the articles one wishes to purchase, particularly so when it is in the line of Chinese porcelain. No matter how reliable an auctioneer may be, he may overlook or sometimes forget to mention that a piece is repaired, and outside of that the buyers will be surprised when taking out a piece to examine the difference in it when it is in his hand, or when it is in a showcase which is very brilliantly lighted by electricity. As there is also a certain amount of embarrassment attached when returning a purchase made at an auction, it is advisable that this rule be carried out. I also give for the benefit of the amateur a list of Chinese dynasties and periods in which the manufacture of pottery and porcelain was prominent, all others eliminated.

Han Dynasty—	B.C.	202-	220—A.D.
Wei	"	A.D.	221- 265
Chin	"		266- 419
Sui	"		581- 617
Tung	"		618- 906
Chow	"		954- 959

Sung Dynasty—A.D. 960-1259

Yuan " 1260-1349

Ming " 1368-1643

Yong Lo period 1403-1424

Cheng Hua " 1465-1487

Ching Te " 1506-1521

Wan Li " 1573-1629

Ching Dynasty

Kang-Hsi period—A.D.—1602-1722

Yung Ching " 1723-1735

Chien Lung " 1736-1795

Chai Ching " 1796-1820

Tau Kwan " 1820-1856

IN THE GALLERIES

THE Cincinnati Art Club pays the following tribute to an illustrious artist who has so recently passed away:

"Death has again invaded our membership, and taken from among us Mr. Frank Duveneck, who, at the time of his death, was an honorary member of our club. He died on January 3, 1919, at the Good Samaritan Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"In his passing, our club loses one of its strongest supporters. His loss to this club, to this community, and all of the organizations in which he was active, and to all within reach of his influence, is irreparable.

"It is a well-known fact that among all who knew him there was a feeling of sincere affection, as well as abiding esteem for this great artist and man.

"Frank Duveneck was of the best type of what we term 'a father to all interested in art.' He knew hard work in his early days, and it did not narrow him; he knew sorrow, but it did not embitter him; his judgment always of the best, he was gifted with wonderful vision.

"He had marvelous power, which was easily transmitted to those with whom he came in contact, but his thoughts were not grooved in a channel, and his interests always universal. There will be many who shall miss the steady strength which flowed from him, the sincere kindness so unfailingly shown, the wise counsel so freely given.

"In the infinitely greater sorrow of his family and those closely allied with him in his work, in his far reaching benevolences, in his labours for art, we ask to extend our condolences, and to lay our tribute upon the bier of this fine man, who has been called to his reward."







STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—By special permission of His Majesty we reproduce here the congratulatory address presented to the King and Queen on the occasion of their silver wedding by the Royal British Colonial Society of Artists, of which His Majesty is Patron and the Queen an Honorary Member. The lettering is an admirable example of Mr. Graily Hewitt's accomplished penmanship, which besides being decoratively attractive has the virtue of legibility so often lacking in documents of this kind. The decoration of the box or casket containing the address was designed by Mr. Anning Bell, A.R.A., and executed partly by him, but chiefly by one of his former students at the Glasgow School of Art, Miss Lydia Miller, who is now on the teaching staff of the school.

The Royal British Colonial Society of Artists was founded in 1887 as the Royal Anglo-Australian Society of Artists, with the object of organizing art exhibitions in Australia. In course of time the scope of its operations was enlarged so as to include all the British dominions beyond the seas, and in 1909 a Royal Charter recognizing this enlarged sphere was granted. We would suggest that when the conditions as to transportation again approximate to the normal of pre-war days, the Society should consider the possibility of organizing a representative exhibition in this country of the work of overseas artists, about which the majority of people here know very little indeed at first hand.

Messrs. Brown and Phillips begin their autumn programme at the Leicester Galleries with an exhibition of landscapes in water-colour by Mr. E. Barnard Lintott, this being the first occasion on which this artist has had a special display of his work. The drawings brought together at the Leicester Galleries show Mr. Lintott to be an artist with a very delicate vision, and his equally sensitive handling of his medium is especially evidenced in his rendering of atmospheric subtleties. Some of the drawings in the collection are souvenirs of a recent unique interval in the artist's career, when he acted as one of the secretaries of the



TO HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
KING GEORGE V. PATRON OF
THE ROYAL BRITISH COLONIAL
SOCIETY OF ARTISTS, AND TO HER
GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN MARY,
HONORARY MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY,
on the occasion of Their Majesties' Silver Wedding
the loyal and Dutiful Address of the Members
and Associates of the Society.

May it please Your Majesties graciously to accept the sincere congratulations of the Members and Associates and their hope that after the present period of stress Your Majesties' reign may be long continued in peace & happiness further, they do leave respectfully to express their admiration of the heroic achievements of Your Majesties' Naval, Military and Air Forces, and of the splendid services rendered by the Women of the Empire; and, finally, their assured belief in the ultimate triumph of the cause which Your Majesties and the People of Your Empire have at heart.

Sealed with our Common Seal this
day of

MDCCCXVIII

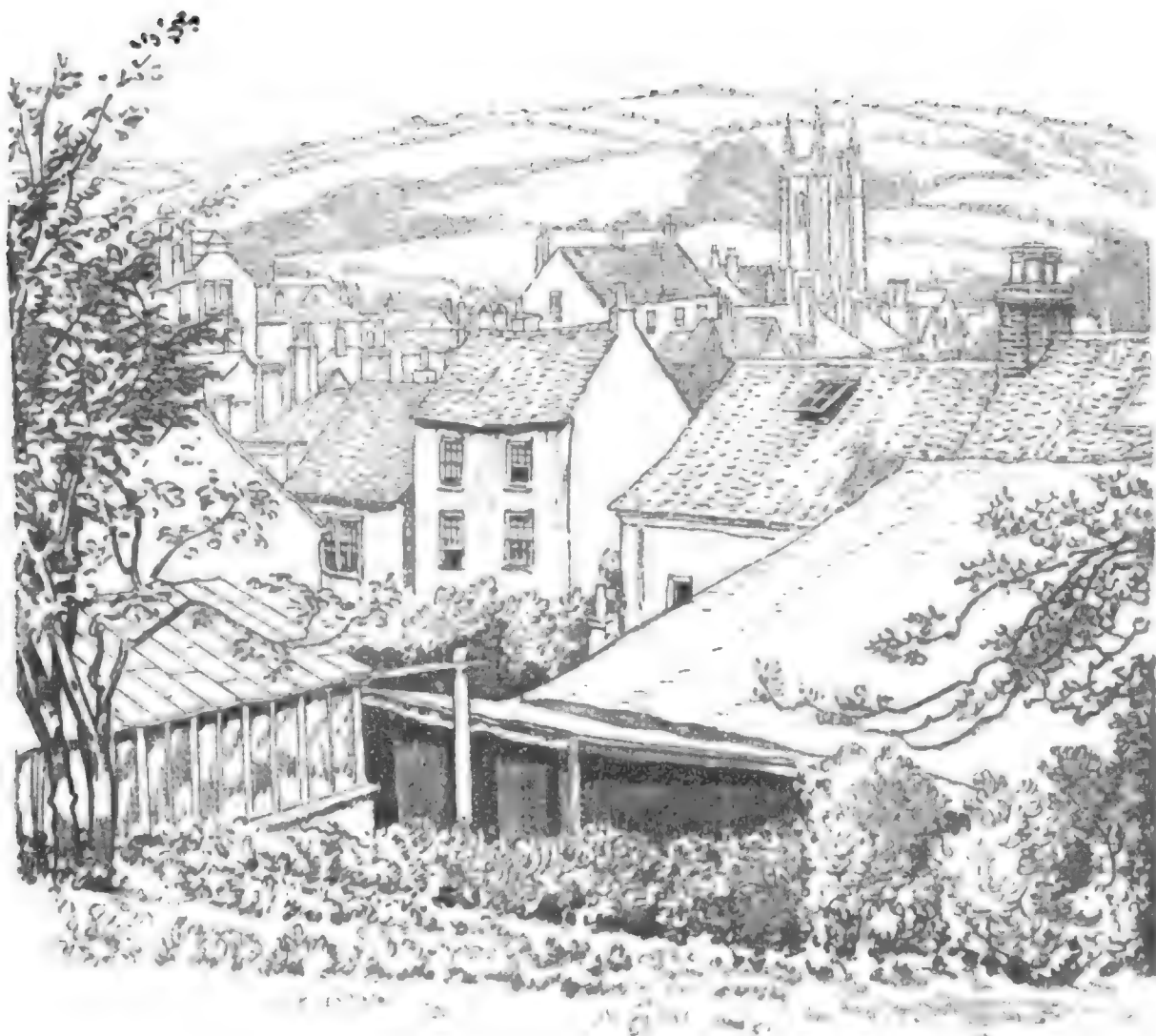
ADDRESS TO THEIR MAJESTIES FROM THE ROYAL BRITISH COLONIAL
SOCIETY OF ARTISTS. WRITTEN BY GRAILY HEWITT

LEAVES FROM THE
WEST OF ENGLAND SKETCH-BOOK
OF
A. E. NEWCOMBE



"New Bridge, River Dart, Devon"

Pencil drawing by A. E. Newcombe



"Totnes, Devon"
Pencil drawing by A. E. Newcombe



"Keevil, near Trowbridge, Wilts"
Pencil drawing by A. E. Newcombe



"Old Houses at Potterne, Wilts"
Pencil drawing by A. E. Newcombe

Reviews

marionette-skeletons in a dance of death round soaring flames. Though sombre fancies predominate, there is a great beauty of line in the head of *La Belle Giline*, the spy-courtesan of Courtrai (No. 34), in the boldly drawn *Notre Dame of Antwerp* (34), and notably in the sea-pieces, one of which is here reproduced.

Canadian Wonder Tales. By CYRUS MACMILLAN. With illustrations in colour by GEORGE SHERINGHAM. (London: John Lane, The Bodley Head.) 15s. net.—The "Wonder Tales" included in this sumptuously illustrated volume form part of a large collection gathered in various parts of Canada, and most of them among the haunts of the Indians, by Capt. Macmillan of McGill University, who is now serving with his University contingent in France. They were collected by him for the purpose of scientific study, but that fact does not in the least detract from their suitability for boys and girls, who will find them very fascinating as well as a pleasant variation from the collections of Grimm and other European writers; and they will also have an opportunity of appreciating good art in the beautiful illustrations of Mr. Sheringham, who, if he has not had the advantage of immediate contact with the environment in which these folk-tales have been current, has undoubtedly imbibed their spirit.

Manuscript Writing and Lettering. A Handbook for Schools and Colleges. By AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERT. (London: John Hogg.) 5s. net.—The object of this handbook is to show "the historical development and practical application to modern handwriting of several manuscript styles derived from Ancient Roman Letters" and we cordially commend it to teachers as a valuable aid in the movement which has, for some time past, aimed to effect a much-needed improvement in penmanship. The author makes out a strong case for the adoption of styles derived from the old Roman mode of writing, and their superiority to the "current hands," based on the engraved copybook models with which we are all familiar. The reformed styles he advocates are not only far more agreeable in appearance, but their practical advantage in the matter of legibility is incalculable. If some statistician were to estimate the loss of time and temper caused by obscure handwriting, to say nothing of the severe eye-strain inflicted on those who have

to read much of it, most people would agree that the need for improvement is very urgent.

A History of Everyday Things in England. Written and illustrated by MARJORIE and C. H. B. QUENNELL. Part I (1066-1499). (London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd.) 8s. 6d. net.—The fault of most histories of England is that they leave us very much in the dark as to the mode of life of our forefathers; they tell us a lot about the doings of our rulers and next to nothing about the social and domestic institutions of the population at large—their habitations, their garments, their sports, and so on. The aim of the author of this entertaining and instructive volume is to rectify this defect by describing and illustrating various aspects of the life led by our ancestors, and though primarily intended for boys and girls of school age, in whom they desire to arouse an interest in the work accomplished by the craftsmen of old, so that they may themselves, in the years to come, be better fitted to help in solving the problems of reconstruction which the Great War will leave behind it when it is all over, the book is one from which grown-ups also may extract much useful knowledge.

Practical Wood-Carving. By ELEANOR ROWE. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Part I, Elementary. (London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd.) 4s. net.—The first part of this new edition of Miss Rowe's popular manual embodies her earlier publication "Hints on Wood-Carving," which has proved a boon to many thousands of beginners. The course of instruction followed in the manual is much the same as that pursued at the South Kensington School of Art Wood-Carving, of which she was manager for twenty years, and is admirably clear as well as abundantly illustrated.

Flower-Name Fancies. Written and designed by GUY PIERRE FAUCONNET. English Rhymes by HAMPDEN GORDON. (London: John Lane, The Bodley Head.) 5s. net.—M. Fauconnet's clever pen drawings, some thirty in number, illustrate in a quaint and original manner the French and English nicknames of some of the familiar flowers of the garden, the meadow, and the wayside—heartsease and columbine, buttercup and daisy, snapdragon and foxglove, with many others. Quaint also are the French verses he has written to accompany the drawings, and the English verses supplied by Mr. Gordon contain many witty turns.

The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

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1897-1918

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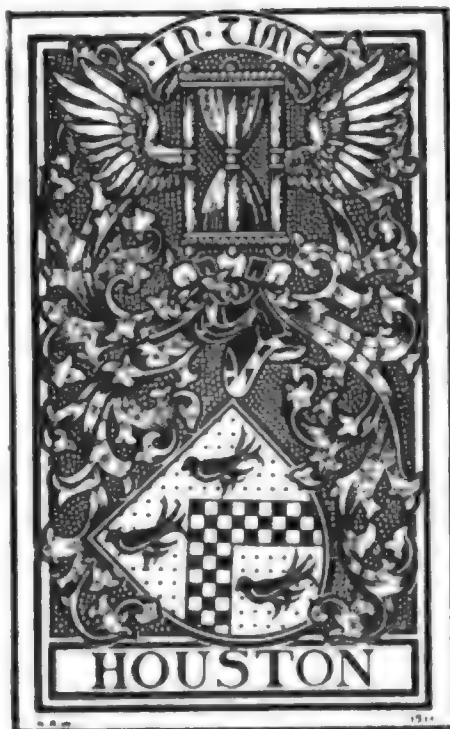
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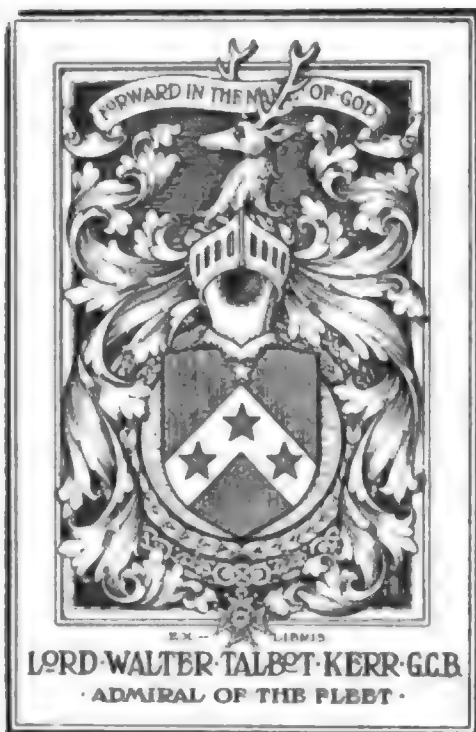
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Studio-Talk

All things considered, art does not appear to have suffered from the long-drawn-out war to anything like the extent anticipated at the outset. It has been a matter of surprise, indeed, that many other artists besides the portrait painters, who have for the most part flourished exceedingly during these troubled times, should have done as well as they have. At the last Royal Academy, where the custom of labelling sold pictures was resumed after a long interval, the number of works sold was quite remarkable, and so, also, at the exhibitions of the Old Water-Colour Society, the proportion of works sold has been if not greater certainly fully equal to what it used to be in the years before the war. We believe, too, that the records of other societies and also of the private galleries tell much the same tale. It has to be borne in mind, of course, that the number of artists who have pursued their practice has been greatly diminished by national requirements, and that besides the many who have joined the forces, not a few have been engaged in other kinds of national service. But what of the future? It is possible that during the transition from war conditions to a firmly established peace the economic situation may react on the artistic production of the country; but on the other hand it may turn out that one of the results of the war has been the elimination of a considerable number of practitioners who will in the future pursue other occupations for which they are better qualified. For artists who take their vocation seriously we feel confident that the future outlook does not in the least justify pessimism.

We referred briefly last month to the scheme inaugurated by the Royal Society of Arts for the promotion of Industrial Art in this country, and to a kindred scheme promoted jointly by the Board of Trade and Board of Education, a leading feature of which is the institution of a permanent exhibition in London for the display of specimens of the best contemporary craftsmanship. A meeting in furtherance of the combined schemes was held at the Society's headquarters in the Adelphi on October 28, when the chair was taken by Mr. Hayes Fisher, President of the Board of Education, and speeches in support were made by him and others, including Lord Leverhulme, Sir Frank Warner, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Mr.

F. V. Burridge of the L.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts, and Mr. W. R. Colton, A.R.A. A resolution commending the scheme and approving the issue of a joint appeal for funds to realize the objects aimed at was passed with one dissentient. As remarked when referring to the matter last month, we have for many years repeatedly advocated in these columns the claims of industrial art to public recognition, and in particular have urged the need for closer co-operation between artists, manufacturers, and distributors, and such facilities for making the public acquainted with the work being done by the artist-craftsmen of to-day as those which the proposed permanent exhibition is to afford. While, however, we welcome the movement thus set on foot, and are gratified to find that members of the Government recognize the vital importance of art in relation to industry, we are of opinion that the most potent means of attaining the objects aimed at will be the development on sound practical lines of the art schools of the country, and particularly those in which the applied arts are cultivated. Among other measures, the National Competition which has been in abeyance since 1914 ought to be reinstated as soon as possible, and not only reinstated, but given a far more prominent place than it used to have.

Mr. Edmund Dulac's delightful *Portrait of Miss Vivian St. George*, which we are privileged to reproduce in colour, was on view at the summer exhibition of the International Society. In this work, which is executed in water-colour with the addition of gold more particularly in the foreground, Mr. Dulac has achieved not merely a successful essay in portraiture—for we understand that it is accepted as a very good likeness of the little child—but a very attractive piece of decoration, and the attractiveness of the picture itself is augmented by the felicitous way in which it has been framed.

At a general assembly of the Royal Society of British Artists held on October 22, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., was elected President of the Society in succession to Mr. Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., who has held the office since the death of Sir Alfred East, R.A., in 1913. Mr. Solomon holds the rank of Lieut.-Colonel in the Army and has been in charge of an important branch of military service. As an artist he established

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Etchings and Engravings by Malcolm Osborne, A.R.A., R.E.

ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS BY
MALCOLM OSBORNE, A.R.A., R.E.

THE election of Malcolm Osborne as an Engraver-Associate of the Royal Academy was probably unexpected, even by those familiar with the fine artistry of his etchings and dry-points. To none, perhaps, will the surprise have been greater than to the sincere and modest young artist himself, when the pleasant news was flashed to the Palestine front, where it found him, in his third campaign of the war, fighting as a captain in a trench-mortar battery. But this election is a hopeful sign that the conservative outlook of the Royal Academy, which, till recently, regarded the engraver as the interpreter of the painter and nothing more, is recognizing the widening importance of the copper-plate as a medium of original art.

In their new Associate, however, the Academicians have an artist who can not only translate masterly painting into terms of masterly engraving, but produce fine expressive art of his own. Where, for example, even among the great mezzotint transcriptions of the eighteenth century, can we find a more complete interpretation of a great portrait-painter's vision than Captain Osborne's of G. F. Watts's wonderful presentation of William Morris? In this the engraver seems to have seen through the painter's very eyes and spirit, scraping the copper as with the inspired touch of Watts's brush upon the canvas. Yet the gift of original portraiture also is Malcolm Osborne's. In the masterly portrait of his mother (reproduced in our "Modern Etchings, Mezzotints, and Dry-Points") he commanded his dry-point's expressive line to a vital and beautiful rendering of intimate personal vision, quick with loving intuitions; while in a charming little print, *Maggie*, he has shown that he can portray, through the same medium, the grace and tender wistfulness of girlhood as happily as the benevolence of character and experience reflected in an elderly mother's face.

This soldier-artist is a Somerset man, born at Frome, where his father was a schoolmaster, and the home circle encouraged the artistic tendencies of himself and his brothers, Rex and Fred, the one now an illustrator, the other a designer. From the Queen's Road School of Art in Bristol he came, in 1901, to London with

a Royal Exhibition Scholarship at the Royal College of Art. Here he specialized, wisely and valuably, as his career has developed, in black-and-white design under Professor Lethaby, while he studied etching and every form of engraving under Sir Frank Short. This to such good purpose that, when he won the British Institute Scholarship for etching, there was no question that this branch of art offered him a distinguished career.

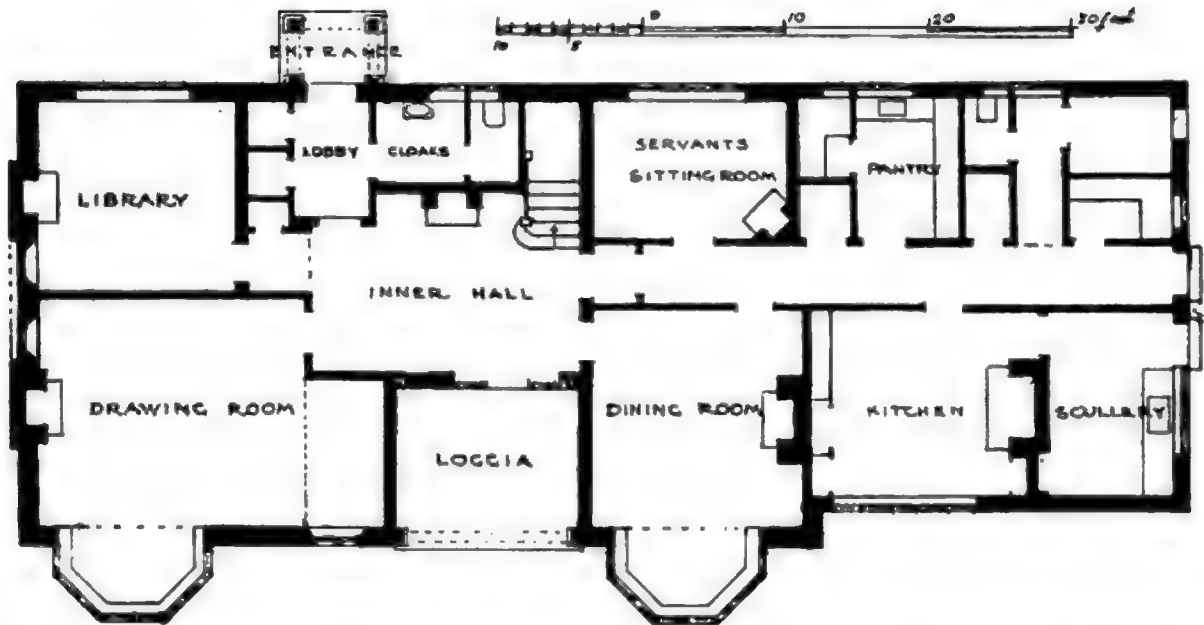
Until the world-war called him to bear a soldierly part, the record of Captain Osborne's life was little more than that of work in London, done with artistic sensitiveness and sound craftsmanship, and sketching tours, chiefly in Dorsetshire, Sussex, France, and Scotland—about Stirling—enjoyed in the companionship of his friend and brother-artist, Lieutenant Alfred Bentley; tours followed always by the accomplishment of etchings and dry-points of indisputable distinction. Our readers have already seen reproductions of some of Captain Osborne's most notable plates (see "London Past and Present," "The Graphic Arts," and *THE STUDIO* for March 1917).

Those given in these pages are thoroughly representative of his expressive vision of the serene aspects of landscape and hallowed building, with their human associations and true spirit of place; vision controlled always by an artistic sense of dignity in design. Such beautiful plates as *The Heart of Scotland* and *The Church of the Holy Rood, Stirling*, show him, perhaps, at his high-water mark, while *St. Stephen's, Walbrook*, has a decorative quality not inferior to that of the artist's noble print *St. Martin's-in-the-Fields from the National Gallery*. The scenic appeal to Malcolm Osborne is always simply and quietly pictorial, nor can the rich tonal capacity of aquatint tempt him to emphasize for dramatic suggestion the shadows of even so tragically storied an old bridge as that of Stirling. What changes, I wonder, may we expect in his pictorial outlook and expression after his years of strenuous campaigning? Since his last plate was done, about four years ago, he has known the stress and horror of battle in France, Salonica, and Palestine, yet let us hope that his unfailing sense of humour and his deep religious feeling may long preserve the serenity of his nature for the artistic expression of his gentle sense of beauty.

M. C. SALAMAN

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Studio-Talk



PLAN OF HOUSE NEAR HASLEMERE

HART AND WATERHOUSE, ARCHITECTS

from the north, the excavations providing a warm yellow sandstone which, together with other local stones, has been used for the garden terraces. The walls of the house are built hollow—a necessary precaution in this district. The upper parts are hung with sand-faced tiles, and the roof is covered with similar tiles in broken tints, which besides giving at once a pleasing effect will become more mellow with age. The loggia on the front forms a sunny open-air living-room, and can be enclosed with glazed oak screen-doors as a protection from winter weather.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—As the outcome of the recent conference on War Memorials, convened by the President and Council of the Royal Academy, an Executive Committee has been appointed to carry into effect the proposals approved thereat. The primary object of the movement is to obviate the danger that the desire to perpetuate the memory of those who have laid down their lives shall waste itself in wrong channels through lack of competent guidance. It is considered essential that memorials, however simple, should express the emotion of the present and hope of the future without losing touch with the past,

and that instead of being a rock of offence to future generations, they should be objects of veneration to those who follow us. This Committee has been formed, not to undertake designs, but to give assistance and advice at an early stage to the promoters of memorials; to act as a body of reference for those who desire guidance as to the general scope and character of memorials; to advise on their suitability for specific sites or positions in buildings; and generally to further an organized effort to make the memorials of this war worthy of their great occasion. The Executive Committee consists of Sir E. J. Poynter, ten Royal Academicians and one Associate, Lords Plymouth, Crawford, and Ferrers, Mr. C. J. Holmes (National Gallery), Mr. C. Aitken (Tate Gallery), Sir Cecil Smith (Victoria and Albert Museum), Mr. Henry Wilson (Arts and Crafts Society), Sir Theodore Cook, Mr. Christopher Whall, Mr. Campbell Swinton, Prof. Lethaby, and the Dean of York. Communications for the Committee should be addressed to the Secretary, Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House, London, W. 1.

We reproduce on page 127 a tablet designed by M. Valentin Vaerwyck, of Ghent, as a record of the gratitude of the Belgian refugees at Coventry for the hospitality shown to them during their exile. The memorial is mounted on

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to Toronto, Canada, to complete his studies. Was appointed Lieutenant and went to Lincolnshire, England, January, 1918, then to Scotland, and finally to France, April 12, 1918.

Lieutenant Macklin began active service immediately and took part in several engagements. On May 30, 1918, during one of these battles in the air, his fighting plane was seen to go down out of control east of Le Petit behind the German lines. For a time it was not definitely known whether he was taken prisoner by the German army or killed. Recently a message was dropped, supposedly by an enemy flyer, stating that Lieutenant Macklin had been buried east of Perisieux, on the Miraumont Road, which confirms the belief that he has made the supreme sacrifice for the great cause of justice and freedom. This information, received from Major Ronald McClintock, the commanding officer of Squadron No. 3, R.A.F., is regarded reliable, though unofficial.

Lieutenant Macklin was very popular and beloved by his friends because of his sterling character and manly qualities. Major McClintock, his commanding officer, has said: "He proved himself to be a keen and capable officer whom we could ill afford to lose."

A FORTHCOMING PAGEANT

WHAT promises to be the greatest movement for art in this country and which has its conception from present world conditions is about to be started by certain of the best known of our artists, sculptors, architects, writers and musicians.

The movement is promoted by the following gentlemen: Paul Bartlett, J. Alden Weir, Thomas Hastings, Joseph Pennell, William Mitchell Kendall, Royal Cortissoz, A. Stirling Calder, Arthur Whiting, Childe Hassam, Frank H. Holden, George F. Kunz, A. E. Gallatin, Duncan Phillips, Paul Dougherty and Augustus Vincent Tack.

The idea proposed is that an exhibition be arranged under the auspices of the Mayor's Committee on Defense of the art of all the nationalities which participated in the last Independence Day pageant. The term Art is used in its widest sense and includes not only painting, sculpture and music but such arts as woodcarving, weaving, lace-making, hand-work in gold, silver and iron, and other finer crafts. Such a comprehensive exhibition has never been undertaken, and the committee feels, if properly done, nothing would more emphasize the unity of our citizenship than this meeting, under one flag, of these Americans of foreign origin; each group contributing its inheritance of aesthetic expression and all representing the elements from which the American citizen is moulded. A sense of justice in their recognition would be fulfilled in giving them place which they have not had before. They bring much and we give much.

It is immeasurable in its far-reaching possibilities. Probably nothing would more immediately help the cause of nationalism than the consciousness of the members of these various groups that, uniting in this great exhibition, they are not only part of, but one with, our great nation.

The value of this movement to art is

most appeal to you. And if in your training this desire for the best has been inculcated, when you enter actively into the life of your community, as you will do sooner or later, you will be well equipped and prepared to assist in making your environment a record of achievement to stimulate future generations, instead of one of lost opportunities capable of bequeathing nothing to posterity but the insignia of a stifling and colourless materialism. This is my reason for saying that a great responsibility falls on one who is the honoured spokesman of these last words at a commencement.

It will be my endeavour to emphasise the significance of the academic training which you have received, not only as affecting yourselves, but in your relation to your fellow-men. I shall endeavour to show how you can derive the maximum of good and bring credit to your School and to yourselves, and I shall also point out difficulties that are awaiting you, some not solely of your own making but which will require the best that is within you to surmount with credit.

I intend speaking on three aspects of your training in the Worcester School of Art and, for the sake of convenience, I shall call them the art aspect, the academic and practical aspect, and the aspect of the general cultivation of the mind and the vision. I am doing so that you may understand I am taking into consideration all sides of the question, the aesthetic, the economic and the one bearing on your general intellectual development, all of which are interrelated.

THE ART ASPECT

A school of art has much and little to do with art in its more abstract form. I mean by this that art cannot be taught; the power to create and express ideas can only be developed and organised so that, however much there is wanting in inspiration and artistic perception in a work, there will be a sense of order which is infinitely better than an absence of both inspiration and order. In every one there is power to create in varying degrees. We can all imbue our work whether in the fine or the applied arts with a distinction that is personal, a distinction that is our own and cannot be emulated with any real truth by others. One of the peculiarities about art is that the innovator—the one who departs from the prevailing academic idea and inspires a movement of significance—reaches, at the inception of his idea and expression, to the highest point of excellence and importance; and the work of every follower is inferior, the degree of inferiority being determined by divergence in temperament and technical limitations as well as by remoteness of contact with the master's work, period and environment. In other departments, such as science and invention, it is the simple original idea that alone remains supreme, and not its concrete expression, which is usually improved by contemporary and following generations of experimentalists. The application of steam to locomotion is a good illustration. No one could improve upon the idea, when it was first conceived, that locomotion might be produced by steam. This idea at its inception was complete and final, but the first steam-engine that was made embodying the idea was, as we know, very subject to improvement.



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PRESIDENT WILSON'S PORTRAIT FOR ITALIAN GOVERNMENT

OVER fifty thousand Italians, headed by the most prominent American residents of the race in this country, have already signed petitions to have President Woodrow Wilson sit for his portrait to Giuseppe Trotta, one of the foremost living Italian artists of the world, which is to be presented to the Italian Government as a token of the work of the Americans of Italian birth in the liberation of Italy in the world war. The painting is to be hung in the Government's Art Gallery and is to be the gift of the American residents of the race to the Italian Government.

Among some of the prominent national figures who have endorsed the movement are: Judge J. Palmieri of New York; E. Paul Yaselli of the U. S. Attorney's office; Attilio Piccirilli; Prince Marmelo Mazeni-Petruzzelli; Major C. Cattapani, chairman of the Italian Four Minute Men, of New York; Count Gatteshi, LL.D.; Oreste Ferrara, President of the Cuban Parliament; Dr. A. Stella, and many other leaders in many walks of life.

Giuseppe Trotta, the artist who has been chosen to paint the portrait of President Wilson, is a resident of Flushing, L. I. He studied at the Art Students' League in New York City and also at the National Academy of New York.

THE VALUE OF MUSEUM INSTRUCTION FOR CHILDREN

From the *Bulletin of the Art Institute of Chicago*

Perhaps the visitor passing through our galleries has come upon a group of children sitting before a piece of sculpture, or a painting, or an object of fine craftsmanship, and listening to an informal lecture upon it. Perhaps he wondered what it was all about, and why the children were invited to come. He may have thought it a rather hopeless or purposeless task, this bringing of the æsthetic to children. If he did, it was because he did not understand; and if he stopped to investigate, he would find it otherwise.

To paraphrase a paragraph of Ernest Poole: "He had thought of school as a simple place, filled with little children, mischievous at times, perhaps, and some with dirty faces, but still with minds and spirit clean, unsoiled as yet by contact with the grim spirit of the town. He had thought of childhood as something intimate and pure, inside his home, his family. Instead of that he was disturbed and thrilled by the presence around him of something wild, barbaric, dark, compounded of the city streets, of surging crowds, of rushing feet, of turmoil, filth, disease, and death, of poverty and vice and crime."

And then to a childhood such as this is brought a glimpse of the beautiful, an expression of the feeling for beauty that lies dormant in everyone. It may be in the form of a landscape, or a piece of pottery, or a cast of the Elgin marbles—and a responsive note is struck. Then, to continue the paraphrase, "does one feel the vital throbbing of a tremendous joyousness, of gaiety, fresh hopes and dreams, of leaping young emotions like



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(Continued from page 10)

ally appeared RALPH W. CAREY, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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evenly about the country by attracting them to other cities, so that they might exert their influence everywhere. As it is, these purveyors of articles of "luxury" have not only volunteered in goodly numbers as soldiers and sailors, but by pictures and sculptures have kept interest in the war alive and done great work in camouflage and camp decorations. And now that the dawn of peace appears in the offing, we must look forward to a steady increase in the demand for the trained hand and eye of the artist in a hundred different lines.

While the process for the levying of a tax of ten per cent. on sales of pictures does not offer any formidable difficulties, that of a twenty per cent. tax on picture frames is not so easy to manage. When the painting has sufficient intrinsic value to compel a price, the frame hardly counts. Many buyers throw the frames of their purchases into the discard, as in poor taste or because unsuited to the place the picture is to occupy. Such men will take the canvas and leave the frame, if they are to be bothered with an estimate of its possible value. So we may look forward to auctions in which canvases are sold without benefit of frame—and therefore at a disadvantage—because of the trouble involved in determining the value, rather than from any objection to the tax as such. Eventually this change might prove a good thing for frame-makers, but it will not aid the revenue, and that is the aim of taxation—to get as much as possible with the minimum of cost in collection and also with the least possible disturbance to business. This frame tax seems to be only another move tending to curtail picture sales and discourage picture buyers on whom the noble army of painters depend.—*The Fine Arts Journal*.

THE ART OUTLOOK

Thus far dealers have suffered only a decrease in profit. The few exceptions on the losing side are of those whose stock is restricted to the expensive old masters. Patriotism on the one hand and the heavy taxation of the very rich on the other are named as the main causes contributing to this loss. An exception at the other pole is a prominent dealer in standard American pictures for whom last season was one of the most profitable ones of a long career. This good fortune is attributed to the demands of thirty thousand war-made millionaires, a not mitigable proportion of whom are now known as war-made collectors. They are a quite different type from two other new groups of collectors (new, though less so) lately not very active, one of which devotes its attention to the works of the Primitives, while the other wanders with not too much discrimination amid the wildest works of the Extremists.

It is not to be lightly supposed that either of these groups is wholly a pawn of fashion. Rather, they are composed of intellectuals who, having browsed long and familiarly among works which show the fluency that is attained, turned to the Primitives for surcease from a wealth of urbanity and to the Extremists, or to both of them, to receive the shock of a new aesthetic sensation. The cult of the exotic had just

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This often leads to study and careful investigation, and from the very start it is not a dry, uninteresting lesson that we are obliged to learn, nothing that is absolutely required of us. It is the only schoolbook which we can study or throw away at our own pleasure, and but few of us cast it aside after we have read the first or second lesson.

Perhaps, after all, what I have written rather tends to the educational duty of an art museum, but if this is so, it certainly is for the education of enjoyment.

PIRATE ART DEALERS

THE *American Art News* issues a timely warning against certain Fifth Avenue stores which offer trash in the name of art to an unsuspecting public:

Considerable indignation has been expressed of late by dealers and artists against the enterprises of certain Fifth Avenue shops dealing in cheap reproductions of works of art. These petty traders, who have no standing with the artists or with the art dealers, who do not in any way support the art journals or art interests, seem to rival each other in "cutting" prices on reproductions of standard works, through miserable prints which bear all the evidence of having been turned out by the pirate process of re-reproduction.

The holiday season is an attractive one to these "junkers," who are endeavouring to "cash in" off the generous and growing interest of Americans in fine works of art, and are offering their tawdry, worthless wares at figures which in themselves should provoke distrust. It goes without saying that these shoddy reproductions of standard art are used as a cloak in many cases for the offering of a line of prints of the most vulgar and even filthy character.

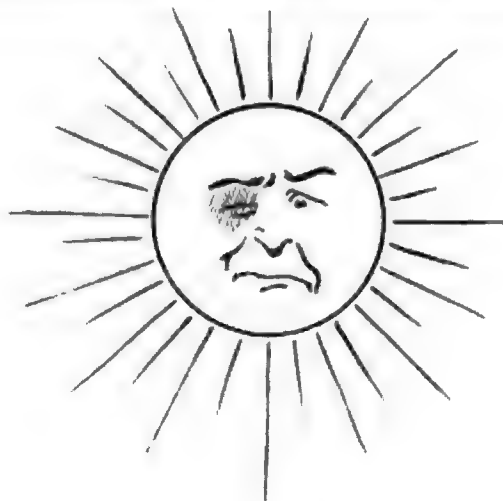
It is to be hoped that Fifth Avenue will not long be sullied by the presence of such enterprises, and the surest way to end them is to give patronage to the long-established reputable dealers, whose aim at all times has been, and is, to uphold and conserve the dignity of art and art dealing.

RALPH W. BLAKELOCK

WE are reminded pointedly of one of the sorriest tragedies in the history of American art by the recent purchase, through the Dunwoody Fund for the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, of an exceptional example of the skill of Ralph A. Blakelock, one of the truly original and capable painters which this country has produced.

The new acquisition is a canvas measuring forty-four inches in width, by thirty inches in height, representing a scene of Indian life and Indian country in which he so delighted—a group of tepees in an opening in a wood, with the rich glow of an autumn evening illumining the sky and landscape. Owing to the predominance of the reds, greens and yellows to which the picture owes its brilliancy, a photographic reproduction fails utterly to convey an idea of its beauty or of the realistic impression which it presents of Nature bathed in a golden atmosphere.

Blakelock was born October 15, 1847, in the City of New York, the son of a physician, and was destined by his father to follow in his professional footsteps.



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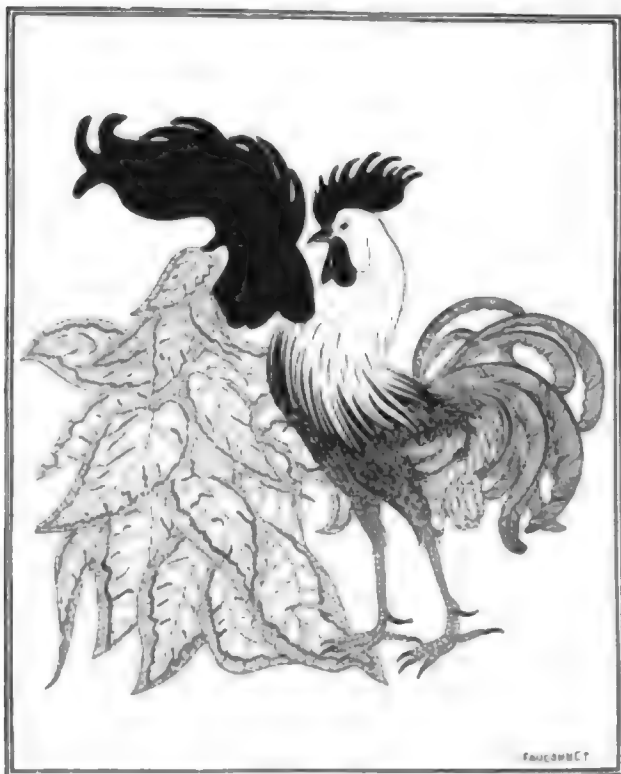
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BURMESE GLAZED TILES

THE glazed tiles or bricks from Pagan in Burma, moulded in high relief with representations of episodes from the Jatakas or stories of the former incarnations of the Buddha, are very well known. The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, is fortunate in possessing two excellent examples, presented by Dr. Denman W. Ross. These are in the style of the series found at the Mangalaceti and Dhammarajika pagodas, and like them have inscriptions in Pali and Burmese. They date from the twelfth or early thirteenth century A.D.

The inscriptions on the Museum examples have been read by Mr. Taw Sein Ko of the Archaeological Survey of Burma, and enable us to identify the subjects with certainty. The first, with a Burmese inscription to the effect, "The goddess instructs Temi," illustrates the Mughapakkha Jataka and shows the future Buddha as a young prince reclining on a bed.

He does not wish to become a king, since kings, by reason of the cruel punishments they must inflict on criminal offenders (and the prince, according to the story, has recently seen an instance of this), are placed as it were on the highway to Hell. In this predicament the goddess of the royal umbrella at his side appears to him, and advises him how to avoid the throne by making himself out to be a cripple and an idiot.

The second plaque has a Pali and Burmese inscription to the effect, "The Bhadda-sala Jataka: the Bodhisattva, a tree-sprite." The Bodhisattva at that time inhabited the largest tree in the park of the King of Benares, and when this tree was selected to be felled to provide a column of sufficient size to bear the weight of an entire palace, which the king proposed to build in this fashion in order to be "different" from other kings, the Bodhisattva reflected that in falling the tree would crush innumerable younger trees around it. Accordingly he visited the king—this is the theme of the relief—and begged to be cut down section by section, from crown to foot, in order to avoid the destruction of the other trees. Touched, however, by this generosity, the king abandoned his fancy altogether and spared the giant tree.

The style of these plaques is that of the Pagan art of the period (twelfth to thirteenth century A.D.); but apart from the form of the houses—not represented in either of these examples—almost everything represented in the Pagan plaques is Indian in character. The costumes are reminiscent of those to be seen in the mediæval sculptures of Eastern, Southern and Central India. At the same time the distinctive flavour of Burmese art is recognisable in nuances of drawing and gesture only less readily definable. In these tiles the Museum possesses adequate examples of what has been termed by Duroiselle the school of Pagan.

Taken from the Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin.

A. K. C.

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BINDERS

long ago by the Sabine poet, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

Then, too, how could the anguish of a people be so eloquently and convincingly set forth and their patient, steadfast endurance of the griefs and deprivations and toils and insults consequent upon the invasion of a brutal and barbarian horde, as through the immortal drawings of Raemaekers and of Jonas? Or, on the other side of the shield, what could more fiercely inflame the horror and hatred of the act, or more surely provoke an inextinguishable determination to cleanse the earth of so foul a blot, than did the Prussian medal in glorification of the destruction of the Lusitania and the sacrifice of its innocent and helpless passengers? Its pointed tale of cruelty, and of hideous joy in it, was legible by even illiterate minds, and it played its part in filling the ranks of those resolved to put an end forever to such abominations.

And when, at last, we of this country saw with clear vision and realised our obligations to the world, instantly our windows and boardings were aflame with the like inspiring appeals to duty as had aided so well the call to the colours in the lands of the Allies.

All of these things which the art of the war has produced will not be immortal, but all have served and some will survive through the ages as works of true genius and perfect art. Unquestionably, they will stand as the chief contribution of the artists of the world to making it safe and clean and free.—*From the Bulletin of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts.*

HERVEY EDWARD WETZEL

IN the death of Hervey E. Wetzel, Boston lost a citizen of rare promise and the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, one of its best friends. There are so few young men who, showing an interest in art, are able to give to it their undivided attention, and it so rarely happens that the student and lover of art has the means of becoming a collector. The interest in art is greatly stimulated, of course, by the possibility of collecting examples, and the knowledge of art comes quickly to those who are constantly comparing examples and selecting the best. By a combination of natural aptitude, independent means and singular opportunities, Wetzel was able in the short period of seven years, between the time of his graduation from college and the year of his death, to do a large amount of scholarly work and to make a collection which would be remarkable had it been the work of a lifetime.

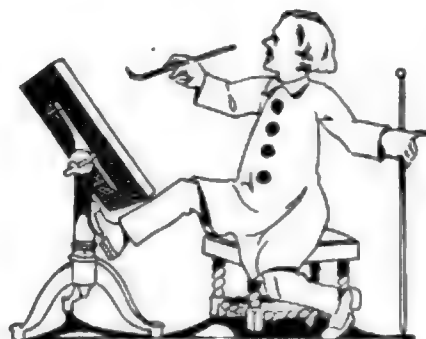
Wetzel was born at Detroit, Michigan, February 2, 1888. He entered Harvard College in 1907 and was graduated in 1911. His parents died while he was in college; his father, in 1907, his mother, in 1908. He was an only child and was left with considerable means. After graduation he returned to Harvard, to the Graduate School, to take up the study of business administration. Although he had considerable aptitude for business, he had very little interest in it, and it was not long before he was diverted. He was in the way of seeing a good deal of Edward W. Forbes and Denman W. Ross. Their interests were soon his, and he became a

thereby to create a memorial to a career dedicated in a quite special way to the interests and advancement of American art. The committee which I represent is gratified that the eloquent and dignified portrait Mr. Volk has painted so adequately expresses the sentiment of the intention of this memorial we have the honour hereby to proffer to the Museum."

THE MUSEUM AS A LABORATORY

A demonstration of the practical or trade value of an art museum, a proof of the educational use made of museum objects for the advantage and improvement of current design in many branches of industrial art, is seen at the Metropolitan Museum in its exhibition of objects and designs which were made for the commercial market but which, in greater or less degree, owe their conception or method of execution to the study of museum originals or other resources in allied departments. An effort has been made to gather a goodly number of examples in varied types of materials, form, colour, textures, and technique generally, in many widely separated lines of production, yet all destined for the open market and all showing that museum study has been found worth while in terms of the selling value of the product which results. The most amazing variety of intention as well as of product has been the outcome of the endeavour of the Museum to "make the galleries work." Of reproduction or copying but few indications are seen, while the inspirational use of the finest pieces in traditional styles offers every assurance that American design is rapidly gaining in strength and certainty of contact with the realities of art, as expressed not only in perfect execution but also in breadth and self-possession, qualities without which pure business instincts can never achieve lasting success in the industrial arts manufacturing field.

Manufacturers and designers have found it to their advantage to use the Museum, and this means that they have found it to their business advantage. No greater test of the value of art as related to progress could be offered. Design has been able to demonstrate its own salability, which indicates a by no means insignificant forward step in our valuable art producing trades, trades which represent an annual expenditure of no less than \$500,000,000 for home furnishings alone. The pieces seen in the exhibition of work by manufacturers and designers prove that these manufacturers at least have appreciated that taste is an asset in trade as in life generally. And this, said in business language, means that design sells. Industrial art products since the beginning of time have commanded higher prices only in proportion as a higher degree of attractiveness was superadded to absolute mechanical perfection and suitability for a given purpose. The exhibition which opened in Galleries J8 and 9 on January 13 contains several hundred examples in a score of manufacturing and designing fields, and each piece is an argument for the outstanding need of infusing art into daily life by the direct route of making it an indispensable requirement in all industrial art products from rugs to jewelry, from chairs to chinaware.



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subjects for oil, water-color, china painting, etc.

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Adhesives. They will be a
revolution to you, they are so
sweet, clean and well put up.



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JAP-ART BRUSH CO., 154 Nassau Street, New York

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ARTIST ILLUSTRATING BOARD

AND FOR ALL YOUR WORK.
ARTISTS ARCHITECTS DESIGNERS, ETC.
HURLOCK BROS. CO. INC. 2436-38 MARKET STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The questions may be asked: how do
manufacturers and designers use the
Museum? and what methods does the
Museum use to facilitate the use of its
materials?

The possible uses of the collections and
the various ways in which the searcher
after information may make use of his
findings are indicated in the letter of
invitation to prospective exhibitors, an
excerpt from which follows:

"Whether your field is metalwork, tiles,
plaster, stained glass or costume design,
whether you make reproductions of col-
onial furniture or redesign a silver goblet
for commercial use, whether you have
worked from Byzantine ivories or Flemish
tapestries, in jewelry or architectural

terracotta, whether you are designer or
manufacturer, decorator or craftsman, if
the resources of this Museum have been
of avail in working up your product,
your work will be needed for this exhi-
bition."

From this it will appear that the use of
an object of art from an inspirational view-
point is very much like the use of a book
for study. The same volume may offer
untold riches to one student and remain
cold and blank to another. An Italian
gesso-covered and painted picture frame
may seem a long cry from the modern
market, yet it has been studied by a New
York manufacturer of tapestries. An
Athenian vessel twenty centuries old has
been passed by thousands of visitors until

a designer of commercial containers saw
in this as in nothing else that had come to
her notice a possibility for a modern jar
to hold cosmetics. A millefleurs tapestry
remained the despair of scores of artists
and designers until a manufacturer of rugs
determined to take advantage of this
design for the improvement of American
rugs. A designer of dress fabrics saw
possibilities in the armour collection. A
china painter studied Russian laces. Em-
broidered crests assisted in the design of
American sport skirts. Florentine glass
bottles offered suggestions for printed
voiles. Ecclesiastical vestments were found
full of suggestion for all papers. The
colour for painted chairs was found in

(Continued on page 14)

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By EDWARD MARSH. Frontispiece Portrait. Cloth, \$1.25 net.

The official memoir of this celebrated poet containing many hitherto
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Public addresses of the late JOHN LEWIS GRIFFITHS, American Consul-
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A volume of poems sounding the note of reconstruction and the new
human spirit which must come out of the war.

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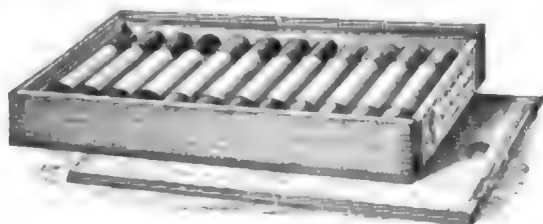
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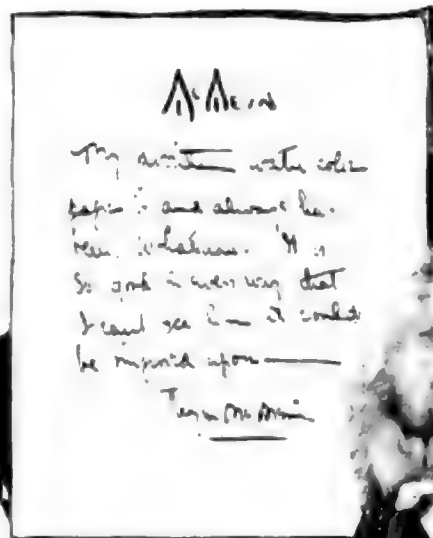
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"the master drawing pencil"

The leads in every degree are smooth, gritless, responsive—strong, firm, economical in use—and absolutely reliable in the uniformity of the grading. Made in 17 degrees from 9H (hardest) to 6B (softest).

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BY LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT

Author of "American Pictures and Their Painters,"
"Famous Pictures of Real Boys and Girls," etc.

WITH EIGHTY-NINE ILLUSTRATIONS

12mo. Cloth. \$1.50 Net

Mrs. Bryant's story of "Famous Pictures of Real Animals" begins with the donkeys and cranes pictured on the tomb of Ti, who died in Egypt about 4,000 B.C. She then tells of the lions and dogs on the palace walls of Nineveh—pictures that Jonah must have seen in his three-days' journey through the great city. These are followed by animals in stone and mosaic from ancient Greece and Rome, and then pictures of owl, bat and falcon, horse, dog and pig by artists of the Renaissance in Italy, Spain and Germany. Then come France, England and America with animals from brush and chisel that prove the modern artist's appreciation of the artistic value of man's best friends—the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea. Mrs. Bryant convinces us that to know and love animals we must turn to the artist and read his story of them—a story that began thousands of years ago in pictures on bone and ivory and still continues with pictures in stone and paint.

JOHN LANE COMPANY

NEW YORK

(Continued from page 10)

Chinese pottery. A paper soap wrapper design saw its beginnings in snuff boxes.

These are a few of the actual cases of recent weeks, all showing that in tracing fundamentals of design the manufacturer or his designer seeks his inspiration wherever it may be found and the differences of material, style, artist, period, race, or purpose are not considered barriers. Thus they have at their command the entire field of industrial art design of all ages, and their only limitation is that they shall properly express in terms of their own materials the design and purposes of the pieces which they themselves are producing.

And all of these uses of the collections are duplicated in the use of the Library and of the photograph collection and again in the use made of purchased photographs. The Museum sells annually no less than sixty-five thousand photographic prints, all of which serve students' or designers' purposes.

Then there is the direct line of inspiration which remains a constant source of assured refreshment, having stood the test of age-long examination; that is, the use of furniture collections by furniture designers and manufacturers, or of the textile collections by textile manufacturers.

To meet these requirements on the part of the modern manufacturing and designing world, the Metropolitan Museum maintains a large and efficient force of assistants and an extensive system of study rooms, lantern slide and photograph collections, lending collections, and other physical means of assistance. There are a number of docents or museum instructors familiar with every detail of the galleries and their contents and there is a specially trained associate whose province it is to assist in bringing together the seeker and his objective, to act as a sort of liaison officer between the Museum and the world of art in trade. This member of the staff is a person qualified to assist manufacturers and designers from the standpoint of their own requirements. He makes it his business to visit shops and workrooms, he is familiar with the processes of manufacture and keeps abreast of the market, so that he shall be able to visualize trade values in museum facilities and thus help manufacturers toward their own objectives. To this extent he becomes a field worker and an advocate of the museum militant.

Scores of manufacturers and designers have taken advantage of this particular type of museum usefulness within the last five months; of these at least thirty had not definitely studied museum values as invested in business values before that time. The exhibition of work by manufacturers and designers, on view from January 13 to February 16, demonstrates some of the results of this type of museum activity, nor are all possible exhibits included, since transportation difficulties, the demand for early deliveries by clients of prospective contributors, not to mention other handicaps, have militated against their inclusion. To the exhibitors here represented the Metropolitan Museum desires to make grateful acknowledgment, in view of their spirit of earnest cooperation and their recognition of taste as an asset in business.—R. F. B.

1919—IMPORTANT NEW SPRING BOOKS—1919

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OF THE GREAT WAR**

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A Record of the Last Push

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Author of "Carry On," "Out to Win," "The Glory of the Trenches," etc. Cloth, \$1.25 net

"Living Bayonets" tells for the first time the story of what the advent of the Americans on the Western Front meant to the French *poilus* and British Tommies.

Written on battlefields, in devastated towns of the American, French and British fronts, scribbled very often after the heat of an attack, it puts on record, from the time when the Yanks were only coming until they came, the growing daring which made ultimate triumph certain.

Lieut. Coningsby Dawson's biggest book—the most complete, burning and prophetic utterance which has been produced by the Judgment Day which is now ended.

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THE "CHARMED AMERICAN"

A Story of the Iron Division of France

By GEORGES LEWYS. *Frontispiece. Cloth, \$1.50 net.*

Marshal Petain made his triumphal entry into Metz recently at the head of the famous Iron Division (the battering ram of the French Army). This book recounts the experiences of a Franco-American soldier who fought with this famous Division for thirty-two months and is the sole survivor of his original company comprising 250 or more men. It is the most forceful and vivid book on the Great War yet published.

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Mr. McArthur wields a prolific pen in a number of influential journals and has made himself famous through the length and breadth of Canada by telling people in a humorous-serious strain of the simple charms of rural life. This is the theme of his present volume, "The Red Cow," which, with its appropriate and attractive decorative illustrations, will appeal to all lovers of farm and country life.

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THE CHOICES OF AN ETONIAN

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An admirably told story of a marriage which takes place under exceptional circumstances and is followed by decidedly unusual complications.

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NEW YORK

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This is a "sample" page
from the January 1919
issue of

The TOUCHSTONE
and American Art Student
MAGAZINE
MARY FANTON ROBERTS, Editor



STEINLEN, THE ARTIST OF FRENCH DEMOCRACY: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

WAR pictures can be done in two ways—one for the sake of dramatic effect, the other for the sake of humanity. The latter is Steinlen's way, a very simple way. He sees in war what every man sees. He knows it can be made a swashbuckling spectacle, that he could center his interest on horses and trappings, brilliant uniforms and great pageants. This is not Steinlen's way. All this is external. He reaches the world through his heart, his work expresses all humanity with a profound understanding and pity.

The fundamental basis of Steinlen's inspiration is pity, an infinite understanding, an infinite commiseration for the world, expressed with gravity and strength, absolutely without sentimentality, but with every shade of tenderness and delicacy. His is a pity for humanity that is almost naïve. It encompassed his art in Paris before The War when he drew the women of the streets, drawing them never with cruelty or criticism or a sense of superiority, always with a love of humanity saturating his work, rendering it infinitely truthful, infinitely beautiful.

There may be other artists as great technicians as Steinlen. Is there another who encompasses the suffering world with his understanding, who has so completely opened his heart to the sorrows that have enveloped all humanity this last four years?

If it is possible to divide artists interested in war into military painters and war painters, Steinlen must be classed as a painter of war in the biggest sense, with all its heights and depths, its beauty and misery. In all his work the Man who inspires him is "The Man of Sorrows," the Man who symbolizes the great Proletariat. The suffering, the wretched, the resigned all figure in a compassion that seems boundless.

In a spirit like Steinlen, an intelligence directed by the heart, it is not necessary to pass in his work from the *social life* to the *war life*. To him there is no difference; the social attributes including love, sorrow, the death of mankind, the birth of children all figure in his art of the trenches, the purely military display has not interested him. What he knows, is the man leaving

ON
LEAVE.
BY
STEINLEN.



292 The Outstanding Popular
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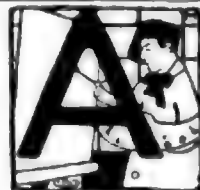
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